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A HISTORY

OF

THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE

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A HISTORY

OF

THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE

BY

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AUTHOR OF A 'HISTORY OF SCOTLAND,' ETC.

IN THREE VOLS.

VOL. III.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS

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The battle of Blenheim saved Vienna from a visit by a French army. There was nothing more to be effected on the Danube, and Marlborough resumed his favourite project of penetrating into France—perhaps marching to Paris. His marches had given him opportunities for a close study of the various available entrances to the heart of France, and he selected the valley of the Moselle, joining his army near Treves. Hence he marched across the hill-country to the Moselle, a few miles below Sierck. He found a paved Roman road suitable for his purpose,

being virtually a continuation of the paved streets of Treves. A detachment turning towards the valley of the Saar, Marlborough with the main army reached the declivity whence he could look down on the Moselle, some fifteen miles below Thionville. This is a strongly-fortified town. It had changed its name when it fell into the hands of the French, but now having returned to the old masters of Germany, it has resumed its old name of Didenhoven. Thence for about ten miles the banks of "the blue Moselle" are broad stretches of flat diluvium. At Sierck the river pierces a mountain-barrier, with masses of rock on both sides, but chiefly on the right—the direction where Marlborough's march lay. These heights are picturesquely crowned by an old fortress. It has a very formidable aspect, but it would have been worthless even in that day as a fortress capable of standing a siege. As a point of defence, however, for an army, it was a powerful addition to the rocky ground. Here Villars took his post. Not absolutely relying on this formidable line of defence, Villars paid his enemy the compliment of securing his own retreat. He cut a broad road through the forest district in his rear. He laid down a double row of beams to smoothen the road for the wheels of tumbrils and waggons—such a work as might now be called a tramway.

There were charges of delay against the new German auxiliaries, and of pedantic obstinacy against the Dutch. But it may be easily believed that no addition to Marlborough's army within the bounds of probability would have justified his attempting to force so strong a barrier with an army behind it.

On the question how he felt on the occasion, the world was not enlightened. But we can see in recent events both the depth of his sagacity and the extent of his disappointment, since he was on the track that carried the Germans to Paris in 1870. It was an occasion to bring out all the flexible powers of his character. He was not one of those who determine to take their adopted path, and call their stupid obstinacy firmness. Persons so gifted with an obstinacy, dignified in their nomenclature as firmness, conscious of fundamental weakness of purpose and unreadiness of action, nail, as it were, their resolution to the masthead, that their purpose may remain fixed beyond the influence of their reason. Marlborough was ever ready at once to change his adopted course of action when a better presented itself. He had a justification of many wailings from the Netherlands to come to the rescue. Whether he deliberated much or little on his projects, he was prompt in execution, for he had marched eighteen miles rearwards—a long day's march—ere Villars found that he was not facing him, and ready to attack Sierck. He had to leave much baggage and munitions at Saarbruck. They were put under a guard of auxiliaries, who were charged with many deficiencies for yielding them to the enemy. But Saarbruck, in a pit surrounded by steep hills, however powerful it might be in the hands of a large army, could not be held against such an army by a garrison in the town and its poor fortifications. Marlborough joined the force of Overkirk on the 20th of May 1706, and his sudden appearance compelled Villeroi to abandon the siege of the strong citadel of Liege. Villeroi

and the Elector of Bavaria had laid down a powerful line of defence through ground very susceptible of defence, because it was not commandable by heights, and yet, to a march, presented natural obstacles capable of being made difficult by defensive works. Another feature of the country was its reticulation by broad paved roads, giving to whoever had the command of them a mighty advantage. It passed chiefly through the marshy sources of small rivers, sometimes taking the rivers in their gentle current, between banks not many feet high, but in some places steep, and in others wet and slippery. The extreme right of the army was on the Maas, passing thence to another small water-course called the Mehaigne. It then stretched to the Little Gheet, passing it towards the Great Gheet—not a great river. Its course joins the Dauer; and from Acribot, reached along this river, works were raised uniting the whole articulation of the line of defence with the strong fortresses of Antwerp. On the 23d of May the hostile armies faced each other.

With an eye to the peculiar nature of the ground, Marlborough had given orders that each mounted man should carry a truss of grass or hay at his saddle-bow; it might serve for fodder if it were not employed in another purpose—a makeshift for hurdles in crossing morasses or shallow streams. It seems that, whether by some ingenious device of the assailants, or a mistake on his own part, Villeroi had left the centre of the line beyond the Little Gheet imperfectly protected, and there the allies charged, and broke the line, after a desperate struggle. This was a great achievement, and after some secondary operations it was followed by a great battle.

Ramillies is a village some eighteen miles southward of Louvain. The country around it may be called the Highlands of Brabant. The marshes supply the Gheets and other streams, small but important in their district; and over all is a low range of hills with a gentle and generally uniform ascent. This feature of uniformity had its influence on the battle that was to come. When hills are broken or abrupt, troops on the march cannot be sure that they are absolutely invisible to the enemy, or at least are to remain so, because an abrupt ascent or turning may make two parties visible to each other at once. But where there is a gradual ascent with a uniform curve, and two parties are so distant from each other that the diameter from the culmination of the curve to the base of the segment is greater than the height of a man, two bodies of infantry will be invisible to each other; and if both are marching at the same pace, and with the same conditions as to the curve, both will continue to be invisible to each other. The French were extended in a segment of a circle round the highest elevation, conspicuous by an ancient barrier of stone and turf, apparently about thirty feet high, called Ottmond's tomb.

The enemy being in the arc and the allies in the diameter, these had a shorter way to either end than their enemies. Marlborough — ostentatiously, as it was said—exhibited a powerful force on his right, opposite the French left; and to protect this the French brought a strong accession in that direction from the centre. Marlborough, his force concealed by the ascending arc of the hill, marched along the cordon of the horizontal arc, passed the extremity of

the French right, and presented a preponderating force against their centre. Villeroi saw that it was there, and not where he was, that he and his force should have been at that moment; but it was too late for this discovery to be effective, since Marlborough had gained a superiority he would not be easily compelled to abandon.

From that moment the fighting on the side of the allies was with a superior force to that of the French. Still the affair was not like others of Marlborough's, where the nature of the country helped him to a tactic that enabled him to scatter his enemies. The enemy showed spirit and strength enough to make the contest hard and bloody, especially at the point where a splendid body of French troops, their Life Guards, made a furious charge. The French commander, finding his troops broken and demoralised, attempted by a diagonal retreat to find a spot where he could form them for a second attack. The ground he had passed over, however, was thickly strewn with the wounded and the dead, dismounted cannon with their shattered carriages, and baggage-waggons. Before he could effect his purpose, Marlborough was upon his unformed troops with a grand charge of all the cavalry and infantry at his disposal, and the effect was the instant dispersal of Villeroi's whole force. Six thousand prisoners were taken from the enemy, with abundant trophies, and their killed and wounded were counted at 7000. But the loss was heavy on the victor's side—of absolutely dead on the field 1060, and of wounded 2560. The political gain, however, was vast. The battle of Ramillies brought, or rather drove, to the cause of the Austrian, Brussels,

Louvain, Ghent, Bruges, Mechlin, and a group of inferior towns. This battle concludes an epoch in the branch of the great war fought in Germany and the Low Countries.

In a triumphant tone, unusual in diplomatic instructions, Stepney, the English ambassador, was instructed to make provisional arrangements for the new acquisitions of "the Crown of Spain," as they were appropriated by the creed and nomenclature of the Grand Alliance: "Whereas, since the victory obtained at Ramillies, by the blessing of God upon our arms and those of the States-General, the cities of Louvain, Brussels, Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges, and Ostend, with the greatest part of Brabant and Flanders, have owned King Charles III. for their lawful sovereign, and it will now be necessary to have a settled regular government in these countries," and as this cannot be immediately done "by reason of the great distance the King of Spain is at present," Stepney, as "envoy extraordinary," is directed, in conference with the States-General, to take such steps, as may be found best for keeping the newly-acquired communities "in their allegiance to this king, and be most for the security and advantage of the common cause."[1]

In continuing the history of the war, though we are still to follow victory after victory on our side, yet the significance of such events had changed, and the change was visible between the two great battles of Ramillies and Oudenarde. When the war began, it involved an attack by a mighty Power that had gradually reached a supremacy in Europe,

[1] Stepney Papers, i. 1; Brit. Mus. MSS. 7058.

threatening the independence and separate existence of all the other Powers. It could not attack and crush them all in one conflict, but it was more powerful than any one of them. Its nature was to be gradually aggrandising itself by the absorption of other states or by unequal alliances, where the stronger power was master and the weaker had to obey. The sovereign of this territory had crushed the local and seignorial institutions that might have checked him in the pursuit of ambitious projects injurious to the nation or to any of its institutions, patrician or municipal. He had a faith in his own mission towards the supremacy of the world, and the reverses that might bring on others doubt and despondency were but the little incidents that gave zest and impulse to the great victorious march. There had been a time when he, also, gained victory after victory. There was an impression among his conquering commanders that his influence made them invincible; and as they had hitherto justified this faith by practical results, it came to be felt among the surrounding states that to thwart or oppose him was something akin to a defiance of the fixed decrees of fate.

When Blenheim, and afterwards Ramillies, had been fought, the world was awakened to a new light. It was not only that the aggrandising Power, spreading consternation before it, had been weakened or wounded—it was absolutely broken. No doubt its existence would be protracted—it would be troublesome and dangerous in detail; but its supremacy over Europe was gone in the meantime, whether or not a later generation should see it

renewed to rule either from its centre in Paris or some other.

Perhaps the armies that France was yet to bring forth might be more wonderful achievements for a military government to show than even the brilliant host that had been destroyed at Blenheim. But they were not the soldiers, haughty and confident in an unbroken career of victory,—they were the refuse of the male population, dragged by force from the small sterile holdings of the peasantry, or from the unwholesome recesses of walled towns.

There was not in Britain much popular enthusiasm for such a contest as these conditions offered, yet it could not be dropped by statesmen. They had committed themselves to a policy where all Europe had divided itself into two armies, and they must hold by their own. There were mighty interests yet to be adjusted, and these must not be left to chance. The Spanish succession — the great source of the whole quarrel—was not yet settled, but it had come much nearer than ever to a settlement in favour of the French candidate. The aggressive power of France being broken, there was not in the question who should rule in Spain anything of deep practical importance to our nation, and nothing was more likely to shake the British empire than the home question, Why should this costly and bloody war be tolerated? So early as the summer of 1706 we find the watchful and sagacious Godolphin saying in a letter to Marlborough, referring to the state of the war in Spain: "Upon the whole, I am afraid this war may draw into length; and consequently, unless it succeed beyond expectation, we shall have

difficulty enough next winter to justify the extraordinary expense." [1]

There was a faint attempt to resuscitate the ardour of the trading interest by directing attention to the great source whence many had achieved fortunes — "the Indies" — the American colonies of Spain. It was a sort of compensation for the defeats and mortifications falling on the French that Spain was gradually becoming theirs by the inclination of the people. If Britain, then, were to accomplish here such military triumphs as she had achieved in Germany and the Netherlands, she would have a voice in the disposal of everything that was Spanish, the Transatlantic trade included. This was speaking to the ruling English motive of the day. But it spoke in vain, for the chances of Britain having anything to say in the disposal of Spain were already gone.

Then, in the interval before the great contest was so fully renewed as to report to the country a succession of victories, there came in Britain one of those stagnations in trade that spread over the land a greater sense of depression than any it had lately suffered from the three venerable judgments of "plague, pestilence, and famine." It took some colouring from the other three plagues, "battle, and murder, and sudden death;" for the losses of valuable lives in the war had been so many that the griefs of widows and orphans had been noticed throughout the country.

There is always in one or other of the Houses of Parliament some man with a fluent tongue, a benevo-

[1] Marlb. Desp., iii. 125.

lent disposition, an enmity to secrecy, and a love of popularity, who, to the dismay of his more reticent comrades, tells from his place to the world such disagreeable things as they have restrained in whispers and care-laden looks. The passages now referred to are from a speech at the opening of the first united Parliament. When the Commons passed an address of the usual kind on the queen's speech, it was noted that none had come from the Lords, and something unusual was anticipated. They dropped into a debate on the state of the nation, and the great decay of trade. This appears to have been started by a petition from the Sheriff of London on the losses that had been sustained at sea by inefficiency of convoy. It was presented by the Earl of Wharton, who, we are told, opened the debate on the miserable condition of the nation, and the great decay of trade. Several other peers followed in the same tone, but only the speech of Lord Haversham has been handed down in what professes to be a full report. He lay, indeed, under strong suspicion of supplying his own speeches to the press,—an awkward civility at a period when publishing reports of speeches in Parliament was a breach of privilege liable to be punished. There is a characteristic touch to be found more than once in his speeches. He turns from the "state of the nation" to the state of England, and apologising, "I ask your lordships' pardon that I have not yet forgotten that beloved name—I mean Britain." "Our condition," he then says, "is very low and desperate, and yet I think myself obliged to do all I can towards the helping of a poor sinking island, though I am convinced at

the same time it will prove very insignificant. My lords,—the two things you have now under your consideration—your fleet and your trade—have so near a relation, and such mutual influence upon each other, they cannot well be separated. Your trade is the mother and nurse of your seamen, your seamen are the life of your fleet, and your fleet is the security and protection of your trade, and both together are the wealth, strength, security, and glory of Britain." This might have been accepted in later times, when oratory became fashionable, as a good climax; but the serious business in hand, both in the Union and the war, seemed to have rather damped than promoted oratory. Haversham in England was coupled with Belhaven in Scotland, and perhaps when he came to the real point that we are now looking at—the private griefs attending a war, even when it is a successful war—he might have done more service by statistics than by oratory, though we cannot doubt that there was fundamental truth in what he said of "the moving objects of sorrow we meet with everywhere. The tears of the fatherless and cries of the widows have raised both a compassion for the oppressed and indignation against the authors of those misfortunes;" though one would like something more explicit as to the object of the next clause,—"and the very flames which of late have blown abroad, nobody knows from whence—and papers have been cried in your streets—are all marks of the great ferment the nation is in." [1]

[1] Parl. Hist., vi. 598, 599. Defoe uttered through his 'Review' a pasquinade on this speech, thus :—

Q. Why did the noble peer speak nonsense?

In a letter to his illustrious friend Pensionary Hensius, dated on the 5th December 1707, we have a brief note of the state of the country from Marlborough :—

"Though we seem at London to make a good appearance, yet if you could be thoroughly apprised of the great scarcity of money in the country, and the decay of trade in our seaports, you would not think our condition to differ much from what you represent Holland to be in. However, we are still willing to exert ourselves, and to do our utmost for the prosecution of the war, as you must own we have not been wanting to do, even from the beginning. But as to the augmentation of troops for the next campaign, the dispositions are such here that I must be plain with you—that there is little hope of its having its rise on this side, unless you can give me a handle to press it, by assurance that the States are so far convinced of the necessity for it, that they will likewise do their part; and therefore I pray you will lose no time in letting me know how far they can be induced to it. I confess it is very melancholy to

A. Not because he knew no better.
Q. But why did he print that nonsense, too?
A. Because he thought the people easy enough to be imposed upon, and to be jingled into anything.
Q. But what has the noble peer said?
A. Nothing at all.
Q. But what did the noble peer think he said?
A. Nothing to the purpose.
Q. But why did the noble peer say it, then?
A. Because he has been used to do so.
Q. But what did the noble peer mean?
A. Nothing.
Q. And why did he mean nothing?
A. Because he used to mean nothing.—Review, v. 514.

reflect how little the emperor and the empire have done in this war for their own preservation, and how little they seem disposed to exert themselves at present, when their all is in a manner at stake." [1]

In the lull of war between Ramillies and the battles that were yet to come, it was destined that a mighty temptation should fall in Marlborough's path. He found himself selected to be Viceroy or Governor-General of the Netherlands—a position with rank second only to that of an absolute sovereign. It would be a costly dignity, but already he was rich enough to play the part of a petty German sovereign of the Empire; and the country where he was to command being the richest district on the European continent, he was to have a salary or revenue amounting to sixty thousand pounds of English money. It was an advance in the path of greatness strictly in harmony with his existing rank as a prince of the Holy Roman Empire. What glittering vista of the future it might hold before a bold ambitious man, no one could estimate better than Marlborough; and no one had more courage and capacity to deal with dangers and difficulties, if any were in the way. And he found difficulties. The nomination came from the Emperor, but before the appointment was completed other parties would appear. The Emperor was acting for his son, "the King of Spain." But it was open to question whether the territories were not more legitimately at the disposal of the Empire, acting solemnly in Diet, than of the King of Spain; and it was an evil prospect for the United Provinces to have either of these Powers as a close neighbour.

[1] Despatches, iii. 650.

If Britain were, as the natural result of her fortune in war, to put in claims for a share of the territorial spoil, after the example of the other Continental Powers, the end would be still more calamitous, as it would put the Provinces on land at the mercy of their rival on the sea. By the Dutch people Marlborough was adored. The peasant among the cattle in his rich polders, the citizen among his tulips and floating mermaids, remembered that he owed the preservation of all his comfortable and pleasant surroundings to the gallant Englishman. The Dutch were not profuse in the expression of their partialities, but they broke through their usual reserve on the occasion of their hero appearing suddenly among them, when he was believed to be in the hands of their tyrant enemy.[1] But the Dutch Government was jealous of the project, and we may see in their sense of danger to the independence of the Provinces, a sufficient palliation for this feeling, without concurring in the

[1] "He came here on Wednesday, the 10th, about noon. At his entry, and all the time he was here, greater compliments were put upon him, both by magistrates and common people, than ever were given to any. The Pensionary was appointed to harangue him. He was treated with a comedy the first night. The next day he was carried through the city with a train of coaches to see all the principal places, and afterwards entertained with a splendid dinner. He parted for the Hague this morning by five, yet then all the burgomasters attended him to the gate.

"All the time he was here the common people were on the streets as in days of solemnity, the better sort bespeaking and hiring windows to see him as he passed. When in the senate-house, one of the burgomasters took me to the window and bade me observe the crowd and their rejoicings. When his Grace showed himself they cried, 'Long live de Herzog von Marlborough!' More such honour could not be done to a king, nor had the late king ever so much here. You see, then, how our people honour your queen and her general."—Cockburn to Lord Notingham, from Amsterdam; Brit. Mus. MSS. 29589, f. 438.

suspicions that the Provinces desired an aggrandisement of territory by accessions in the districts broken up by the war.

Marlborough wrote very simply on the matter to his great kinsman the Lord Treasurer. He spoke in deference to the queen's commands, but in the hope that she would not object to his declining this distinction. He mentioned the difficulties with the Dutch, saying, "The advantage and honour I have by this commission is very insignificant in comparison of the fatal consequences that might be if it should cause a jealousy between the two nations. And though the appointments of this government are sixty thousand pounds a-year, I shall, with pleasure, excuse myself, since I am convinced it is for her service, if the States should not make it their request—which they are very far from doing."[1] This affair is surely worthy of consideration by those who desire fairly to estimate the charges of selfish greed that have been so plentifully let loose on Marlborough.

For all his desire to propitiate the Dutch and their Government, yet he closely watched them, and subsequent revelations show that he spoke prophetically in this suspicion, briefly announced to Godolphin. They are all "so very extravagant about their Barrier that I despair of doing anything good till they are more reasonable, which they will not be till they see that they have it not in their power to dispose of the whole Low Countries at their will and pleasure—to which the French flatter them."[2]

The whole Low Countries—the United Provinces, as Protestant communities—the Belgic, as adherents

[1] Coxe, ii. 393. [2] To Godolphin, Coxe, iii. 79.

of the Church of Rome,—are signal instances of the power of civil governments to thwart and control religious creeds. There are no more zealous Protestants on the one side and Romanists on the other than those separated by the line drawn at the Treaty of Westphalia. If the Dutch had an ambition for aggrandisement of territory, here would seem to be an insuperable boundary; but in what they called their Barrier — the barrier they desired — they included Romish Brabant.

Whether or not the advisers of King Louis were also watching the policy of the Provinces, it occurred at this period that he increased their restlessness by some overtures about a conference to settle matters in dispute. The States were faithful, however, and passed the proposal on to the allies. The messenger of this proposal was not a person likely to be employed in arranging a general conference for a peace. It was that dissipated Elector of Bavaria, who had by so nimble a feat handed over the towns on the Maas to the French, and had caught his reward by the ruin of his army at the Schellenberg and Blenheim. The result was a conference of another kind—a conference of the heads of the allied armies. The Elector had written separately to Marlborough, announcing that "his most Christian Majesty has observed with concern that all attempts hitherto made by private channels to bring about an accommodation, have failed."

There come epochs in history, and especially in the history of a war, where claims and counter-claims are so intermixed and ravelled, that they cannot be easily adjusted so as to leave only two parties, or even as

few as three, on the stage of diplomacy. The Dutch were eager and anxious about the settlement of their barrier. It was, or at least had just been, matter of life or death to them. If the issues of the war did not protect them they must flood their polders, and subsist or die gradually out upon the waters. With the strength of the cause they found themselves embarked in, their mere barrier seemed safe; but they wanted something further, something that would make such a shifting of boundaries as should only occur in a European recasting of territories. Spanish Flanders had now no owner, why should it not be theirs? But the etiquette that kept a king of Spain ever in view was thrown in their way, and these provinces were for diplomatic conference as absolutely the dominions of Charles, King of Spain, as if he reigned there. Then even in dictatorial Britain there were secret considerations not to be safely handled before the world. In this great war the actual fighting was seldom interrupted by diplomatic discussion; but when it was, there ever lurked under it the unnamed fact that Britain would consent to no general established peace that left a possible entrance to the house of Stewart—that did not virtually, if not in words, confirm the succession in the house of Hanover. It only drew attention to the point, unconceded, that the offers of a compromise by King Louis included an obligation to acknowledge the queen's title. We may infer from the deliberate stand against any conference, with a view to a settlement, taken by Marlborough, that he could see nothing in the proposal but a temporary suspension of the war to enable King Louis to cultivate his remaining

resources until he could renew the war with an army refreshed and recruited. The answer received by the Prince of Bavaria to his proposals for a conference contained words that had little meaning unless they implied that the policy of the King of France, being anticipated, was met by a counter-threat. The Queen of Britain learns with pleasure the "pacific intentions" of the King of France. She is pursuing the war with the view of achieving "a solid and durable peace;" and "nothing could gratify her so much as to be able, in concert with her allies, to arrive at an accommodation which might relieve her from the necessity of being obliged to resume her arms at no distant interval." In conclusion there came a decisive utterance from the sovereign of Britain. "She does not wish to disguise her opinion that the proposed opening of general conferences, without a distinct previous announcement on the part of his most Christian Majesty of the basis on which they are to proceed, is not likely to lead to the desired result."[1]

Though attempts to negotiate were thus fruitless, yet there was at this time a virtual truce until summer. All the forces remained stationary, the most considerable alteration on the side of the allies being the acquisition of a body of Prussians—the payment of the debt of gratitude due by the Elector for the material assistance that Marlborough and public opinion in England had given him in closing his crown. During that short cessation Marlborough was in England, where he found, and had in some measure to deal with, the shiftings of Court influence and the critical political conditions falling hereafter

[1] Hist. of Marlborough, ii. 224.

to be treated in their place. When he returned to the head of his army he found the French force exemplifying the wonderful elasticity of the military materials of the country, by meeting recruited, refreshed, and to all appearance as formidable as when first he met it. The working command of the recruited French army was given to Vendôme, who had gained laurels in contest with Prince Eugene in Italy. Except that he was brave and accomplished in handling troops, whether in large or small masses, he had nothing in common with Marlborough. He let his subordinates shift for themselves, and would find his troops starving or naked; and he had small skill in deploying them for concentration or dispersal. He was sent, as the king said, to restore the old national spirit of impetuosity and courage to the French troops, and he might have done this had he come alone. But he had the Duke of Burgundy to thwart him, and to impede the motions of the army with his gorgeous and cumbrous train.

It seems to have been the ambition of Vendôme to rival the earliest achievements of Marlborough by taking back to France one by one all the strong places that had fallen to England. The greater portion of these, as we have seen, had been taken by Marlborough, almost without bloodshed, before he began his conquering career. Three of them—Ghent, Bruges, and Oudenarde—were trophies of the great battle of Ramillies. Ghent and Bruges, scarcely protected, were easily occupied. Marlborough becoming watchful, saw that the tendencies of the next design were towards Oudenarde, a critical fortress on the Scheldt, but too assailable from decay and neglect.

He made such preparations in gathering his available troops as at once let Vendôme see that this would be a critical affair.

It gave confidence to Marlborough that his trusty comrade Prince Eugene was not too far off to come at his cry for succour—he held a force on the Moselle. They met on the 7th of July. The concentration of bodies of troops scattered in several groups were accomplished by the two companions in arms with signal promptitude and skill. But there was a cause of strength behind all that skilful tactic in the march and the field could accomplish. The ample commissariat provided by Marlborough's kinsman, the Lord Treasurer, kept his army well clothed and fed, and prepared at any time to take a forced march as an exciting variety to the monotony of a well-fed camp. And the whole junction was accomplished with a celerity that gave the new army in the valley of the Scheldt all the effect of a surprise.

With the mighty force he had thus so successfully gathered, the commander was not to be content with merely raising the siege. Instead, therefore, of pressing close to the walls of Oudenarde, he formed on the other side of the river, where he lay between Vendôme and France, and so between him and reinforcements, as well as retreat. What followed was a very bloody affair, but not a battle, fought after a carefully-adjusted tactic on both sides. The formation of the country did not admit of this, and no commander would have chosen to meet his enemy in a place so destitute of the elements for selection of ground. There are slight eminences scattered around, but they are incapacitated by close cultivation and bushes

for commanding stations. Every inch of ground is, and from time immemorial has been, closely cultivated, the roads being merely paths from field to field for agricultural purposes. At the time of the battle—the middle of July—the tall wheat crop peculiar to the district must have been at its height. It was an element in the surprise to the French army that their enemies must have marched fifteen miles through this difficult country to be within fighting reach of them. The armies are supposed to have been nearly equal in number—80,000 on our, 85,000 on the French, side.

With the first charge—the *élan*, as they like to call it—the French seemed to carry all before them; but the affair merged into countless close contests, where they found fighters stronger than themselves. The Duke of Burgundy, five years after the time when he gained a *Te Deum* at Notre Dame, and was pronounced a sage and skilful soldier, was not likely to be less self-relying. It is said that he twice interfered to counter-order what Vendôme had ordered; and that, while the first did fatal mischief, the second destroyed whatever hope the other had left. Darkness stopped the fighting, for it was hard to know enemy from friend. Vendôme gathered a small compact party ere it was too late, and safely removed the prince. The number of killed and wounded on the French side was counted at 6000; but their force was diminished by a cause less lamentable—their dispersion when daylight came, and they found that they had no hierarchy of commanders and followers to receive them into its protection.

If Marlborough, when he was stopped in his at-

tempt to ascend the Moselle, was awakened from a dream of a march through France, his recent victories had now brought him to the beginning at least of such a march as a sequence of cause and effect. Surely it must have touched him with some troubled thoughts that he might thus meet in battle his mighty nephew; but nothing could be more brief or appropriate to business than the words to his kinsman Godolphin, showing that this other kinsman is close at hand on the war-path. The French talk of taking another detachment from the Rhine, though this "that the Duke of Berwick has brought consists of fifty-three squadrons and fifty-four battalions. He has been obliged to put some of his troops into Lille and Tournai, and is encamped with the rest at Douai."[1]

Vendôme had collected and organised the residue of his beaten army, and if Marlborough penetrated into France, might be troublesome in his rear. Marlborough himself, indeed, seemed to have no doubt that the true course was to march right into France, where there was much panic and little military protection outside the fortified towns; but when his partner, Eugene, doubted this, he dropped it as an immediate project. But he was making preparation. On the 23d of July he writes to Godolphin: "We continue still under the great difficulty of getting cannon; for whilst the French continue at Ghent, we can make no use of the Scheldt and Lys, which are the only two rivers that can be of use to us in this country. We have ordered twenty battering pieces to be brought to us from Maastricht, and we have

[1] Coxe, iv. 167.

taken measures for sixty more to be brought from Holland. The calculation of the number of draught-horses to draw this artillery amounts to 16,000 horses, by which you will see the difficulties we meet with; but we hope to overcome them. In the meantime we send daily parties into France, which occasion great terror."[1] He was convinced, however, that the French frontier felt itself secure in the belief of the impossibility of supplying the artillery required for an invasion.

There was now something like an inversion of the local position of the hostile parties, and of the opportunities and the perils peculiar to each. Vendôme, though beaten, was yet at the head of a force that might be formidable towards the Netherlands if Marlborough and his force were absent. But then these had passed him on the road to France, and they could enter on "the sacred soil" with little opposition. What should the conqueror do? — remain where he was to guard his conquests in the Netherlands? or take the opportunity to march into undefended France, and, evading the fortified towns, pass inward as far as he could—possibly to unfortified Paris? Marlborough seemed to have dreamed of a march through France when he was stopped on the Moselle by the strong works at Sierck. The march to Paris seemed now borne in on him with greater distinctness and force. The Dutch were dead against it, but them he might shake off if he had the approval—it were still better if he had the fellowship and co-operation—of Eugene.

Eugene was within reach at Brussels, and they

[1] Coxe, iv. 165.

came together on the 24th of July. Marlborough spoke of the march into France as an "earnest desire" in consulting his comrade. He tells the result to Godolphin. "He thinks it impossible till we have Lille as a *place d'armes* and magazine, and then he thinks we may make a very great inroad, but not be able to winter—though we might be helped by the fleet—unless we were masters of some fortified town."[1] It soon became a practical argument against the march through France that Berwick had joined Vendôme, and there was thus an army of 100,000 men to follow on the heels of the invaders.

There was now to be a great resuscitation of the war to the grandeur and excitement of four years earlier. The depressing war in Spain, and the affair of Toulon, had given a tone of lethargy to those who remembered the astounding news of the Schellenberg and Blenheim. If France could throw the vast power of her long-treasured warlike resources into the beginning of the war, there was yet enough, if it were thrust to the front without hesitation or remorse, to astonish the world, though it were with a dying effort.

Marlborough was as usual calm and inscrutable. Whether he was to besiege Lille or march past it—masking it, as the phrase is, on his way to Paris—no man who might betray the secret could tell. Fortune had become for a time kind to the French. The Dutch rule had grown offensive to the Flemish citizens. In Ghent and Bruges they courted and obtained deliverance by secretly giving admission to French troops. While accident restored to the French these towns, they had at hand an army of

[1] Coxe, iv. 137.

close on 100,000 men. Their enemy must get a vast accession of artillery and other munitions whichever of the great alternatives he took; and two commanders—perhaps the next after Marlborough himself in thoroughly justified repute—had their large force between him and the needed supplies, for they held the great channel or water-passage through the Netherlands.

Marlborough did what no one but a commander not only of vast strategic and general technical capacity, but with unlimited wealth at his command, could do. He organised a new traffic communication by land, and defended it so effectively that all his supplies reached him. The method of the organisation for the carriage of the supplies was characteristic of its author. There was no minute planning for small enterprises—some successful, others not, with a history of petty details of personal peril and adventure. The whole was accomplished by the defying march of an armed convoy in the presence of the enemy. There were 16,000 horses in the train, and it was fifteen miles long. The affair drew notes of admiration from the French military critic Fouquières. As his criticisms have generally been severe on his own countrymen they have been translated into English, and what he says to the present point is: "The Duke of Vendôme had formed a great circle round Lille with his powerful army. He imagined that as the enemies were in the centre of this immense circle they would be unable to accommodate themselves with provisions for such a length of time as the defence of Lille might be continued." He has some excuse for the difficulty in believing that "it

was in the power of the enemy to convey to Lille all that was necessary for the siege and supplies of the army; to conduct there all the artillery and implements essential for such an undertaking; and that those immense burdens should be transported by land over a line of twenty-three leagues under the eyes of an army of 80,000 men lying on the flank of the prodigious convoy, which extended over five leagues of road."[1]

It did not suffice for the protection of the honour of France at this moment of peril that Berwick and Vendôme, each with a powerful force, were at hand. When it was first seen that Lille might be the critical point there was yet time to throw in reinforcements, and they were brought by the illustrious commander to whom the defence, if there were an attack, was committed—the Maréchal Boufflers. While yet in possession of the fortified city, with the armies under Berwick and Vendôme at hand, the French had an open path for reinforcements and supplies from all parts of the interior of France.

There was thus a great army of support, and it was a serious question how, in pursuance of the grand design, it should be treated. In one sense the Court of France had decided the question by orders to Vendôme and Berwick to fight the force accumulated before Lille in regular battle; but Vendôme was too sagacious to obey this order, and fell on his responsibility as commander in face of an enemy. Marlborough, on the other hand, seems to have felt a strong impulse to fight and drive away this hovering force, but on full reflection over the whole he judged

[1] Memoirs, i. 375.

the siege to be in the first place the best policy. In concert with his great companion he divided the army. The prince took the siege operations with a force estimated at 40,000; Marlborough kept the field with some 60,000 as a covering force.

The siege advanced, and in ordinary conditions the fate of Lille would have depended chiefly on a counter-cannonade and the influences of superior weight of metal and superior skill. But it was impossible to overlook in the calculations that French force outside, under two of the most illustrious captains of the day, gradually accumulating until it exceeded 100,000 men. We know that the orders from Versailles to the commanders were unvaryingly to fight the enemy, and as unvaryingly that the obstacles to that were insuperable. At last the minister of war, Chamillard, was despatched by King Louis to see the attack on Marlborough made; but Chamillard, too, was among the prophets. It would appear that the critical issue depended on priority in the accomplishment of a delicate achievement in tactics. Marlborough and Eugene had affected a junction, and were careful that the two hostile armies should not accomplish the same feat. Marlborough, left at peace for a time, made use of it in creating the formidable kind of fortress called an "intrenched camp," a process of strong earthworks brought as near to the character of a permanent fortress as may consist with the freedom of an army for collective action. On the 27th of August the results of the cannonading tempted the besiegers to an assault by two breaches. In the covered-way they lost a large body by missiles and explosion of mines. All that

they effected was the establishment of a small remainder under cover on the enemy's side after a loss of 4000, half of them killed. Marlborough remained in steady communication with his trusty supporter and supplier of his wants, the Lord Treasurer; and at this point he makes his mortification visible. "It is impossible for me to express the uneasiness I suffer for the ill conduct of my engineers at the siege, where I think everything goes very wrong. It would be a cruel thing if, after we have obliged the enemy to quit all thoughts of relieving the place by force, which they have done by repassing the Scheldt, we should fail of taking it by the ignorance of our engineers and the want of stores; for we have already found very near as much as was demanded for the taking of the town and citadel; and as yet we are not entire masters of the counterscarp. So to you I may own my despair of ending this campaign so as in reason we might have expected."[1] On the 20th of September the condition of the breaches invited another grand assault, giving the assailants a hold "on the right of the angle of the left demi-bastion of the tenaillon, and on the left of the places of arms in the covert-way opposite to the principal breach."[2] Prince Eugene, watching this affair from an advanced battery, was wounded in the head by a spent ball, and Marlborough relieved him from responsibility and fatigue by taking the conduct of the siege. The siege was calamitous to the assailants in loss of life, but in this costly shape it moved on daily, coming nearer to the inevitable end. Ere this arrived, a remedy peculiar to that watery district was tried by Vendôme in

[1] Sept. 20; Coxe, iv. 255. [2] Ibid., 242.

opening a portion of the enormous apparatus of sluices protecting the country from drowning. There were hopes that thus Marlborough's supplies would yet be intercepted, but his inventive genius found a remedy in flat-bottomed boats. On the 23d of October, when a new assault was in preparation, Boufflers gave the signal for an offer to capitulate. It was no doubt a bitter signal to the great veteran who had reaped renown in so many honourable shapes in the most illustrious army in the world; but in all his brilliant history no act better became the courageous and humane soldier. It no farther effected the conclusion than by decorating it with the saving of some hundreds if not thousands of lives, to have been taken had Lille been lost under a different technical term.

By the terms of the surrender the garrison were free, and they marched into the citadel still entire. This force, open to attack from a hostile town, had no chance of subsistence without independent supplies; and as all efforts showed that to afford these was impracticable, the citadel surrendered on the 11th of December. So France lost the mighty frontier fortress known as the masterpiece of Vauban, whose nephew—said to be the inheritor of his scientific gifts—acted as commander of engineers in the defence. Had Lille been, like Dunkirk, a seaboard fortress, dangerous to our trade, its demolition might have been demanded in adjusting articles of peace. Being available only for defence, its owners were permitted to retain it, and there is generally a garrison in the citadel. The walls surrounding the town are conspicuous among other city fortifications for the breadth and height of the numerous escarp-

ments and the corresponding depth of the covered-way and other depressions, — the accumulation of strength, and the fate that overtook it, vividly exemplifying the doctrine that fortresses always fall to the strongest power in any contest that touches them. The siege was signalised by the presence of illustrious persons assembled to behold the great drama. In the words of Sir Archibald Alison, "King Augustus, the dethroned sovereign of Poland, accompanied by the Landgrave of Hesse, arrived on the 19th of July at Marlborough's headquarters. The former was here joined by his natural son, afterwards so celebrated as Marshal Saxe, then a boy of twelve years of age, who set out from Dresden secretly on foot, and joined the army alone, notwithstanding all the vigilance of his guardians. Here also Munich and Schwerin, afterwards so celebrated under Frederick in the Seven Years' War, made their first essay in a species of warfare of all others the most exciting and dangerous; and here the Elector of Hanover repaired to add to the laurels already won by him on the field of Oudenarde, and witness the military prowess of the nation over which he was one day destined to reign. Never since the siege of Troy had such a body of chiefs and heroes been collected round the walls of a beleaguered city."[1] There was a sequel to the fall of Lille. Ghent, Bruges, and some smaller strengths that, taken in the early part of the war, had fallen, as we have seen, to the French, dropped back again into an allegiance that, as matter of etiquette, was to Austria; and

[1] The Life of John, Duke of Marlborough, with some Account of his Contemporaries and of the War of the Succession. By Archibald Alison, LL.D., Author of 'The History of Europe.'—I. 411.

thus, to Marlborough's satisfaction, Brabant was clear of the enemy.

In the spring of 1709, we come to the first germs of negotiation—meaning not terms of occupation or surrender applicable to separate fortresses or towns, or even districts, but a deliberate interchange of offers and acceptances, importing a close of the war and a prospect of coming years of tranquillity for Europe. The negotiations generally go by the name of De Torcy, and all the items of them may be found in his full history.[1] It is sometimes a sufficiently hard task to master the details of a treaty registering the completed items of successful negotiations; and it would be a dreary addition to this solid element in history were it necessary to give the failures also, merely because it is a fact that they have been proposed and rejected. It may happen, however, that some incidental point of special interest revealed in such discussions deserves attention in itself.

In the first place, that France should have to treat, after her career of glory and dictation under the auspices of Louis the Grand, was in itself matter of bitter humiliation. But still the Court was everything, both in glory and humiliation; and the starving people, with the bulk of the fathers and husbands that might have fed them rotting in distant battlefields, were asked to sympathise with a palace all in tears because the Court of the great Louis was humiliated to the necessity of treating with an insolent foe.

[1] Memoirs of the Marquis of Torcy, Secretary of State to Louis XIV., containing the History of the Negotiations from the Treaty of Ryswick to the Peace of Utrecht. Translated from the French. 2 vols. 8vo. 1757.

Then there came anomalies in the substance of articles offered in the negotiations, such as perhaps would have found an explanation had the diplomacy gone to or approached a practical result. For instance, at one point France agreed to abandon Spain to the Empire, and to be content with Naples and Sicily; yet, so far as we have any revelation in the conduct of the inhabitants, Spain itself was that portion of the Spanish succession that had shown the strongest affection for the Bourbons, and would most easily be brought under the sovereignty of King Philip. This fitted so far into the points held by the British diplomatists, that these demanded the acknowledgment of the Austrian succession to all the dominions that were the object of the war of the succession. Then there was our "Protestant succession," a complex matter even for British subjects to understand, and certainly likely to be a very complex and unwelcome addition to the usual niceties of diplomacy. The Dutch and their inevitable barrier also disturbed the infancy of the negotiations.

It seemed destined that there should be no hope of rest for the negotiators, until they brought the great question to the old Dutch town of Utrecht, nigh to Nymeguen and those other old towns where the war had begun. The "Conference of Gertruydenberg" supplies a name, but little more, in the introductory history of the Treaty of Utrecht. The difficulty felt by any one looking back with a merely critical eye on these fragmentary negotiations, is to find whether the negotiators took into account the bloody war that had passed before them, and saw any change it had effected in the conditions as they

had stood in the year 1702. We may find this exemplified in the vehement protestations on the part of Austria against an item of the dominions possessed by the last King of Spain going to the house of Bourbon. When we cross these casual notices of negotiations that appear alike visionary and chaotic, a film seems to drop from the eyes when we read what was accomplished in the Treaty of Utrecht.

On the 5th of March there was a farther and more pacific announcement of what the King of France was prepared to yield. He would let the Austrian candidate have Spain, the Milanese, and the Italian islands, with those distant possessions that had given a mysterious lustre to the Spanish empire — the Indies. His claim was limited to retaining only Naples and Sicily. The answer coming through London was still that the allies would concede no morsel of the dominions of the Spanish crown to the house of Bourbon—and there were difficulties as inextricable as ever about the Dutch barrier. It seemed to add to the hardness of the terms that King Louis was to bind himself to take all coercive measures for giving effect to them, and engage to complete the arrangement within two months. These hard terms were not pressed by Britain, but Britain did not make difficulties with her allies to soften them. France was stricken to the ground, and must submit to any terms; and she was fortunate if she could escape a vital dismemberment—if she could keep the boundaries of the old kingdom of France complete. So, in the absolute helplessness of France, was seen on all hands a security for immediate peace. Marlborough's occupation was no

longer with inquiries concerning the available progress for an invading army through France. He was communicating with his kinsman, the Lord Treasurer, about the removal of troops and stores to England, having written to him on the 19th of May about Torcy's last offer, "and I have no doubt it will end in a good peace;" and he tells his Sarah that "there is no doubt of its ending in a good peace." He suggests preparation for a solemn ceremonial by directions to have in readiness the sideboard of plate, and the chair of state and canopy; saying further, "and I beg you will take care to have it made so that it may serve for part of a bed when I have done with it here, which I hope may be by the end of this summer, so that I may enjoy your dear society in quiet, which is the greatest satisfaction I am capable of having."

But then came a sudden reaction, upsetting and even inverting all the conditions that in France pointed to inevitable submission and peace. Perhaps that wonderful national elasticity that has so often in France surprised the world was never more potently exemplified. A bad harvest, with starvation, had come to enhance the national calamities. The country was filled with poor wretches, many of them wounded, who crawled about, seeking here and there a morsel of bread,—were these the materials that a new army was to be raised from, when bankruptcies were rife and trading interests cried ruin? Yet through some mysterious influences of vitality and strength hidden in the social constitution, the supplies for a new army came forth abundantly, and the recruits followed, exciting the remark that France

had seldom in her palmy days shown to the world so vigorous and ardent an army. In its own country, a reason for this revival was entertained not to be easily understood in this country as a legitimate evolution of cause and effect. All men were starving, and therefore were glad to accept the poor pay of the French soldier.

Marlborough, with his companion Prince Eugene, had an army counted in all at 110,000 men. There was an alarm that the evil rumours about the cause in Spain would be made a reason for reducing the force in the Netherlands; but with a still larger French force at hand, it was found that, rather than withdraw a portion of it, a wiser policy would be to abandon the contest in the Netherlands, with all that we held there. This would have been equivalent to a total abandonment of the cause of Holland, which was our own cause, in as far as it was desirable to have an independent Power close to France. Then the cause in Spain was virtually lost, and we would have had to abandon ground where we had conquered and established a position, and had but to continue conquering, so as to complete a nearly-accomplished policy, while everything in Spain would have to be begun as if we had lost no blood there already.

The great question arose, Shall there be another great battle, or shall the policy of the first year of the war — the taking of the fortified places — be renewed? Marlborough was prepared for either alternative. But in tracing his career, we shall find how sagaciously, in the following prophecy, he anticipated the war policy of France:—

"I am entirely of opinion that though the French

should equal us in numbers, or even have a superiority, in the Low Countries, they will, however, put themselves on the defensive, so that we shall be under the necessity of opening the campaign with the siege of Tournai or Mons. The difficulty of the former will arise from the great quantity of dry forage that will be requisite for the troops; for we cannot make this siege unless we can be before the place ere the enemy take the field."[1] He had it especially in his calculations that blows struck within the French frontier, and on the march to Paris, would be the surest tactic to restrain King Louis from sending to Spain an overwhelming force capable of driving the champions of the Austrian succession out of the Peninsula.[2]

He took fever at this crisis, and would not be controlled by the medical advisers, who prescribed relief from duty, and rest. It appeared as if the combined excitements of the situation had battled with the disease and driven it forth, for Marlborough was, in none of his great achievements, more watchful and alert. The enemy had repeated the policy of intrenching their camp, and within their fortifications they must be attacked, if attacked they were. An intrenched camp was doubtless the strongest of all possible military positions, but it had its defects. Its strength was passive rather than active; for it could not carry that strength into a change of

[1] Despatches, iii. 289. The names of the two towns to be attacked were put in a cipher.

[2] Ibid., 326. "C'est le seul intérêt du Roi Charles qui nous fait préférer l'entrée en France, puisque sans que cela ait lieu et même de bonne heure, on peut compter l'Espagne perdue à jamais pour ce Prince."—Ibid., 329.

ground, and, indeed, might create difficulty in accomplishing a change of front. It was an arrangement never adopted by Marlborough when he expected a battle; and it was inconsistent with his favourite policy of lying ever on the watch to seize the best alternatives, possibly pondering over all the classes of tactics he had trained his subordinates to help him in bringing to a conclusion. He was opposed by Villars, who had established high repute as a strategist by stopping Marlborough on the Moselle. The site of the intrenched camp may be found in the map, by running the eye between Douai and Béthune. The French marshal found there everything in the shape of embankments, wood, and a supply of water, either for ditches or flooding, that he could desire for making himself impregnable. Villars had no doubt, from the movements of Marlborough and Eugene, that they meant to attack him within his trenches. He knew on what quarter they must make the attack, and there he brought part of the garrison of Tournai to enhance his strength. This seems to have been precisely what Marlborough desired. He began the advance for the charge, and with the adroit flexibility ever at his command, wheeled round on half-defended Tournai. On the 27th of June he had written to his Sarah: "If it had been reasonable, this letter would have brought you the news of a battle; but Prince Eugene, myself, and all the generals, did not think it advisable to run so great a hazard considering their camp, as well as their having strengthened it so by their intrenchments—so that we have resolved on the siege of Tournai, and accordingly marched last night and have invested it when they expected our going to

another place, so that they have not half the troops in the town they should have to defend themselves well, which makes us hope it will not cost us dear."[1]

It is singular that the arrangement was satisfactory to Villars. He thought it possible that, by a commander with the formidable reputation of Marlborough, he might be beaten even in his stronghold, and then the invaders had an open way to Boulogne, and might, after plundering all over Picardy, reach Paris. They had chosen to invest Tournai, and that, the marshal thought, would give them work throughout the fighting season.[2] But on another essential point—separate from the insufficiency of the garrison for the protection of a large town with a broad river flowing through it—the surprise had been a success. The town was not provisioned for a protracted blockade; and after the siege-apparatus had been brought up, it held out only for nineteen days, surrendering on the 29th of July 1709. The city garrison surrendered with honours. They were still 4000 strong, and all marched into the citadel. If it be a question why Marlborough permitted the garrison of the citadel to be so augmented, when his superiority might have enabled him to dictate terms at his discretion, it might be said that the citadel —not a large fortress, but very strong — scarcely gained in absolute strength by a garrison so numerous as to be in some measure superfluous, while the accession gave strength to the besiegers' great coadjutor—famine.

The siege of this strong fortress opened a fresh chapter in the horrors of modern warfare. Vauban,

[1] Coxe, v. 7.

[2] Villars; Coxe, v. 7.

two years dead, had just left in that fortress a terrible legacy, in the most tragic of all the desperate resources that his genius had added to the art of war between besieger and besieged. This was the operation of mining and counter-mining. A boastful inscription, cut on one of the wall-facings, told how, in the year 1667, Louis XIV., of whom it was doubtful whether his lustre was the greater in war or in peace, had taken in eight days the works that never before had been taken by an enemy, and that he had added strength to these existing works. Of the additions a portion consisted in vaults and galleries, adapted for the laying and firing of mines where a besieging enemy had made an entrance or lodgment. It may not be easily accounted for, but it is a phenomenon supported by abundant testimony, that the soldier having made himself familiar with certain forms of death as likely at some time or other to overtake him, is disturbed by any indication that the king of terrors may approach him in a form totally new and unanticipated in his calculations. The hidden mine had thus a terror in reserve for men who had never before flinched from danger. There might be something, too, in the feeling that there was no fighting with an active enemy to rouse the combative spirit that may possibly avert or avenge injuries. However it arose, all accounts of this siege are eloquent on its novel horrors. The new inventions made work for a new class of soldiers — sappers and miners; and to these the new dangers became at length familiar Within the fortress the existence of works for in this form destroying besiegers naturally suggested that they should have a force of special experts to put

them to their deadly use ; but the besiegers were sadly deficient in any counter-force of the same kind, and it would happen to them when they had reached the vault where a mine was laid, and occupied themselves in endeavouring to employ its munitions against the enemy, or at all events to secure their own safety from explosion, that a mine was sprung in a vault below, carrying destruction and death among them. It was said, too, that parties meeting in darkness and confusion sometimes took friends for enemies ; and thus the novel instrument of destruction was in many shapes full of horrors. The shattered walls of the citadel of Tournai still attest the peculiar nature of that warfare. On the usual turf mound faced with stone, a breach made by cannonading, will show that it has been battered until the face falls outwards, and until by this fall or further cannonading a breach is made with a slope, not too steep to give some chance of mounting it to a storming-party. A dismantling that removes the embrasures and the wall-facings, as at Dunkirk silenced under stipulation at the Treaty of Utrecht, is another feature of a fortress that is no longer available. But the rents in the strong citadel of Tournai are all from within, casting down the walls and showing the chambers where the explosives had been piled. It is interesting, also, to note the vaulted galleries, low and narrow, for communication between the several places, that, occupied by the garrison might fall into the hands of the enemy, to place them in the way of destruction.

King Louis had among those grand qualities that brought him the worship of his subjects, a propensity towards utterances that imported a scornful defiance.

Besides the losses from the war and the chance that the soil of France might be traversed by a hostile force, there had come the calamity of an imperfect harvest, attended with gloom, penury, and starvation to the poorer people. The king predicted that they would all the more eagerly follow the bread-baskets of his armies. It was true that the muster of the army was stimulated by the misery of the people, and that forcible conscription had not been so necessary for gathering a force as it had been in periods of prosperity or comfort.

We have seen something of the social material of the armies that in this reign gained for us so many victories. The vagrant and even the thief had not only to be tolerated in the ranks, but to be forced into them, if he could fight. Yet one accustomed to note the fugitive signs of the times gathers the impression that there was in the army a large representative of the respectable and even earnest portion of the community. Though they were not in the critical position of those who have to defend the borders of their native land from an invading enemy, yet they knew that the salvation of their land from such peril depended on their smiting the great French monarch so thoroughly as to make an invasion to place James III. on the throne of England and restore arbitrary power a hopeless vision. Yet though the French had no such treasures as freedom, religious and civil, to defend, we may question if British troops after such a succession of defeats as had overtaken the armies of King Louis would have rallied to the banner with the same elastic vigour that inspired the French in this great revival. It was a

signal manifestation of qualities peculiar to that elastic people. It has rarely happened that they have been soldiers by free choice,—by conscription or some other form of coercion they have been dragged to the camp. But once within it, their hearts have naturally kindled to the spirit of soldier life. Abounding in courage, they have at the same time the content in existing conditions that is not always the companion of courage. The present presents them with exciting enjoyments, and they are not troubled with the unfortunate past.[1]

Upwards of 100,000 fighting men were brought into the field, in better "heart," to use an old soldier's expression, than any of the French armies embodied and beaten in this war had shown. It seemed now as if the Nemesis of the epics and romances must bury the memory of the disasters and

[1] Forty years later than our period, David Hume happened to see some French soldiers who had been taken prisoners in the war of 1748. It was not one of the wars glorious to our arms, but on the occasion witnessed by the philosopher the French had suffered a casual defeat. The scene is at Breda; the date is 16th March 1748. "The night we came to Breda we supped with Lord Albemarle, who told us, on entering, that we might soon expect to hear of a battle in the neighbourhood; and accordingly, in about an hour, a messenger came in with the news, which is the best we have had in the Low Countries during the whole war. You have no doubt heard of it. It was the attack of a convoy to Bergen-op-Zoom by about 5000 French, where 400 were killed and about 1000 taken prisoners. Next day the prisoners were led through the town. They were the picquets of several old regiments and some companies of grenadiers; but such pitiful-looking fellows never man set eye on. France is surely much exhausted of men when she can fill her army with such poor wretches. We all said when they passed along, Are these the people that have beat us so often? I stood behind Lord Albemarle, who was looking over a window, to see them. One of the ragged scarecrows, seeing his lordship's star and ribbon, turned about to him, and said very briskly, 'Aujourd'hui pour vous, monsieur; demain pour le Roi.' If they have all this spirit, no wonder they beat us."—Life and Correspondence of David Hume, i. 246.

humiliations of France in a mighty and abiding triumph. But this was not to be the end. It was to be that the revival was only to offer a new sacrifice; it was to bring forward the greatest and the finest of all the successive French armies only to follow them in absolute defeat, and render the military humiliation of France all the more memorable. Britain also was stirred to the heart; and her excitement took its natural development—a vast and unexampled vote of supply, producing seven millions of pounds.

It happened that Villars, who had superseded Boufflers in command, gained from the troops not only a fair amount of reliance, but such an access of devotion and sanguine expectation as French soldiers only have at their disposal. It could hardly suffice as the source of this enthusiasm, that Marlborough had gone to the field of Ramillies, instead of attempting to beat him out of his strong fortress at Sierck; but there was nothing else in his career that seemed to justify his high reputation and the implicit confidence of his troops that he was to lead them to glory. But the troops were also successful in finding an object of enthusiasm in the superseded Boufflers. He was the senior of Villars and higher in the service, yet had he in this emergency offered his assistance as an adjutant; and being so accepted, he served faithfully in the subordinate post. One would like to know what Marlborough thought of the whole affair of the revival in France, but we have nothing beyond a hope that the misfortunes of France may send him back to his Sarah. "That which gives the greatest prospect for the happiness of being back to

you is that certainly the misery of France increases, which must bring us to a peace. The misery of all the poor people we see is such that one must be a brute not to pity them. May you ever be happy, and I enjoy some few years of quiet with you, is what I daily pray for."[1] It appears, however, that Prince Eugene gave distinct utterance on the worthlessness of the enemy—they were the refuse of the French population, inferior to the armies that had already been beaten.[2]

From the Belvidere, on the top of the conical hill covered by the streets of Mons, there is an opportunity for observing the general character of the ground where 200,000 men marched and ranged themselves for battle. The features are of the kind generally found where great battles have been fought—low flat hills, undulating with valleys, but no rocks or abrupt declivities to afford to either party great advantages over the other. The critical centre of contest, however, can hardly be identified from Mons, as it is ten miles distant, with intervening elevations. The peasantry in the neighbourhood will tell that the centre of contest is indicated by a small old church, called by them La Chapelle Malbrook; and the accounts of the battle show that they are correct.[3]

[1] Coxe, v. 12.

[2] "L'ennemi qui est devant nous, est moins fort que celui qui à été battu tant de fois. Ses meilleurs soldats sont morts à Hochstett, à Cassano, à Ramillies, à Turin, à Oudenarde ; il n'a pas vingt mille hommes qui ne soient de nouvelle levée. La multitude de ses retranchemens est une preuve de sa foiblesse, et du peu de confiance que ses chefs ont de son courage."—Histoire de Jean Churchill, Duc de Marlborough : À Paris de l'imprimerie Impériale, 1808 : iii. 99.

[3] The Chapelle Malbrook, the name given to Marlborough in French tradition, seems to be the same that, before the battle, was named Jean Vanqueur.

There are two villages near this small church. The more remote was Taisniers, and this was the original name given to the battle; but it was superseded by the name of the other village—Malplaquet. Malplaquet is now a considerable village of good houses consistent with the aspect of agricultural wealth around it. Cultivation has rendered it difficult to trace the ground so as to identify upon it the motions of the two armies. The paved road to Mons is still there, and so is a portion of the old stretch of forest. Its trees are beech, birch, ash, and sycamore — no pines. It is a forest decaying and reproducing itself, and looks as fresh and young as it could have looked on the battle-day. An open heath was among the features then, but that is gone. The fields, with their plentiful crops, are protected from intrusion; and along the border, between the field and the forest, there is a line of tall, thick-set, impervious hedge, as if the farmers found it desirable to protect themselves from intruders entering through the forest.

This patch of forest is still serviceable, along with the village of Malplaquet and La Chapelle Malbrook, in identifying the field of battle and helping to solve the policy of its selection. The trees are a remnant of the forest of Lagnière, stretching north and south all along the field of battle on its western side. A tract of forest-land, called the woods of Sart Taisniere and Blaniere, stretched along the eastern side of the field. As a strong post on the highway through France, and touching the frontier, Villars sought to secure himself and stop his enemy's march southwards. At mid-day on the 7th, Marlborough and Prince Eugene were informed that Villars was post-

ing his troops on the elevated plain between the forests. The two forests were within a quarter of a mile of each other. An author, speaking under the sanction of the great Napoleon, said that when Villars saw his enemy he should have attacked immediately, but he took to the shovel instead of the sword, and intrenched himself.[1]

This he did busily, and Marlborough left him two days undisturbed at the work, having his own reasons for letting it be completed. In the end his army was protected by a line of embankment and ditch. There were certain breaks in the lines of forest, called by the country people *trouées*, perhaps as being holes or openings through the trees; these were fortified by redoubts. The forest was serviceable too in supplying felled trees for *abatis*. Any one who has struggled to make his

[1] "Villars apprit que les alliés restoient tranquilles; au lieu de marcher à eux il s'amusa à remuer la pelle et à se retrancher."—Histoire de Jean Churchill, Duc de Marlborough, Prince du Saint Empire Romain, et de Mindelheim, &c.: À Paris de l'imprimerie Impériale, 1808: iii. 95. Unless it may be in the translation of the 'Mémoires de Fouquières,' it would be difficult to find in the English language anything so bitterly sarcastic on the French armies of that period as this book, printed by Napoleon's direction. It seems to prove throughout to the French people what paltry helpless beings they were until they got into the hands of Napoleon. The book was printed at the climax when he had crushed Austria and Prussia, had set his brother on the throne of Spain, and had not penetrated to Moscow. The author of this biography, who was no doubt a soldier, and speaks learnedly on military affairs, gives us a curious testimony to the difficulty of finding the details of a battle, and reconciling them with the ground: "Je crois devoir prévenir mes lecteurs qu'entre vingt récits de cette fameuse bataille, il n'y en a pas deux qui s'accordent dans les détails de l'affaire—pas même dans la description du terrain. Je les ai tous combinés; et j'ai choisi dans chaque relation ce qui m'a paru appuyé sur les meilleurs garans. C'est une tâche bien pénible que celle d'ecrire une semblable histoire."—III. 104.

way through a fresh forest-clearing before the felled trees are removed will have felt how formidable an impediment they can become; but he would probably infer that, however they might impede an enemy, they would be troublesome neighbours to an army intending to keep itself free for action. There has surely seldom been an army brought into battle with so varied a mixture of races and nationalities as the seven millions, voted by the British Parliament, brought together under Marlborough's banner. Our own islands provided the usual variety of races, Teutonic and Celtic, and there were fighting beside them Dutch, Danes, Prussians, Saxons, Palatines, Hanoverians, Hessians, and Italians." [1]

Before the end came, Villars had been sadly wounded. With the instincts of the true soldier he tried to continue in command, but he was so unfit for the duty that something like pressure was necessary for the protection both of himself and of his army, even though its doom was certain. Hence it was the decree of fate that this calamity should alight on the French people through the hands of that Boufflers whom they had tired of calling The Unfortunate.

The fortification of a camp in preparation for a battle is an admission of weakness. The commander abandons any bold attacking strategy, and sacrifices the pliability and potency of his army, that he may secure its safety. Between the French force

[2] "Jamais on ne vit un tel faisceau de forces diverses réunies dans une même tout et comme dans la main d'un seul homme! Ce phénomène, sans example dans toute autre coalition, est le plus bel éloge des deux héros qui les commandoient."—Hist. de Marlborough, de l'imprimerie Impériale, iii. 105.

heavily fortified but embarrassed by the restraints of their fortress, and the assailing host armed by the highest skill that the armies of the world could produce, there appeared for some time to be a contest terribly equal, until it was seen that the defenders of the fortresses were thinned in number without slaughter. The neighbouring forest-land, if it was a protection to the encamped army as a whole, was a still more available protection to those who retreated through the forest glades. It happened that a large body of reinforcements had to be brought from Tournai to join the army of the allies; and Marlborough had provided that, instead of coming up to the front, they should abide until their services were wanted in the enemy's rear. These had come into action, and there was no meeting their attack but by weakening the force in the front. At the same time, a lateral force on the left—a mixed body of Scots and foreigners—had been kept in reserve under the command of the Prince of Orange; and the weakened defenders of the fortifications were attacked in rear and flank. This was conclusive, and the battle was gained.

This battle had been inaugurated with much deliberation and ceremonial on both sides, as if each were conscious of having at last reached the final issue. In the British camp there was a solemn religious ceremonial as at Blenheim, the service of the Church of England being read at the head of each regiment.

On the policy of the field-works making up the intrenched camp, the military critics of the day said that instead of a ganglion of ramparts and trenches enclosing all parts of the field, a lighter

form of engineering would have better suited the exigencies of a field of battle,—such as redoubts or bastions, called "cæspitious," as made out of the materials available on the spot. These, amply scattered over the ground in possession, might serve active troops in an infinite variety of shapes troublesome to an enemy; and if they were likely to be available to the foe, they might be blown up on abandonment. But the great embankments and ditches of the fortified camp in the end only provided fortresses for the enemy when, being the stronger party, he could occupy them.

Mighty issues in the Continental battle-field had been, as it were, keeping time in harmony with mighty issues in the Cabinet at home. In the march through France there was work begun that, on the whole, had better be completed at once. It seems to have occurred to Marlborough that, in the event of the supplies for the war becoming narrower, it might be well to narrow his projects accordingly; and that hence his war-path took the direction of Calais, his latest achievements, both uneventful, being the occupation of Ayre and St Venant.

We now leave behind the great battles, and the war both in Spain and nearer home, so far as Britain was concerned. The next duty is to examine certain political and personal influences busily at work at home, and find how their tendencies, in conjunction with those of the two wars, lead us to the Treaty of Utrecht.

CHAPTER XV.

The Revolution at Court.

THE QUEEN AND THE DUCHESS — THE QUARREL—RISE OF ABIGAIL — HARLEY, HIS INSCRUTABILITY — DISMISSAL OF GODOLPHIN—HIS RECEPTION OF IT—HIS PROPHETIC WARNINGS — THREE CONSPICUOUS STATESMEN: BOLINGBROKE, HARLEY, AND WALPOLE — THEIR RELATIVE CAREERS — GUISCARD'S ATTACK ON HARLEY—A NEW PARLIAMENT—THE OLD MINISTRY ATTACKED THROUGH THE WAR IN SPAIN—EXPEDITION TO QUEBEC—COMMANDED BY ABIGAIL'S BROTHER — THE HOUSE OF LORDS — THE TWELVE NEW PEERS—THE FALL OF MARLBOROUGH.

Henry Hallam seeks concurrence in the opinion that "it seems rather a humiliating proof of the sway which the feeblest prince enjoys, even in a limited monarchy, that the fortunes of Europe should have been changed by nothing more noble than the insolence of one waiting-woman and the cunning of another. It is true that this was effected by throwing the weight of the Crown into the scale of a powerful faction; yet the house of Bourbon would probably not have reigned beyond the Pyrenees but for Sarah and Abigail at Queen Anne's toilet." [1]

The sagest of historians is parsimonious in rhetoric

[1] Constitutional History, edit. 1832, iii. 283.

or antithesis, and hence, perhaps, the rarity of his indulgence in these decorative accomplishments has led his expressions beyond the wise precision of his usual estimate of political forces. The conflict between Sarah and Abigail is certainly the most picturesque and amusing feature in the eventful political period we have reached; but we shall see that other forces were necessary, and were busily at work, in shifting the old tenor of history. The mighty duchess, who bullied principalities and powers on the one side—the humble waiting-maid, whom she assisted out of dependence and abject poverty on the other — make in themselves an antithesis suitable as material for romance. But Abigail Hill, though her father seems not to have been a fortunate man, was so powerful in connections as to count cousinship with the Duchess of Marlborough on the one hand and Harley on the other. Her cousinship to Duchess Sarah came of descent that made her a granddaughter of a baronet. Sarah opens the drama thus: "An acquaintance of mine came to me and said she believed I did not know that I had relations who were in want. When she had finished her story, I answered that indeed I had never heard of any such relations; and immediately gave her out of my purse ten guineas for their present relief, saying I would do what I could for them."[1]

There came a vacancy in the bedchamber staff of Queen Anne when she was princess; and the duchess says on the occasion, that as it had occurred that

[1] An Account of the Conduct of the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough, 177.

"rockers, though not gentlewomen, had been advanced to be bed chamber-women, I thought I might ask the princess to give the vacant place to Mrs Hill. At first, indeed, I had some scruple about it; but this being removed by persons I thought wiser, with whom I consulted, I made the request to the princess, and it was granted." For a younger sister the office was obtained of laundress to the Duke of Gloucester—that one of Queen Anne's children who, as we have seen, approached maturity. There were boys, too, to be provided for. One got a custom-house appointment. There was another who had a more conspicuous career, as Sarah tells us "whom the bottle men afterwards called 'honest Jack Hill,' whom I clothed, for he was all in rags, and put to school at St Albans; and though my lord always said that Jack Hill was good for nothing, yet to oblige me he made him his aide-de-camp, and afterwards gave him a regiment." But it was his sister's interest that raised him to be a general, and to command on that ever-memorable expedition to Quebec.

Thus everything was low and worthless about these Hills, yet Duchess Sarah got them well settled as public servants. It may be observed that there is not the faintest compunction as to the bad bargains she is employing her power to force upon the country; on the contrary, their unfitness putting difficulties in the way, the greater was her merit in overcoming these difficulties and providing for her needy relations in defiance of impediments. On the whole we owe a debt of gratitude to Duchess Sarah for this brief but clear exemplification of the political morality of the period.

As we approach the great quarrel between the queen and the duchess, there come some preliminary mutterings of disturbance to the divine harmony that blessed the friendship of Mrs Morley and Mrs Freeman. There was a critical juncture, early in the spring of 1708, when Marlborough crossed the Channel to renew and end the war. The duchess had an audience, when she revealed in some measure her discontents and suspicions, and proposed that she should retire from the offices she held, and that they should be given to her eldest and her second daughter, both peeresses "who from their rank, alliance, and character, were well calculated to merit such a favour." [1] The queen entered on assurances of continued attachment, repeating, "you and I must never part;" and promised, should such a calamity occur, that the daughters should inherit the offices.

There was some mystery — at least so Sarah thought—in the marriage that made Abigail Mrs Masham, and she broods on the affair thus: "The conduct both of the queen and of Mrs Masham convinced me that there was some mystery in the affair, and thereupon I set myself to inquire as particularly as I could into it. In less than a week's time I discovered *that my cousin was become an absolute favourite; that the queen herself was present at her marriage in* Dr Arbuthnot's *lodgings*, at which time her Majesty *had called for a round sum out of the privy purse; that* Masham *came often to*

[1] Coxe, iv. 44. The Archdeacon refers as his authority to "A Narrative Manuscript of the Duchess;" but it is not quite clear whether these commendatory words are his own or hers.

the QUEEN *when the* PRINCE *was asleep, and was generally two hours every day in private with her;* and I likewise then discovered, beyond all dispute, MR HARLEY'S *correspondence and interest at Court by means of this woman.*"

"It became easy now to decipher many particulars which had hitherto remained mysterious, and my reflection quickly brought to my mind many passages which seemed odd and unaccountable, but had left no impressions of suspicion or jealousy. Particularly I remembered that a long while before this, being with the queen—to whom I had gone very privately by a secret passage from my lodgings to the bedchamber—on a sudden this woman, not knowing I was there, came in with the boldest and gayest air possible, but, on sight of me, stopped, and immediately changing her manner, and making a most solemn courtesy,—'*Did your* MAJESTY *ring?*'—and then went out again."[1]

This is lively and picturesque, but its life and picturesqueness seem more akin to the reproductions of such qualities on the comic stage than to the usages of a palace. Had the author of 'John Bull,' in whose house the first act of the treason was played, lived to read this account of it—he died seven years before it was published—some thoughts worth knowing might have crossed his mind.

It is not easy to pronounce on the charges against Harley, but they certainly bear faint resemblance to the tone of his general character. He was in most things a man scrupulous in his actions whatever his thoughts may have been. He was generally trusted,

[1] Ibid., 183-186.

and if there was anything to suggest misgivings it was in the impenetrable reserve that, even when the haze of inebriety loosened his tongue, sometimes in a wildish manner about trifles enabled him to keep dead silence on affairs of moment. His inscrutability let imaginations and tongues loose on his character and actions. Though he was a Nonconformist, and assisted his father in raising a troop of horse to welcome the arrival of William of Orange, some maintained that he was deep in Jacobite plots, while others attributed his waywardness to a hatred of monarchical government, inherited from his father, a zealot among the republicans and Dissenters in the Long Parliament.

Before we pass on from Duchess Sarah's charges of ingratitude and perfidy, we may note one point, perhaps unconsciously but yet effectively proved by her, that she had ruled the poor queen with an iron hand, and was enraged at feeling the grasp relax. Ere the two had come to hot words, "Mrs Morley" writes to her "dear Mrs Freeman," desiring that she may be excused entering on discussion, because "I believe we are both of the same opinion in the main. I have the misfortune that I cannot agree exactly in everything, and therefore what I say is not thought to have the least colour of reason in it—which makes me really not care to enter into particulars." But on one point she becomes distinct. She is aware of Mrs Freeman's capacity for mischief, and entreats her to restrain it: "Can dear Mrs Freeman. think that I can be so stupid as not to be sensible of the great services that my Lord Marlborough and my Lord Treasurer have done me, nor of the great misfortune

it would be if they should quit my service. No; sure you cannot believe me to be so void of sense and gratitude. I never did, nor never will, give them any just reason to forsake me; and they have too much honour, and too sincere a love of their country, to leave me without a cause. And I beg you would not add that to my other misfortunes, of pushing them on to such an unjustifiable action." [1]

If one in tracing the mazes of a quarrel, especially if it is a feminine quarrel, has got into letter-writing and the reporting of speeches, it is a satisfaction to come to some palpable declaration of war or defiance; and the following short letter was the queen's announcement that she was determined to escape from her tyrant: "After the *commands* you gave me on the Thanksgiving Day, of not answering you, I should not have troubled you with these lines, but to return the Duke of Marlborough's letter safe into your hands; and for the same reason, do not say anything to that, nor to yours which enclosed it." [2]

Still Sarah returned to the charge, and extracted what she thus abridges: "In speaking of the misunderstandings betwixt her Majesty and me, she says, they are for *nothing that she knows, but because she cannot see with my eyes and hear with my ears.* And adds, *that it is impossible for me to recover her former kindness, but that she shall behave herself to me as the Duke of* MARLBOROUGH'S *wife.*" Then comes a touch of sarcasm on the queen's part, so distinctly pointing at one who held it as a crime in any one to differ from her, that it is necessary to suppose Sarah to have been blinded by passion or dotage when she

[1] Coxe, 201, 222. [2] Ibid., 200.

gave it to the world. "*You have asked me once or twice if you had committed any fault that I was so changed; and I told you, no, because I do not think it a crime in any one not to be of my mind.*" [1]

That there was ample room for difference of opinion, the duchess lets us see very clearly. We have noted the queen's zeal—bordering on bigotry—for the Church of England. Mrs Freeman gives her own views on that institution, thus: "The *word* CHURCH had never any charm for *me*, in the mouths of those who made the most noise with it; for I could not perceive that they gave any other distinguishing proof of their regard for the *thing* than a frequent use of the *word*, like a spell to enchant weak minds; and a persecuting zeal against Dissenters, and against those real friends of the Church who would not admit that *persecution* was agreeable to its doctrine. And as to State affairs: many of these Churchmen seemed to me to have no fixed principles at all, having endeavoured, during the last reign, to undermine that very government which they had contributed to establish." [2]

It is among the motley elements of this strange controversy, that in reply to the remark about difference of opinion not being a crime, it occurred to the duchess to try her own hand in the efficacy of a morsel of Church, as a spell to enchant a weak mind. "Upon receipt of this letter I immediately set myself to draw up a long narrative of a series of faithful services for about twenty-six years past; of the great

[1] It may be noted as to the passages here cited, that the italics are rendered precisely as in the original, where they seem to have been considered of vital importance.

[2] Coxe, 125, 126.

sense the queen formerly had of my services; of the great favour I had been honoured with on account of them; of the use I had made of that favour; and of my losing it now by the artifice of my enemies, and particularly of one whom I had raised out of the dust. And knowing how great a respect her MAJESTY had for the writings of certain eminent divines, I added to my narrative the directions given by the author of *The Whole Duty of Man* with relation to friendship, the doctrine of the *Common Prayer Book* before the Communion, with regard to reconciliation, together with the rules laid down by Bishop Taylor on the same head; and I concluded by giving my word to her Majesty, that if, after reading these, she would please only to answer, in two words, that she was still of the same opinion as when she wrote that harsh letter which occasioned her this trouble, I would never more give her the least trouble upon any subject but the business of my office, so long as I should have the honour to continue her servant."[1]

This attempt had no success. "I sent from St Albans the narrative, which she promised to read and answer; and ten days after writing to me upon another occasion, she said she had not leisure to read all my papers, but when she had, she would send me some answer. But none ever came."[2]

The duchess tells us that "it was the queen's usual way on any occasion when she was predetermined—and my Lord Marlborough has told me that it was her father's—to repeat over and over some principal words she had resolved to use, and to stick firmly to them."[3] The schools have perhaps not devoted

[1] Ibid., 226. [2] Ibid., 226, 227. [3] Ibid., 204.

much of their ingenuity to this form of dialectic, but the duchess gives us a powerful example of its effective employment against herself. The scene is at Kensington, where it required all the tact and perseverance of the duchess to force her way into the presence. "When I began to speak she interrupted me four or five times with these repeated words—'*Whatever you have to say you may put it in writing.*' I said, her Majesty never did so hard a thing to any as to refuse to hear them speak. . . . I then went on to speak, though the queen turned away her face from me, and to represent my hard case—that there were those about her Majesty who had made her believe that I had said things of her which I was no more capable of saying than of killing my own children," &c. She pressed for particulars, "because, if I were guilty that would quickly appear, and if I were innocent, this method only would clear me. The queen replied that *she would* give *me no answer*, laying hold on a word in my letter, that what I had to say in my own vindication *would have no* consequence in obliging her Majesty to answer, &c., which surely did not at all imply that I did not desire to know the particular things laid to my charge;" and so on, until "the queen offered to go out of the room, I following her, and begging leave to clear myself, and the queen repeating over and over again, '*You desired no answer, and you shall have none.*' When she came to the door I fell into great disorder—streams of tears flowed down against my will, and prevented my speaking for some time." People who in the letters and gossip of the times have made acquaintance with the hard imperious nature of Sarah Jen-

nings, would not be prepared for this occurrence, and still less for the victim's proclamation of it to the world. But here, again: "I explained some things which I had heard her Majesty had taken amiss of me; and then with a fresh flood of tears, and a concern sufficient to move compassion even where all love was absent, I begged to know what other particulars she had heard of me, that I might not be denied all means of justifying myself; but still the only return was, '*You desired no answer, and you shall have none.*' I then begged to know if her Majesty would tell me some other time. '*You desired no answer, and you shall have none.*' I then appealed to her Majesty again, if she did not herself know that I had often despised interest in comparison of serving her faithfully and doing right? and whether she did not know me to be of a temper incapable of disowning anything which I knew to be true? '*You desired no answer, and you shall have none;*'" whereupon the sorely tried victim confesses to retaliating. "I was confident her Majesty would suffer for such an instance of inhumanity. The queen answered —'*That will* be *to myself.*' Thus ended this remarkable conversation, the last I had with her Majesty."[1]

Sarah's husband seems to have cautiously abstained from this contest, as one too hot and dangerous to assimilate with his placid temper. In the volume whence so much is here cited, there is a proper and pious memorandum by him containing, perhaps, as strong a hint of disapproval as he could venture to utter against his beloved Sarah. "It has always been my observation in disputes, especially in that of kindness

[1] Coxe, 243, 244.

and friendship, that all reproaches, though ever so just, serve to no end but making the breach wider. I cannot help being of opinion, that however insignificant we may be, there is a Power above that puts a period to our happiness or unhappiness." [1]

A curious Nemesis lurked in the provision for ragged and good-for-nothing Jack Hill, extracted from her pliant husband by Duchess Sarah, when she was acting my Lady Bountiful to her impoverished cousins. At the beginning of the year 1710, the death of the Earl of Essex left two important vacancies—he had been Constable of the Tower and Colonel of the Second Regiment of Dragoons. Marlborough thought the Duke of Northumberland should become Constable of the Tower. An intricate story of secrets and surprises could be made out of the conditions that conferred the command of the Tower on Earl Rivers. It was a blow to Marlborough; but it was rather in a political than a military matter. The old feudal office was of small moment compared with the next step. He received the queen's command to complete the adjustments for the promotion of John Hill to the command of the Second Dragoons. This roused all the soldier within him, and he declared war. It would, as he told the queen, be "to set up a standard of disaffection to rally all the malcontent officers in the army." He sullenly retired from Court, threatening to resign all his commands unless Abigail Hill, now Mrs Masham, were dismissed from her offices in the royal household.

Thus was started an issue that threw the Cabinet into consternation. Every day there were hopes and

[1] Coxe, 244.

fears, and gratifications and disappointments, about promotions in the army; and here was one that threatened not only to be a crisis in the history of parties at home, but to shake all Europe with fears and hopes. Godolphin and other members of the party prayed Marlborough to yield the point. What was a bad appointment to the head of a regiment in sight of the peril to their common party? Unwillingly he so far yielded as to abandon the issue of the favourite's dismissal, standing only on his refusal to appoint her brother to the command. Afterwards, when absent in the war, he gave a dry assent to the promotion in the army of Masham, Abigail's husband, and her brother Jack. But this was when the end had come in sight, and Marlborough looked to relief from all responsibilities, political and military.[1]

Meanwhile forces had been let loose throughout the country too powerful to be controlled by Court or Cabinet, however adroitly bold and clever statesmen might "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm." The trial of Sacheverell, with its precedents and result, teaches us more fully the nature of these stormy elements than the annals of the Court or even the parliamentary debates. A great reaction set in against the party called sometimes Low Church and sometimes Whig. The reaction served the purpose of the bedchamber party. Its strength was tried in the dismissal of Marlborough's son-in-law, Sunderland, who had been for four years Secretary of State.

[1] Whoever desires more minute information on these affairs will find it, probably to his ample satisfaction, in the eighty-eighth chapter of Coxe's Memoirs.

The watchful Godolphin was disturbed by another event. The Duke of Shrewsbury, of whom Tindal says, that "on the trial of Dr Sacheverell he left the Whigs in every vote," became Lord Chamberlain; and it was said to be for the purpose of veiling this appointment from expressive significance that the Marquis of Kent, who had to make room for him, was created a duke. The queen invited Godolphin to some preparatory explanations in a correspondence, telling her Treasurer, "by all one hears and sees every day, as things are at present, I think one can expect nothing but confusion. I am sure, for my part, I shall be ready to join, with all my friends, in everything that is reasonable, to allay the heat and ferment that is in this poor nation." The correspondence is dubious on both sides, as if avoiding distinct utterance; but the sage Treasurer, as if restraint were no longer possible, on the 15th of April wrote thus: "I have the grief to find that what you are pleased to call spleen in my former letter was only a true impulse and conviction of mind that your Majesty is suffering yourself to be guided to your own ruin and destruction as fast as it is possible for them to compass it to whom you seem so much attached."[1]

Parliament was dissolved on the 15th of September. It was believed that the reaction occasioned by the Sacheverell prosecution had shown a vast influence on the constituencies when it was thought that the new House of Commons was pretty equally divided between Whigs and Tories.

On the 7th of August 1710, Godolphin had a state

[1] Parl. Hist., vi. 901.

interview with the queen. He seems to have entered the presence with misgivings, and these seemed to have, in some measure, cleared themselves away. "He concluded with submitting to her decision whether he should continue in office, offering to serve or not, as she should deem it for her interest, concluding with the categorical question, 'Is it the will of your Majesty that I should go on?' The queen replied, without hesitation, 'Yes.'" On that evening the queen wrote to him thus:—

"KENSINGTON, *August* 7.—The uneasiness you have showed for some time has given me very much trouble, though I have borne it; and had your behaviour continued the same as it was for a few years after my coming to the crown, I could have no dispute with myself what to do. But the many unkind turns I have received since, especially what you said to me personally before the lords, makes it impossible for me to continue you any longer in my service. But I will give you a pension of four thousand a-year; and I desire that, instead of bringing the staff to me you will break it, which I believe will be easier to us both."[1]

Here follows the fallen statesman's acceptance of his fate:—

"*Tuesday, the 8th of August* 1710.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,—I have received this morning the honour of your Majesty's letter, with your commands in it to break my staff, which I have done, with the same duty and satisfaction in what relates to myself as when I had the honour to receive it from your Majesty's hand.

[1] Coxe, v. 321, 322.

"Since your Majesty is not pleased to allow me to wait on you, I must humbly beg leave to take this last occasion to assure your Majesty, in the most sincere as well as the most submissive manner, that I am not conscious of the least undutiful act or of one undutiful word to your Majesty in my whole life; and in the instance which your Majesty is pleased to give, I have the good fortune to have several witnesses of undoubted credit. I should never be able to forgive myself if I had not always served your Majesty with the most particular support and duty, as well as with the greatest zeal and alacrity.

"I shall only presume to add that my heart is entirely sensible of all the honours and favours your Majesty has done me, and full of the most zealous wishes for your prosperity and happiness in this world and in that to come, which I beg leave to assure your Majesty shall always be the hearty and constant prayer of, may it please your Majesty, the most humble and most dutiful of all your servants. GODOLPHIN."[1]

Archdeacon Coxe, among the most exact of mankind, tells us that though the queen's letter of dismissal was written on the day of the audience, it was not seen by Godolphin till next morning, when a servant in the royal livery left it with his porter. The following memoir, written by Godolphin, is preserved among his papers. From such a man, on such an occasion, it is a valuable commentary on passing events and the prospects of the future. Those whose lot has lain in the usual routine of uneventful life are not, perhaps, competent to estimate the sensations of those others whose fortune it is to be tossed up and down in the lofty sphere of

[1] Brit. Mus. MSS. 28055. This manuscript seems to have been written for the queen's hand, but having been altered and interlined, to have been preserved as a scroll.

statesmanship. The author, however, cannot avoid the conclusion that a strange tone of excitement, scarcely consistent with the sedate, sagacious, and intrepid nature of the great Lord Treasurer, is in what follows:—

"*December* 17, 1710.

"My Lord,—Having had time to reflect since our last conversation upon the present posture of the queen's affairs abroad, I find my mind so much affected by the dangerous circumstances in which, to me, they appear to be, that I am not able to keep myself from laying my thoughts of them before your lordship, as plainly and briefly as I can, upon so crying a subject; being very sensible that you have all the same duty for her Majesty, and the same zealous good wishes for her service that I have myself, with the addition of a better though not a more impartial judgment: but before I enter upon any particulars, I think it not improper to remove some prejudices that may lie against anything coming from me on this subject.

"In the first place, therefore, I beg leave to assure you, upon my honour and upon my truth, that if I lament the measures taken at present in relation to the foreign affairs, it is so far from the least view of being employed again myself, that I know no temptation upon earth powerful enough to oblige me to it.

"2dly, I repeat the same assurances to you, that I have not the least resentment or animosity against any one person whatsoever, whom I either know or think to be in her Majesty's confidence and trust; but having the same zeal and dutiful affection for her person, and I profess that I ever have had, and the same tender concern for her future quiet and the security of the kingdom which she governs, and therefore is in some measure answerable for, I cannot reflect upon the present posture of her affairs without the greatest uneasiness upon my own mind, and of great apprehensions that misfortunes are coming faster upon her Majesty than she seems aware of; God send she may be able to find the way, if

there be any, to avoid them. My lord, I take her Majesty's future quiet and security to depend upon a good determination of the present war, and nothing is more evident than that the great and constant success with which it has pleased God to bless her Majesty's arms through the whole course of it, has laid a certain foundation for bringing it to a happy period even before this time, if the disorders and divisions at home, and the disgrace of such ministers as had always appeared most zealous for the common cause, had not so much encouraged the French, that though quite exhausted it has given them new life; though their armies have been beaten for seven years together, the war is yet to begin afresh; and they have become so haughty and insolent as wholly to lay aside all thoughts of accommodation by a general peace. There are three particulars which seem chiefly to have encouraged and confirmed them in this instance.

"1. The blow given to the public credit.

"2. The dissolution of the Parliament upon it.

"3. The assurances sent to France by the Jacobites and French partisans here that the Duke of Marlborough shall be removed from the command of the army.

"I take the first of these not to have been in itself wholly irrecoverable; for the strength of the public credit did not, in my opinion, turn so much upon the personal influence of that minister who had the chief management of it, but upon the knowledge and experience which the whole allegiance abroad had justly conceived of his firm adherence to the common cause, which made them very naturally infer that the laying him aside was a plain indication that the interest of the allies was declining in Great Britain; and the consequence is as plain that the public credit, which had been raised at first and supported chiefly upon that foundation, might necessarily decline with it.

"Now the public credit being once broken, it is not, with great submission, in the power of the queen and Parliament in conjunction to restore it again, without the help of more time than our present circumstances will, I doubt, allow; nor can it be restored, even with the help of time, unless that time be employed in creating the same confidence in

the allies abroad of the ministers her Majesty pleases to employ as they had in those who went before them, which was the true and solid foundation of bringing the public credit to so great a height in England.

"The second particular—viz., the dissolution of the last Parliament—had not much effect upon the foreign affairs, otherwise than as it was a great confirmation of the former stroke given to the credit, and looked upon by the allies to proceed from the same causes, which consequently had very much increased their distrust and jealousy of the British councils.

"From this distrust and diffidence it is that I apprehend all the ill consequences imaginable to the queen's affairs. I see no step made to remove them since the meeting of the Parliament, but rather the contrary. Talking never so big, nor voting never so well, signify very little towards carrying out the war with effect if there be not an entire conjunction and harmony betwixt her Majesty and the allies abroad as it has been hitherto; and if, as the French have been already gratified on the two first points, they must also have the farther satisfaction of seeing the assurances from their friends here made good by the Duke of Marlborough not serving any more, this must needs give the finishing stroke to the dropping alliance, and make it fall to pieces immediately. Nor, when this is more certainly known, will France so much as hearken to any proposal for a general peace, but expect the allies shall treat separately, as they certainly will be obliged to do; for they always looked upon the Duke of Marlborough as the great cement by which the whole confederacy was held together, as well as the rest of the allies, make the best terms they can for themselves when the alliance is once broken. Can it enter into anybody's imagination, that the queen of the British nation will have any services from France but what shall be in favour of the Pretender? Is it not also to be apprehended that if the nation sees itself driven to such a plunge, it may put the Parliament upon addressing to the queen, to give the command of her army to the Elector of Hanover; and what a difficulty that would bring upon her Majesty, either in granting or re-

fusing, I leave you to judge. There is yet one consideration behind, worse than all the rest, which is, that when the queen is brought under such difficulties, it suggests but too much encouragement to attempts against her person, according as it shall appear to be for the advantage of either faction at that conjuncture. This is the most melancholy reflection of all, for we are all bound up, *as one may express it*, in the queen's life, which God Almighty long preserve, and direct her for the best in *all* things. This shall be in all events the constant prayer of your lordship's most obedient humble servant."[1]

The revolution at Court brought to the front of the political stage two men who, on that account, henceforth demand attention—Robert Harley, who became Earl of Oxford; and Henry St John, who became Viscount Bolingbroke. Their position as ministers of the Crown, brought forward a third, Robert Walpole, who was himself, in a later reign, to be a conspicuous and powerful minister, but whose position at our present period was one peculiar to the democratic government of Britain — the leader of the Opposition. Harley came of a republican family. His father—a Hertfordshire squire—was a conspicuous member of the Long Parliament. Though it fell to the son to be ranked among Tory, and almost among Jacobite, politicians, he retained to the last the religion inherited from his father as a Presbyterian Nonconformist. He has become well known in literature as the gatherer of the manuscripts making the Harleian Collection in the British Museum, catalogued by Dr Johnson in two folio volumes.

[1] On the back: "St James's, July 12, 1764—I thought this had been the D. of Marlb. but believe it is the Treasurer Godolph[n]." The handwriting is recognisable as his.—Brit. Mus. MSS. 28055.

From the Tracts on Historical and Constitutional matters collected by him through years of unceasing industry, the 'Harleian Miscellany' has put in print a selection from his stores at the command of ordinary readers.

Harley's study of political archæology was profound and practical. In Parliament such a knowledge at that time was a power in itself, as it had been still more emphatically in the days of Selden and Hampden. His knowledge especially of the forms and constitutional privileges of the House of Commons, gave him great influence there; and in 1702, when he was forty-one years old, he was chosen Speaker, serving for several years in that high office. Two events in his life make occurrences in our history —the treason of his subordinate Greg, and the attack on him with a knife by a frenzied foreigner. That Robert Harley was by nature a cunning man, and in practice what is colloquially called a tricky man, or a trickster, is a doctrine as deeply rooted in historical opinion as the military skill of Marlborough and the oratorical accomplishments of Bolingbroke. It is useless to contradict the opinion, because it cannot be disproved. But a consciousness of this opens up the question, How far the opinion, so confidently adopted, is capable of proof, since it is the property of a wisely cunning nature to keep the nature itself a secret? There is another question, however, of some importance, and perhaps more easily answered, How did the opinion of his cunning nature arise? One of the objects of Dean Swift's wayward friendships and hatreds was Dr William King, who, in 1694, became Archbishop of Dublin. He was a thorough champion of the

Revolution Settlement, and it was free to any one to believe that it was his soundness in politics rather than in doctrine that founded his distinguished fortunes. Swift wrote and printed the following account of his life and character: "For his great sufferings and eminent services, he was by the late king promoted to the see of Derry. About the same time he wrote a book to justify the Revolution, wherein was an account of King James's proceedings in Ireland; and the late Archbishop Tillotson recommended it to the king as the most serviceable treatise that could have been published at such a juncture.[1] And as his grace set out on those principles, he has proceeded so ever since, as a loyal subject of the queen, entirely for the succession in the Protestant line, and for ever excluding the Pretender; and though a firm friend to the Church, yet with indulgence towards Dissenters, as appears from his conduct at Derry, where he was settled for many years among the most virulent of the sect, yet, upon his removal to Dublin, they parted from him with tears in their eyes, and universal acknowledgments of his wisdom and goodness."[2] In the interpretation of this certificate of character, the fact may be taken at what it is worth that Swift attempted to suppress it. But, as an annotator says, "Whatever induced Swift to efface this character, the public, once in possession of it, will not contentedly part with it. It is too precious a morsel to be lost."[3]

[1] "The State of the Protestants in Ireland under the late King James's Government." 4to, 1691.

[2] A Letter from a Member of the House of Commons in Ireland to a Member of the House of Commons in England, concerning the Sacramental Test, written in 1708.—Swift's Works, iii. 129.

[3] Note, Nichols's edition, iii. 135.

Something in the same tone might be said of the following passage, written by Swift, in a letter to the Archbishop, on the 23d of February 1708: "Mr Harley had been sometime, with the greatest art imaginable, carrying on an intrigue to alter the ministry, and began with no less an enterprise than that of removing the Lord Treasurer, and had nearly effected it, by the help of Mrs Masham, one of the queen's dressers, who was a great and growing favourite of much industry and insinuation. It went so far that the queen told Mr St John a week ago, that she was resolved to part with Lord Treasurer [Godolphin], and sent him with a letter to the Duke of Marlborough, which she read to him to that purpose; and she gave St John leave to tell it about the town, which he did without any reserve; and Harley told a friend of mine a week ago, that he was never safer in favour or employment. On Sunday evening last the Lord Treasurer and Duke of Marlborough went out of the council, and Harley delivered a memorial to the queen, relating to the emperor and the war; upon which the Duke of Somerset rose and said, 'If her Majesty suffered that fellow' (pointing to Harley), 'to treat affairs of this war without advice of the general, he could not serve her,'—and so left the council. The Earl of Pembroke, though in milder words, spoke to the same purpose: so did most of the lords; and the next day the queen was prevailed on to turn him out, though the seals were not delivered till yesterday. It was likewise said that Mrs Masham is forbid the Court,—but this I have no assurance of."[1]

[1] Swift's Works.

A letter forecasting the future with so close an anticipation, was likely to be credited in all its parts, including its estimate of Harley's character. The Duke's taunt on Harley is otherwise told, as merely a remark that certain business could not be profitably transacted at the council board in the absence of the commander of the forces and of the Lord Treasurer.

There is nothing more specific to compromise Harley as an abettor of the Jacobites, than his inscrutability and the opening this left for conjectures and suspicions. Something was said about a message sent by him to Marshal Berwick, through the French negotiator Gaultier; but neither it nor any other fact or document known to have existed commits him to a restoration policy. Casual and fugitive suggestions of Jacobitism have all the less influence as testimony in his instance, as he would have had to cross a great gap severing him utterly from the Jacobite cause. Trained as a Whig in politics and a Dissenter in religion, his adherence to the Jacobite cause would not have been a gradual lapsing towards extremes, but a conspicuous conversion, to be named by his new friends a recognition of his loyal duty, and by his old a treacherous apostasy.[1]

Between him and his colleague, Bolingbroke, there lurked a deeply-seated animosity. Swift, who was ever vaunting his new-born glory as a confidential

[1] This picturesque touch to Harley's reputation was deposited by Wodrow, the honest historian of the Covenanters, in his secret notebook: "It is said sometimes he takes a bottle; but otherwise he is morall, and never fails to pray with his family at night: and be it ever soe late ere he come in on the post-night, yet still they must all wait till prayers."—Wodrow Analecta, i. 324.

companion and adviser of the two who ruled the empire, made this animosity conspicuous by descanting on his ridiculous efforts to bring the two great men to a reconciliation.

We may perhaps find a revelation of the discord when, on the accession of the Hanover dynasty, Bolingbroke found that his proper place as a consistent and honest man was among the Highlanders and Irish plotters at the Court of St Germains. While they were colleagues, Harley must have known that his fellow-minister had gone over to the enemy. Unless he was prepared either to join his colleague in his treason, or to arraign him for it, it was difficult for them cordially to co-operate in the government of the kingdom; and a personal quarrel resting on incompatability of temper or any other secondary cause was the easiest way to avoid troublesome political scrutiny.

Though Harley and St John were for a time closely united in politics, they had little in their characters to unite them in friendly intercourse. Harley was, whether in his library or in political affairs, the plodding scholar and the man of business. St John was the inspired son of genius. He was a being formed on a model that had come into notice in France, where it was copied from the great monarch himself. Its type was the man of pleasure, who can at an instant's notice become the man of affairs. Display, luxury, and riot appeared to ordinary mortals all that such a being was capable of achieving; but let the sudden crisis come, and the call to action, though dragged from the gaming-table or the "midnight modern conversation," as Hogarth has

immortalised such scenes, the debauchee became clear in council and prompt in action.

In France the realisation of this character seemed to penetrate through all grades of active public life. It was conspicuous in the army, where the commander, who seemed the indolent slave of the luxuries of the table, could come forth terrible in battle when the foe was at hand. The courage of these sybarites was never questioned. But a more scrupulous public opinion than France could at that time boast of, would have condemned the commander whose motive for marching in a certain direction, or for the selection of winter quarters, was the capacity of the district to supply the luxuries of the table at headquarters. It cannot be said that the spirit of uniting the man of affairs with the man of pleasure tainted that branch of the service in Britain. In the statesman it was not open to the rebuke of endangering life; and at that period and long afterwards a touch of dissipation was almost an ornament to the character of an ambitious man.

When St John entered Parliament he attached himself to Harley as his senior. He at the same time met in Walpole the contemporary with whom he was to fight a lifelong battle in politics. They were of opposite tempers and dispositions; for Walpole, though he had his dissipated hours, was a hard plodder at practical business. The two, however, were so well matched against each other as political pugilists, that tradition traced their enmity to the time when both were boys at Eton. There was something signally alike in the domestic rearing and the early youth of both. They were so near each

other in age that by some accounts both were born in the year 1676; but the birth of St John is brought two years later by his saying, in a letter to Sir William Windham, on New-Year's Day 1738—"Nine months hence I shall be threescore." He was a grandfather's and grandmother's pet—the grandfather, Sir Henry St John, living at Battersea, where he had his infant training. He carried from it the remembrance of a strong infusion of Puritanism, telling in after-life how "he was obliged while yet a boy to read over the commentaries of Dr Martin, whose pride it was to have made a hundred and nineteen sermons on the hundred and nineteenth psalm." Daniel Burgess, the celebrated Nonconformist already referred to, was a frequent inmate of the house. The youth of Walpole was spent in the house of his father, Sir Robert, a rich country gentleman, and a member of Parliament, who grudged the trouble of attending and voting except when brought up on pressing occasions. Though there was the savour of Puritanism, and the politics that were to receive the name of Whig, here as in the home where St John spent his boyhood, the Walpoles seem to have had a much larger share of the jolly life prevalent among the affluent squires of the day; for Robert remembered how his father used to press him to another and another glass, because it was not becoming that the son should see his parent drunk. Walpole's instincts were for the acquisition of power rather than empty fame, and he trimmed his life accordingly. We hear nothing of scholarly tendencies dawning on him, except a partiality for Horace. If a capacity to acquire languages had been at the service of his

practical ambition, he ought to have made himself thoroughly master of colloquial French, for that, in the days when he entered life, was the surest qualification for high statesmanship. Then, as the favourite minister of the Hanover succession, it might have served him well to have been acquainted with the German language; of course this accomplishment was not offered to him in boyhood—it would have been as preposterous to expect it in the great public schools as to expect the teaching of the Malay or Cherokee tongues. If the opportunity has not come in youth, such acquisitions are a hard ungenial toil for the man; and one who entered Walpole's sphere of daily public business could ill spare the time for the acquisition even if he had overcome the natural revulsion from the task. And so we are told that George I. and he used to communicate—or at least aid their communications—by the use of the Latin language in a signally barbarous form. St John was perhaps as unlikely as his rival to commit the eccentricity of diving into German, but he was saturated with the orthodox accomplishments of the day, and his mastery of the colloquial French was of signal service to a minister responsible for the subtle negotiations that ended in the Treaty of Utrecht.

Walpole was a good speaker when he had a case to make out, and had thoroughly studied it in all its strength and all its weakness. Bolingbroke has come to us with the reputation of a brilliant orator; and a sort of mysterious glory seems to haunt it from the condition that we are not able to test the accuracy

of the eulogiums on his speeches, since not a genuine morsel of them remains.

Walpole was made Secretary at War in 1708; and he was placed in another conspicuous position as one of the managers of the impeachment of Sacheverell. The most signal among the passages-at-arms in the political and personal contest between Bolingbroke and Walpole lie beyond our period. But one effective and significant blow was dealt within it, when Bolingbroke was Oxford's colleague, and Walpole, leaving office with his friends, had become a formidable member of the Opposition. There were brought up against him two acceptances in his favour, amounting, in all, to a small fraction above a thousand pounds. This money, it was said, he had received as the consideration for passing, as Secretary at War, certain contracts for forage in Scotland. This was corruption; and, according to the peculiar practice of the day, his brethren of the House of Commons sat in judgment, and punished him by expulsion and committal to the Tower. Thither he went on the 21st of December 1711; and in June following, the conclusion of the session brought his release. He explained that the bills had been drawn in his name by a mistake. The person entitled to the money was a person of the name of Man, who was favoured in the contract. But the explanation did not prove that in the transaction the public had reaped the benefit of fair competition, and that, if not the Secretary at War, yet some other person had obtained money out of the transaction.

The practical adoption of the new policy was completed in the autumn of the year 1710, Harley

becoming Chancellor of the Exchequer in August; and St John Secretary of State on the 21st of September. We have seen how Harley resigned his former office on account of the misconduct of an assistant in his department, who was executed for high treason. He had not been long in his new office ere an incident more serious befell him. A foreigner named Guiscard, who claimed the title of marquis, frequented some dissipated circles in London, where he met both the new ministers. He was a person of evil repute; but he could conduct himself according to the usages of good society: and if he had the honour of occasional orgies with those he met there, the occasion would be free from the debasement that accompanied him into less select society. With the ideas of a foreign adventurer of his class he thought his fortune was made when the two men whom he could call social friends were raised to power, and were masters of the vast treasury of the British empire. Some efforts, such as would not bear scrutiny at the present day, were made to satisfy his greed; but they were all insufficient,—and he entered on negotiations for selling British secrets to France.

His foreign correspondence was detected, and he was arrested. He was brought to a meeting of the Council in the Cockpit, and confronted with his intercepted letters. Being infuriated, he was seized with the blood-frenzy, called in the East running amuck, and with a pen-knife stabbed Harley, who was nearest to him. St John and others drew their swords, and after wounding Guiscard, seized him, and had him committed to prison, where he died.

The wound to Harley was not very formidable, though the assassin's knife was broken in inflicting it. He recovered from the wound; but it left a wound of another kind rankling in the heart. St John claimed merit from the consideration that the assassin showed, by his gesture and demeanour, that he was the real object of vengeance; and thus it has been said there grew out of a mere coolness a quarrel that made these two statesmen political enemies.[1]

The new Parliament assembled on the 25th of November 1710. The first significant act was the choice of a Speaker for the House of Commons. It fell on William Bromley, one of the members for the University of Oxford, noted as the champion of the bills against Occasional Conformity. He was one of a group of politicians whose zeal for the High Church party, now generally called the Tory party, exposed them to the taunt of Jacobitism.[2] This makes often a

[1] The Right Honourable Richard Hill wrote to Godolphin about Guiscard thus:—

"I am more perplexed about the Marquis de Guiscard, who was to be my *général de débarquement*, and served us about six months in that quality. When that was ended, I did disband him as great princes use to do. I gave him for his own subsistence 300 louis d'or, and advised him to retire again into Switzerland, where I had found him. I found he expected rewards or pensions for his zeal and goodwill, and perfect hatred of his country, and his readiness to serve us. I told him I would represent him fairly to the queen's ministers, and expect her Majesty's orders. I can make no more use of him; but if your lordship has any consideration concerning him, you will please to let me receive your commands."—Brit. Mus. Addl. MSS., 28056.

[2] "This great leader of the Tory and Jacobite interest died, February 13, 1752, at Baggington. In the reign of Queen Anne he had been highly caressed, respected, and honoured. . . . In that of George I. he retained his principles. Mr Bromley was a most respectable character in private life, and of a grave and solemn aspect. He was well known when a young man by the publication of his travels, in

confusing element in the history of the period, since it is certain that a large body of the most zealous High Churchmen had, in their very zeal for the Church of England, a hostility to Jacobitism, as hostile to that Church, and enslaved to the Church of Rome. The speech from the throne became noticeable afterwards as foreshadowing rather energetic war than immediate peace. Peace was no doubt desirable. The sovereign said, "I am sensibly touched with what my people suffer by this long and expensive war, to which, when it shall please God to put an end, the flourishing condition of my subjects shall be as much my care as their safety is at present." But in the meantime, "the carrying on the war in all its parts, but particularly in Spain, with the utmost vigour, is the likeliest means, with God's blessing, to procure an honourable peace for us and all our allies, whose support and interest I have truly at heart. For this purpose I must ask from you, gentlemen of the House of Commons, the necessary supplies for the next year's service; and let me put you in mind that nothing will add so much to their efficacy as unanimity and despatch."

In the adjustment of the responsive address there were incidents that would go for little were it not for the critical conditions that brought Parliament together. A member seldom conspicuous—Mr Lechmere — suggested that the opportunity might be taken "to caution her Majesty against such measures and principles as might weaken the settlement of the crown in the illustrious house of Hanover and

which his Jacobitical principles were strongly marked."—Noble's Continuation of Granger, Parl. Hist., vi. 924.

advance the hopes of the Pretender." This seemed to fall in dead silence; but it suggested a taunt that seemed to threaten the party in command with formidable suspicions; and Harley is reported as having said, "that though the Protestant succession was already sufficiently established and secured by several Acts of Parliament, so that it seemed needless to add anything to them, yet since a motion was made in favour of the illustrious house of Hanover, it would look strange, both at home and abroad, the same should drop." "Whereupon it was resolved that the clause offered by Mr Lechmere should be inserted in the address, which was done accordingly."[1]

In official and parliamentary phraseology there was a fastidious hesitation about the use of the word "Pretender," especially if it inferred the existence of persons in Parliament or in office looking in that direction; but here it was in the address, and it went thither by the advice of Harley. But whatever might be thus offensive in the address, was outweighed by earnest reference to those among whom Jacobites were known to exist, by the title the queen delighted to honour, as friends of the Church "we return your Majesty our most humble thanks for the firm assurances you have given, both by your words and by your actions, of supporting and encouraging the Church of England as by law established. As we are true sons of that Church, we cannot but be tenderly concerned for its prosperity and for its honour, and are, by affection and principle, inclined to secure its doctrine, discipline, and worship."[2] There would have been occasions when members for

[1] Parl. Hist., vi. 930. [2] Ibid., vi. 931.

Scotland might have taken fire at the definition that dragged them into arrant prelacy; but among the Scots representatives in that Parliament there were some too sensitively open to the suspicion of Jacobitism, and of designs for bringing over "The Pretender."

The first business touching party politics undertaken in that Parliament, was an attack on the expelled ministry for their conduct of the war in Spain. It was cautiously arranged, to avoid rashly touching on the point without full information, that the inquiry should point to the question how far the commanders in that war—Peterborough and Galway—had done their duty? So far as the inquiry continued ostensibly to take that direction, it is accounted for elsewhere. But after a considerable course of detailed inquiry, the investigation takes a turn thus: "However the Earl of Galway, who commanded your Majesty's troops at that time in Spain, may have deserved to be censured in other respects, we cannot charge him with the deficiency of 1710 men, twice reckoned in the regiments of Hotham and Hill; nor of 876 men of Lord Barrymore's regiment, reduced by the Earl of Peterborough, and was then raising in England; nor of 1833 men, allowed for servants of the officers belonging to the regiments actually in Spain, and not reduced at the time of the battle; nor for 154 of the widows of men for all the regiments in Spain at that time; nor of 3741 men of the regiments of Farrington, Hamilton, Mohun, Brudenel, Allen, and Toby Caulfield, that were reduced some time before the battle; nor of the 622 non-commissioned officers and private men of Blosset's regiment

that were reduced by the Earl Rivers, and incorporated into Sybourg's."

The matter of the widows is an instance of the subterfuge elsewhere referred to for diverting the army votes for effective troops to some extent into an insurance fund for widows and orphans.[1] The other figures infer a charge that Parliament had voted the pay of 8160 men not embodied—and it seems to be left uncertain whether the vote was to any extent uplifted so as to add dishonesty to negligence. The conclusion reached by the committee was—

"Having laid before your Majesty this faithful representation of the mismanagement of those persons intrusted with your most important affairs, and to whose counsels and conduct the fatal miscarriages of the war in Spain are in great measure to be imputed, we have an entire confidence that your Majesty will give such orders, and take such measures with regard to our present circumstances, as may retrieve the bad effects of that unhappy management, to the advantage of the common cause, and to the obtaining a safe and honourable peace." The royal answer was brief. After expressing thanks for the duty performed, there was assurance that, so far as the war in Spain was concerned, the sovereign would "give the best orders our present circumstances can allow of to put the affairs of that kingdom into a better condition, and to take such measures as may effectually contribute to the advantage of the common cause."[2]

It was observed that the question being one of the balancing of money, there was yet no specific account made up and accompanied by vouchers. Several peers

[1] See vol. i. p. 205.

[2] Parl. Hist., vi. 995-997.

took the special privilege of their House to pass protestations into the record of proceedings. And one point where several concurred was: "We think it unreasonable to proceed to a censure of the ministers for not supplying the deficiency without first resolving on the several particulars—how far that deficiency might be justly imputed to them; and we are of opinion that all the money given by Parliament for the service of Spain and Portugal, has been timely and punctually issued for those services."[1] The protestation at this point leaves on the record a signal testimony to the violence of the dissensions of the moment; while in a tantalising shape the party guilty of the particular violence is not revealed, the words on the record being, "The rest of this protestation was expunged by order, on the 9th instant, and is not legible."[2] Burnet says—"Protests were made against every vote in the whole progress of this matter; some of these carried such reflections on the votes of the House that they were expunged."[3]

By Burnet's account, the money voted had been applied to the raising of men with "extraordinary diligence;" but it was not possible with any diligence to bring the reinforcements to the battle of Almanza, as the vote had only passed in January, and the battle was fought on the 14th of April; and then he moralises thus: "But it signified nothing; for when resolutions are taken up beforehand, the debating concerning them is only a piece of form used to come at the question with some decency; and there was so little of that observed at this time, that the Duke of Buckingham said in plain words, that

[1] Parl. Hist., vi. 994. [2] Ibid., 995. [3] Ibid., vi. 29.

they had the majority, and would make use of it, as he had observed done by others when they had it on their side."[1]

Early in their career the new ministry despatched an expedition of a novel and ambitious character. It carried both a naval and a military force, but it did no fighting, and has a more suitable place in the materials for an estimate of the conduct and capacity of the men who projected it, than as a chapter of Queen Anne's wars.

At this period the British settlers in Canada and other territories accessible from Hudson's Bay, felt the pressure of France. If we were to apply the morals or etiquette of individual settlers on the waste lands of the globe to nations, it might be said that Britain was the aggressor; that France had chosen certain inhospitable regions, distant from the colonies of Britain and of Spain; that there was room enough for us elsewhere, and competition for the soil of the district they had retired to was aggressive. But we were at war with France, and entitled to strike where we could wound. Yet there was a better vindication of an expedition available, since a British colony had grown in the neighbourhood of the French settlements, and must be protected. Our position and claims in the northern regions of the American continent, were thus briefly noted by one who had full practical acquaintance with America—William Penn:—

"The English empire on the continent lies upon the south side, and we claim to the north side of Hudson Bay; but I should be glad that our north

[1] Parl. Hist., vi. 28.

bounds might be expressed and allowed to the south side of St Lawrence River, that feeds Canada eastwards, and comes from the lakes westwards, which will make a glorious end from those lakes due west to the river, and traverse that river to the extreme bounds of the continent westwards, whereby we may secure 1000 miles of that river, down to the Bay of Mexico; and that the French demolish, or at least quit, all their settlements within the bounds aforesaid."[1]

Another British settler, known as Colonel Nicholson, had planted himself further northward in the neighbourhood of the French colonies. He had made friends among the chiefs, and it was in connection with his negotiations that the five Indians visited London. He had invited settlers to join him, and, in fact, had given existence to the colony of Nova Scotia, and founded the town of Port Royal. It was the inevitable genesis of a British colony. Group after group of adventurous migrators gradually make a district populous. The theory of the constitution does not permit the citizen to hold himself free of the dominion of the Crown unless he passes under some other dominion, and the Crown had the corresponding duty of protecting its citizens. If France were not wounded in its Canadian colonies, these would absorb or destroy the infant British colony.

On the 4th of May 1711, an expedition sailed from Plymouth with the avowed object of taking Quebec from France. It was argued in support of ulterior objects, that the complete expulsion or subjugation of the northern settlements of the French

[1] 22d May 1709—The Coxe MSS. Mus. Brit.

was essential to the safety of our own great New England colonies. There were two offensive features in the expedition,—that part of the land-force was taken from Flanders, weakening the army of Marlborough; and the land-force was put under the command of Brigadier-General Hill — being no other than Abigail Hill's brother, the "good-for-nothing Jack Hill," the "tall boy" whom the duchess clothed, finding him "all in rags." On the 4th of June 1711, the expedition reached Boston. And we are told that "the fleet, upon their arrival here, consisted of twelve men of war, forty transport-ships, and six store-ships, with all manner of warlike stores, and a fine train of artillery, with forty horse for the use of the same."[1]

At Boston the expedition was afflicted by one of many blunders. It was to obtain provisions as well as men at Boston—but the provisions were not obtainable, as no notice had been given of the needs that had to be supplied; and the rule of chance was vindicated by the excuse, that to send notice for the accumulation of stores would have been a dangerous revelation of a project kept in dead secrecy.

It was no compensation for this deficiency that the force under Hill was nearly doubled at Boston. It had originally been "about" 5000 men; it received an augmentation of 4000, partly English colonists, with a body of the refugee Palatines, who had migrated to America, and about 1000 friendly Indians, organised by the Indian visitors to London. The land-troops marched across the country and met the vessels on the shore of the St

[1] Tindal, iv. 215.

Lawrence. Putting to sea, they encountered storms and mists so formidable as to endanger all. The wisdom of every one who professed to have any piloting knowledge was exhausted for the steerage of the ships in mid-channel, but only sufficed to throw them on the shore among rocks. The ships of the line survived the disaster, but eight transports were lost and 800 men in them; and that the disaster was not more extensive was attributed to the courage and skill of the admiral, Sir Hovenden Walker. On the 14th of September the fleet reached Spanish River Bay, where the expedition lingered to discuss, without success, the question whether they could accomplish anything. There was an obstacle insuperable in the decrease, by the loss of the transports, of the imperfect supply of provisions; and it would be a fortunate conclusion if what remained of the expedition could return home. When it had accomplished this unsatisfactory feat, it had not yet exhausted its misfortunes. In Portsmouth one of the ships of the line—the Edgar, of seventy guns—was accidentally blown up, carrying with it to destruction not only the crew of between 400 and 500 men, but a multitude of cheerful visitors, who had come to welcome the return of relations or friends. It is necessary, before we part with this disastrous expedition, to note a distinction. It is often cited as the result of appointing to a position of heavy responsibility one having influence at Court instead of a man whose qualifications have been tested; but Jack Hill had no opportunity either of ruining the expedition or promoting its object. Such an affair, however, could not fail to be put in contrast with the brilliant

history of the war under the Government that had been expelled.

For interposition in America there was the plea of humanity. The French had treated the natives with cruelty and rapacity—it would be our interest and duty to cherish and befriend them. A body of eminent chiefs had visited London in state, and there displayed their finery, giving much amusement of an exciting kind to the town. A larger office in the work of conciliation was accomplished when William Penn, being troublesome at home, was sent out, receiving a territory fit for an empire as compensation for a debt due to him by the Crown. He was authorised to act much as he pleased, and his pleasure manifested itself in a rule of wisdom and beneficence. The Quaker became one of the greatest autocrats of the age. He formed at his own hand a code of laws for the government of Pennsylvania. The code was subject to the revisal of the Privy Council at home; but codification is troublesome work, and a body like the British Privy Council would not trouble itself with amendments and corrections unless deviations had been committed of a flagrant and eccentric kind. It is of interest to note that the record of the meetings of the Privy Council touch on some matters characteristic of the peculiarities of the Society of Friends.

For instance, on the 5th of February 1705, the Council sat on certain papers, the result of an authority given to William Penn "with the advice of the freemen of his province to enact laws, provided they are not inconsistent with those of England." His laws were, according to the practice

of the Council, remitted to the law officers of the Crown; and in dealing with their report, certain enactments were selected as to which the Council "find divers reasons for her Majesty's disallowing and repealing them." Among these are: "The Law concerning Liberty of Conscience;" "An Act against Riots, Rioters, and Riotous Sports, Plays, and Games;" "An Act for the Trial of Negroes;" "An Act against the Mixing and Adulterating of Strong Liquors;" "An Act for the Names of Days and Months" — of this Act the object and tenor will be readily divined by any one who has had the satisfaction of conducting a correspondence with a member of the Society of Friends; "The Law against Scolding;" "The Law about the Manner of giving Evidence, and against such as Lye in Conversation;" "An Act against Drunkenness and Health Drinking;" with other Acts against other vices, announced with a plain definitiveness such as is still often necessary in legislation, though it is not of common use in literature.[1]

It is sometimes said in commendation of the House of Lords, that in a new Parliament, while the Commons rush in, fresh from hot contest and inflated with victory, they meet in the Upper House the sedate remnant of previous Parliaments, carrying the weight, experience, and politics of the past into the ardent and triumphant present. There is always a considerable number of peers who have been members of the House of Commons; and all the bishops are generally Commoners who have commended themselves to the leaders of previous Parliaments. It was determined

[1] Minutes of Privy Council MSS.

by the new ministry to mitigate this sedative, if not reactionary influence, by the celebrated simultaneous creation of twelve peers. Their names were announced in the Gazette of the last day of the year 1711, along with the announcement of Marlborough's fall. Three of the new peers would otherwise, if they lived, have succeeded to seats in the House, and the others were men in a position to court and justify such a promotion, although, in the opinion of a considerable portion of the world, there was one exception to this policy in the selection of Abigail Hill's husband, who had succeeded to the family baronetcy, and was Sir Samuel Masham.[1]

The party in the ascendant now felt themselves strong enough to strike a great blow, and it was to be at the head—Marlborough himself must be crushed. Such a project naturally ranks itself with our schoolboy visions of Aristides, Coriolanus, and Belisarius. The fickle people, tired of ceaseless applauses heaped on the hero of their age, the saviour of his country, the warrior who had made its name renowned to all future ages, resolved to punish him for their own wanton superfluity of worship in the days of his glory. But there was political cause and effect in the reaction. Our associations with Queen Anne's period are so allied to high civilisation and intellectual polish, are thus so combined with all that has been achieved in civilisation down to our own age, that we forget how near it was to periods of civil war and deeds of tyranny and bloodshed. It belongs to that eighteenth century—the century of our fathers

[1] In the scrupulously accurate 'Synopsis of the Peerage' by Sir Harris Nicolas, he is called fourth baronet.

— which a few even among ourselves remember. But also it was the age of those who could remember the beheading of a king, and of the men next to the throne in eminence and power. On the other hand, the death on the scaffold of men so illustrious as Russell or Sidney, was no tradition of the fierce and sanguinary habits of remote and barbarous ancestors, but events so fresh and recent that no one could pronounce the spirit of hate and contest that had culminated in such tragedies to be dead and buried.

If the passions still existed, the conditions that might arouse them were neither impossible nor even improbable. To some people Marlborough might become a very dangerous man. A strange element of doubt and uncertainty hung over such of the statesmen of the age as had not made up their mind to fight and die for the Revolution Settlement and the Hanover succession. If it befell to the doubters to behold and possibly to assist in any arrangements for the restoration of the Stewarts, nothing was more likely than war; and if war came, nothing would be more likely than that Marlborough, the greatest captain of the age, should be the commander of the troops on the Hanoverian side. These were solemn and formidable items for reflection on the dubious; and as there is no doubt that in the new ministry and the ranks of their supporters there were those who went beyond dubiety to hold the more honourable position of attachment to the exiled house, there were many people who had a just fear of Marlborough. If, for all the greatness of his genius, he had committed crimes deserving punishment, it was natural that the people so imperilled should desire to see justice take its course.

The first approaches towards the critical struggle were made at the opening of Parliament on the 7th of December 1711, by a passage in the queen's speech in these few words—"I am glad that I can now tell you that, notwithstanding the arts of those who delight in war, both place and time are appointed for opening the treaty of a general peace." The Earl of Anglesey—of whom it was noted at the time that in the excess of his zeal he had travelled thirty miles that morning to take his place—urged the necessity of relieving the country from the burden of the war, and suggested that it ought to be left to "her Majesty's wisdom to conclude a peace when she thought it convenient for the good of her subjects;" and there came in the conclusion a sting,—"we might have enjoyed that blessing soon after the battle of Ramillies, if the same had not been put off by some persons whose interest it was to prolong the war."[1]

The queen had left the throne in solemn form at the end of the opening speech, but she had passed to the screened box or pavilion where she sometimes listened to the debates. Marlborough rose to accept the challenge. He rarely spoke in his place in Parliament or anywhere else. If we have his words accurately reported, they certainly prove that the calm dignity peculiar to him in the field of battle did not desert him: "He referred himself to the queen, whether, while he had the honour to serve her Majesty as general and plenipotentiary, he had not constantly informed her and her Council of all the proposals of peace that had been made, and had not desired instructions for his conduct on that sub-

[1] Parl. Hist., vi. 1036.

ject? That he could declare, with a safe conscience, in the presence of her Majesty, of that illustrious assembly, and of that Supreme Being who is infinitely above all the powers upon earth, and before whom, according to the ordinary course of nature he must soon appear to give an account of his actions, that he ever was desirous of a safe, honourable, and lasting peace; and that he was always very far from any design of prolonging the war for his own private advantage, as his enemies had most falsely insinuated. That his advanced age and the many fatigues he had undergone, made him earnestly wish for retirement and repose, to think of eternity the remainder of his days—the rather that he had not the least motive to desire the continuance of the war, having been so generously rewarded and had honours and riches heaped upon him far beyond his desert and expectations both by her Majesty and her Parliaments." It is impossible for those who remember his fond prayers for such a result, breathed to his beloved Sarah, to doubt the sincerity of these words. He took the opportunity of the occasion to announce that "he was of the same opinion with the rest of the allies, that the safety and liberties of Europe would be in imminent danger if Spain and the West Indies were left to the house of Bourbon."[1]

There was more in this than a retort against an invidious remark. It weighed in an important question before a House that seemed equally balanced. According to established practice, there should be a response to the queen's speech in an address. In a House ruled by the ministry of the

[1] Parl. Hist., vi. 1038.

day, that address was theirs. On this occasion, the Earl of Nottingham moved, against ministers, a special clause to be inserted in the address, representing it as "the humble opinion and advice of the House, that no peace could be safe or honourable to Great Britain or Europe if Spain and the West Indies were allotted to any branch of the house of Bourbon." This amendment was carried by a small majority—62 to 54. Narrow divisions are generally the occasion of opening up critical questions in parliamentary tactics. It was suggested that this vote was a mere instruction as to the contents of the address. The address itself had to be voted in substance. An opportunity might arise for reconsidering and perhaps reversing the vote; but no second division was taken, and the clause formed part of the address.

In the Commons a like amendment was moved, with the addition that a peace without the condition expressed in the amendment "might endanger the safety of her Majesty's person and Government, the Protestant succession in the house of Hanover, and the liberty of Europe." But this amendment was lost by the large majority of 232 to 106. We have seen that the state of the vote in the House of Lords led to a special readjustment of that House, often referred to as an important precedent.

The great object in the meantime was, ere some reaction came, to complete the ruin of Marlborough. A commission had been appointed to examine and report on the public accounts. Their report was demanded in September 1711, and appeared in the ensuing month of January. Sir Solomon Medinas,

a contractor for bread to the army, stated that he had paid, as perquisite or bribe, to the Duke of Marlborough, the commander-in-chief, a sum of 332,425 guilders; and other contractors specifying additional items, the total sum so received was reported by the committee as amounting to £282,366. On hearing of this disclosure, Marlborough, who was at the Hague, wrote a letter to the commissioners. This letter commences with the curious acknowledgment that the rate of payment on which the total is calculated "is no more than what has always been allowed as a perquisite to the general or commander-in-chief of the army in the Low Countries, both before the Revolution and since." Then comes a significant qualification of the unhappy expression "perquisite." "I do assure you, at the same time, that whatever sums I have received on that account have constantly been applied to the service of the public in keeping secret correspondence and getting intelligence of the enemy's notions and designs."[1]

[1] Parl. Hist., vi. 1051.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Treaty of Utrecht.

DEATH OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY—SUCCEEDED BY THE ARCHDUKE CHARLES—HE NO LONGER A PRACTICAL COMPETITOR FOR THE CROWN OF SPAIN—PROSPECTS OF PEACE—INTERESTS OF BRITAIN IN ADJUSTMENT OF TREATY—NAVY AND COLONIES—THE POSITION OF THE NORTHERN POWERS—SWEDEN AND CHARLES XII.—MARLBOROUGH'S VISIT TO HIM—PETER THE GREAT AND RUSSIA—NOT ADMITTED TO THE GRAND ALLIANCE — DIFFICULTIES FROM THE ARREST OF HIS AMBASSADOR IN LONDON — THE CONFERENCE OF GERTRUYDENBERG — THE CONFERENCE OPENED AT UTRECHT — REPRESENTATION OF THE COMMONS — STIPULATIONS OF THE TREATY.

THERE was nothing yet to assure the world, of any check on the succession of battles or any mitigation of the carnage that was draining Europe, when the death from natural causes of a man in his thirty-third year opened a new historical vista. On the 17th of April 1711 the Emperor Joseph died. He left two daughters, one of them afterwards married to Augustus, King of Poland—the other to Charles, Elector of Bavaria. Had either of these been married before their father's death, a force might have been brought into the election of emperor—there might have come such an event as that war in the middle of the eighteenth century, ending in the transference

of the imperial succession from the house of Hapsburg to the house of Lorraine, by the election of the husband of Maria Theresa, the niece of the Emperor Joseph, and the daughter of him whom we have been accustomed to meet with the title of "King of Spain," in the British nomenclature of the heroes of the war of the succession.

It is of rare occurence in history to find a casualty so fortunate in its influence. It had been found impossible to make Charles the actual King of Spain. It would have been a disaster had that throne been secured to him. It would now be a mighty political blunder to force him into it or let him take it. The union of Spain to the Empire would be to restore the days of Charles V. when the Empire threatened to absorb the separate European powers—it would create the very dangers that King Louis had been likely to achieve, with the centre of empire at Vienna instead of Paris. The danger was not in a king of the race of Bourbon reigning at Madrid. It mattered nothing to Britain of what race the king who reigned over Spain alone descended. The danger to Europe was that a king so ambitious as King Louis might bring it to pass that Spain and France were governed by one successor of the house of Bourbon. That danger was washed out in blood.

Had the Empire been hereditary and exempt from the Salic law, the elder daughter of the Emperor Joseph would have succeeded him. But there was still the form of an election, and to have promoted a girl to fill the throne of Charlemagne would have been to throw a weak hand into a perilous game. The contest was stiff enough when Theresa Maria

brought into it her husband and champion, Francis of Lorraine. The imperial throne was an easy seat for Charles VI.; and the supine pomp of his nature, wasted in a contest where promptitude and hardihood were more in demand, was thoroughly suited to the lofty serenity that would be expected in a new Kaiser Karl. For all the respect that the German nature would bestow on such qualities it could also see their comical side; and the ex-"King of Spain" was celebrated in German history as him who had lost a coronation at Madrid, because the escort afforded to him was not equal to the augustness of the occasion.

Had there been the slightest misgiving among the Powers united in the Grand Alliance, founded on a supposition that they were still bound in honour to demand the throne of Spain for the Austrian claimant, a new force had gradually gathered to a strength that would have made the attempt hopeless. The Spanish people had pronounced for the French succession. A Philip V. came naturally into the dynasty of Spanish sovereigns. He had been several years in Spain, and had kept state in the capital. His enemies counted as chief among them the heretical monarchy of England, whence a sound son of the Church had been driven for no other reason than this soundness. If the Spanish people were not sufficiently instructed in the history of the period to find this out for themselves, the priests told it to them, along with many other things tending to strengthen their attachment to King Philip.

To resist these conditions — to fail indeed in promptly yielding to them—would be the opening

of a fresh war on new issues. The original object of the war, so far as Britain was concerned, had dropped along with the danger that prompted it. That danger was the power of France waxing by victories and by absorption until it bid fair to establish, like imperial Rome, an empire over all the civilised world. The operative cause of the paralysis was one that good and generous men, even among the bitterest enemies of France, could not contemplate closely without horror and compassion—it was the clearing away of the male population on the battle-field. After the battle of Waterloo it was announced, on scientific physiological authority, that the children then coming into the world would not, when they grew to manhood, so replace the losses of France as to enable her to threaten her neighbours again. She must wait for a third generation, and, counting fifteen years to each, the world would be at least forty-five years older ere the new opportunity came. We know how thoroughly the event justified the prediction.

The sufferings on the British side were far more loudly proclaimed, but were far from reaching the extremities that paralysed France. Many of our young men were wiled, or, it might be said, trapped, into the military service of the country; but they were not driven to it in herds by the arbitrary rule of conscription. For the greater part of them they accepted the soldier's career, with its mingled enjoyments and miseries. And yet there was an element in the condition of the French peasantry that made military service a better bargain to them than it was to the English. These went forth from abodes of frugal comfort to the mottled life of excesses and

perils. There were traditions of old rural plenty in France, but in the reign of the great Louis the condition of the peasant was a chronic hovering on the borders of starvation. It was a necessary condition of his acting effectively as a soldier that he should be well fed and well clothed; so that, although forced into the position, it gave a substantial consideration for its risks and hardships. This aided, if it did not create, the phenomenon of the revival that brought a French army, even when France was at its most abject state of depression, to fight Marlborough at Malplaquet. The royal appeal to the people was not made empty-handed. The jewels in the royal treasury were sold, and the bullion minted into money. The example so set was followed by the rich patricians. There is suspicion that another large element of wealth went to augment this store. When Barcelona was taken by Peterborough, and the Duke of Anjou fled from Madrid, he carried with him the Crown jewels of Spain, believed to be the richest collection of the kind in the world. But all was dispersed by the defeat at Malplaquet. There the last stake was thrown and lost. France was more abject than ever. Half a century must roll past ere she could again oppress or bully her neighbours. And it behoved the statesmen of the other countries to readjust the position of the European powers.

The question of the succession to the Empire was so clear, that it settled itself with a quietness like that of the succession of an eldest son to the throne filled by his father. That over, the vital question with all the Powers concerned in the war, was the terms of a treaty of peace, to be final and comprehensive.

Diplomatic statesmen were naturally, in preparation for the great event, busy over Europe. A great French statesman, Jean Baptiste Colbert, had been for some years at the Court of London exchanging freely with British statesmen information and ideas; and the history of these conferences, published in French, was translated into English. Matthew Prior, the poet, was sent to Paris to feel the way to a conclusion, by giving and receiving suggestions; and at the same time Nicolas la Baillie Mesnager, Comte de Saint Jean, an able French diplomatist, attended at the English Court with certain powers. These extended to the signing of a preliminary treaty announcing the principal points conceded or demanded by Britain.

The Dutch looked upon the affair as entirely their own, and showed some grotesque tokens of resentment in not having a part in these preliminary arrangements. But all treaties must have their preliminaries, where those who have most to give or receive will have most to say. The great issue lay, in fact, between France and Britain; and the two great questions were, What must France yield? What would Britain concede? It infers no claim for peculiar generosity on our side, that the interests of the great nation that had come to ruin were safe in the superior power of Britain. According to an expression often used in more recent times, she "coveted no man's land." Whatever it might be in the far East, acquisitions of territory in Europe would only be to her a burden, threatening mischievously to disturb her home policy. Enough in the shape of aggrandisement to satisfy her acquisitive ambition

would be a strong station here and there for the protection of commerce.

The interest of Britain in the adjustment of the treaty lay chiefly in her colonial empire. She could acquire nothing on the continent of Europe but friendship and reciprocal trade; and the multitudinous disputes about petty territorial claims had no interest for her, except as they affected peace and trade. Her army had appeared at the hour of need — had rescued Europe as well as the country that owned it, from the extreme perils hanging over the beginning of the century. It had done its mission with a glorious efficiency that cast lustre on its country; but its services were not likely to be needed again for a generation, and the navy had superseded it as an object of critical interest. Prince George of Denmark had died in the fifty-sixth year of his age, on the 28th of October 1710. Whether from his inert character, or from the nature of the office itself, his loss was not felt as a change affecting the prospects of the navy; nor was the appointment of the Earl of Pembroke to succeed him, as Lord High Admiral, likely to create much interest.

A curious and scarcely decorous etiquette seems to have dictated the tenor of an address to the queen from both Houses of Parliament on the occasion. Reference being made to the periodical prayer of the Church of England that she might become "a happy mother of children," she is desired in the address, not so far to indulge her just grief "as to decline the thoughts of a second marriage." The queen's answer in these terms seemed effectively to evade the point:

"The frequent marks of duty and affection to my

person and government which I receive from both Houses of Parliament, must needs be very acceptable to me. The provision I have made for the Protestant succession, will always be a proof how much I have at my heart the future happiness of the kingdom. The subject of this address is of such a nature, that I am persuaded you do not expect a particular answer."[1]

The death of the prince occurred at a time when it solved some difficulties that, had they remained for active solution, might have made it necessary to investigate its sources and conclusion. There was a strong desire in the Whig party, still nominally predominant, to remove the prince from his office of Lord High Admiral. We have seen that Marlborough was reputed as ruling the navy as well as the army, through his brother, Admiral George Churchill, who was on the prince's council as a commissioner of the Admiralty. It appears that Godolphin had some critical discussions with the queen on the matter of removing her husband, and he wrote—apparently to Marlborough—on the 2d of November 1709: "The queen is at last brought to allow me to make such condescensions which, if done in time, would have been sufficient to have eased most of our difficulties; and would yet do it, in a great measure, if the Whigs will be but tolerably reasonable."[2] If in such affairs the sacrifice of a subordinate will suffice for the cleansing of difficulties, it must be made; and we find Marlborough exciting his brother to be the Curtius of the occasion. A few days before the date last cited, Marlborough says: "Finding you still continue

[1] Parl. Hist., vi. 777, 778. [2] Coxe, iv. 318.

in the prince's council, and the Parliament now so near, I cannot be so wanting either to you or to myself, as not to tell you plainly, with all the kindness of a brother and the sincerity of a friend, that if you do not take an unalterable resolution of laying down that employment before the Parliament sits, you will certainly do the greatest disservice imaginable to the queen and prince, the greatest prejudice to me, and bring yourself into such inconveniences as may last as long as you live, and from which it is wholly impossible to protect you. Whereas, on the other side, if the considerations of making the queen's affairs more easy next session, of avoiding a great deal of trouble and disagreeableness to the prince and of real danger to yourself, as well as prejudice to me, prevail with you to comply with my earnest desire in this thing, I think I could be answerable to you that you could not fail of finding your advantage in it, doubly to what you do now, both in profit and quiet."[1] In fact the prince was on his deathbed at the time of Godolphin's critical remonstrances with the queen, and died a few days afterwards. This event, and the appointment of a new commission, in which the name of Marlborough's brother does not occur, cleared the political horizon of the impending storm.

The navy was not an object of satisfaction to the statesmen of the day, and when it came to be clear that our policy, when we should come to a treaty of peace, would be to look to such interests and make such claims as would bring our sea-forces into vigorous influence, there was a desire for remodelling the whole institution. For this task Prince George would

[1] Coxe, iv. 316.

not have been fitted, yet had he remained at his post, he was the chief in whose name the revival must be accomplished. The defects of the navy, it is true, were none of his perpetrating. He found them in full action when he became High Admiral. It occurred that just after he had entered on his high office a very sad tragedy brought the navy into serious disgrace, but the enterprise that gave occasion for it had been adjusted by his predecessor. In the winter of 1702, Admiral Benbow was cruising among the West Indian Islands when he found himself near the French squadron under Du Casse. The admiral had advanced, and coming within shot of the sternmost vessels of the French, brought his ship into line and signalled to his captains to bear up and join him. They gave no obedience to the signal, leaving the admiral's ship at the mercy of the enemy. A shot shattered his leg, and he insisted on being laid in a cradle on deck and continuing to fight his ship against the two rearmost of the enemy. The night separating the fighting vessels, the admiral again signalled to his captains to form line, but they sent one of their number to remonstrate with him on a charge of rashness, and to announce their refusal to partake in it. The French squadron separating, Benbow put in to Port Royal, and there issued a commission for the trial of his captains; and the country had the humiliation of hearing that officers of the British navy were tried for, and convicted of, "cowardice, breach of orders, and neglect of duty." Two of the captains were sent to Plymouth, where, in April 1703, they were shot. On good authority it is asserted how they "in the fatal moment showed such a firmness

and presence of mind as sufficiently demonstrated that their behaviour in the late engagement was not owing to any natural infirmity, but to a corrupt and wicked heart."[1]

It is difficult to avoid a suspicion that the mutineer captains were Jacobites plotting to place their vessels in the hands of France.

There were other disappointments that, not presenting so tragic a picture, are apt to pass unnoted, from the disinclination of a country to dwell on unsuccessful warfare. There had been the failure at Cadiz.[2] There was to follow an unsuccessful attempt to balance the Benbow disaster, by the destruction of a fleet in the Garonne; but the officer in command of the expedition found the enemy to be too strong, and, justified by the unanimous opinion of a council of war, carried his ships home. It was said that in his estimate of the enemy's strength he had mistaken transports for fighting vessels. He was put on trial. The court acquitted him, but we are told that "the people were so incensed at the miscarriage that it was thought proper to discharge him from the service."[3] A few months later there was a new vexation to the popular feeling, when a great expedition under Sir George Rooke, after hovering for three months on the French coast, returned without meeting an enemy. There was the same account rendered of thirty-five ships put at the disposal of Sir Cloudesley Shovel for a "grand scheme." "His instructions, which were very large, might be reduced to these three heads—viz., to annoy the enemy, to assist our allies, and to

[1] Lives of the Admirals, iii. 33. [2] See vol. ii. p. 59.
[3] Lives of the Admirals, iii. 5.

protect our own trade."[1] This last achievement he appears to have effected, for he was encumbered by a merchant fleet of 250 vessels. In short, at this period the history of our navy, though not disastrous as our triumphant career at other periods have been to our enemies, becomes dreary as a record of ineffective attempts and small successes.

Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, who had been Lord Treasurer, and filled other offices in King William's reign, is found writing to Godolphin from his retirement in Italy, at an early period of the queen's reign, hinting at possible humiliation to the naval power of England.

"Rome, 2*d June* 1703, N.S.

"The letters of this week from Genoa and Leghorn bring advice that the French were fortifying Toulon and Marseilles, and at the same time putting out with all expedition—some letters say eighteen, some twenty-two—ships of the line, to be commanded by the Comte de Toulouse, who was expected there in a few days; that these, conjoined with some frigates they have cruising already in the Mediterranean and Adriatic, and with a great number of French and Spanish galleys, they counted would be strong enough to contest the dominion of these seas with the English and Dutch squadron designed hither; and though I am persuaded nothing of this nature I can write from here will be news to you, yet I would not omit giving your lordship this account, hearing that the French have misreckoned, and that the detachment intended will be of such a force as to put that matter out of dispute; for any misfortune that

[1] Lives of the Admirals, iii. 36.

should happen to us in a battle in this part of the world, where we have no ports nor friends, would be of so fatal a consequence that I am in infinite concern every morning I allow myself to think it possible."[1]

Before the political prognostics gave distinct assurance to wearied Europe that France and the Grand Alliance were converging to a peace, some adjustments in the outlying nations prepared them for harmonious

[1] Brit. Mus. MSS., 20056, f. 19. The following scraps selected from the Miscellaneous Papers of Admiral Sir John Norris, perhaps point at some sources of imperfection in the administration of the navy.

Extract of a letter from Commander Greenhill to the Navy Board, 2d December 1707:—

"Notwithstanding the orders provided against the buying and selling her Majesty's provisions, it is so frequently practised, even to a scandal, that in discharge of my duty I can't conceal from you an instance thereof. Yesterday a rigger was passing through the yard in my view loaded with one of her Majesty's biscuit-bags full of bread, pretending dirty bread, accompanied by a woman with a ballast-basket wherein was several pieces of meat, which, by their own confessions to me, they had bought aboard the Salisbury, and though not immediately from the purser yet was with his cognisance, as the steward told me, he seeing it go over the ship's side."—F. 20.

By Sir John Norris, Vice-Admiral of the Blue Squadron of her Majesty's Fleet:—

"Whereas it is presented to me that there is two butts of stinking beer with a small quantity of dammified oat-meal and cheese on board her Majesty's ship Adventure, you are therefore hereby directed to go on board the said ship and take a strict and careful survey of the same, and transmit me an account, under your hands, of the defects of the said provisions. Dated on board the Exeter, this 30th December 1707, at Spithead. To the Masters of her Majesty's ships Nassau, Canterbury, Greyhound."—F. 42.

"That the great wages which are given in the merchant service, and the very low wages in her Majesty's, is one occasion that men do not so readily enter themselves therein: therefore it is proposed that the merchant's wages be lowered to 30s. per month, so that none by any fraudulent or collusive ways give more; and that the pay of the seamen in her Majesty's service be raised to 26s. per month to the able sailors before the mast, and 21s. per month to quarter gunners."—Brit. Mus. MSS., 28134.

co-operation in the universal pacification. Russia and Sweden stood aloof, each holding a position picturesque and peculiar, but signally contrasted with the destiny each was to fulfil in after-years. The Empire of Czar Peter, helpless for war, and courting peace and frugal industry, was silently to enlarge its material and moral influence until it became a spectre filling the rest of Europe with restless anxiety; while the warlike King of Sweden, by his astounding victories and formidable encroachments, brought on his dominions the political and moral diseases that shrank them up to mere provinces in the map of Europe.

Russia was of small account at the period of Marlborough's victories. Czar Peter was a man whose adherence and aid were welcome as those of any other petty sovereign's; but it was out of the question to admit him as a partner in the Grand Alliance. He sent Marlborough the decoration of a Russian order, and it was acknowledged, in a letter written in Latin, with the grandiloquent superfluity of courtesies and titles that renders the recent use of that language in diplomacy so bewildering a contrast to its severe simplicity in its classic days.[1]

The booted warrior Charles XII. was eagerly sought, and Marlborough was sent at the busy period of the resumption of the war on a special mission, to ply him with judicious courtesies, and, if possible, secure him. We have his interview and the prospects it raised, in his own words, in a letter to

[1] "Serenissimo ac Potentissimo Magno Domino CZARI ac MAGNO DUCI PETRO ALEXIOWITZ, totius Magnæ Parvæ et Albæ Rossiæ Autocratori; nec-non aliorum multorum Dominiorum ac Terrarum, Orientalium, Occidentalium, et Septemtrionalium, Paterno Avitoque, Hæredi Successori Domino et Dominatori."—Despatches, iii. 345.

Secretary Harley, dated 27th of April 1707, succinctly put "on account of the great advantage the allies may reap from him, or the damage he may do us:"[1] "My first step was to Comte Piper, and this morning at ten o'clock I had an audience of the king, at which I delivered the queen's and the prince's letters. It lasted till dinner, and was afterwards renewed for a considerable time. The king expressed great tenderness and respect for her Majesty, as well as friendship for his Royal Highness, and seeming to be very well inclined to the interest of the allies; so that hitherto I have had good reason to hope my journey may have all the success her Majesty and the public expect from it. I am now taken up making my visits to the ministers, general officers, and other persons of distinction at the Court, so that you must give me leave to refer you to Mr Robinson, who will be more particular in his relation, having been my interpreter to the king at both audiences, though I always expressed myself in French, which the king understood for the most part himself."[2]

Some other points of discourse between the two great warriors have been flouted as inconsistent with the grave decorum of Marlborough's character; but, on the other hand, the words attributed to him will be recognised as thoroughly in their place by all who have studied the character of Charles XII. They are: "I present to your Majesty a letter, not from the Chancery, but from the heart of the queen my mistress, and written with her own hand. Had

[1] To Secretary Harley, 22d September 1707.—Despatches, iii. 377.
[2] Despatches, iii. 347.

not her sex prevented it, she would have crossed the sea to see a prince admired by the whole universe. I am in this particular more happy than the queen, and I wish I could serve some campaign under so great a general as your Majesty, that I might learn what I yet want to know in the art of war." [1]

The two men so unlike each other in everything except supremacy in the battle-field, seemed in that to find enough to unite them in cordial sympathy. But the visitor saw also enough to suggest restraint and caution. The king was at that turning-point in his career when the flush of victory after victory merged into the mad obstinacy that, in the pursuit of the impracticable, brought him to his miserable end. Marlborough came in close contact with perilous matter. He had to see and confer, not only with Augustus, the Elector of Saxony, whom the Swede was driving from the throne of Poland, but also with Stanislaus Leszinsky, selected as his successor.

The contests thus arising led into ulterior paths where Marlborough could not have given aid if he would, and this impediment perhaps left him all the more free to administer sympathy. But King Charles, who could see no other policies or projects but his

[1] Coxe, iii. 169. This is taken from the Life of Marlborough by Lediard, who says: "Some authors call the genuineness of this speech in question, and think it too mean an adulation to proceed from the mouth of one of the Duke of Marlborough's rank and experience. But I rather take it to be an evidence of his skill in mankind. He knew the character of Charles and his foible, and could not have suited his words more to the purpose. They pleased not only the king, but the whole army, who adored him as much as every Frenchman did his great monarch. At least I heard the very words in the mouths of his officers for many months afterwards."—Life of John, Duke of Marlborough, &c., by Thomas Lediard, F.R.S., i. 460.

own, led his visitor on dangerous ground when he solicited co-operation in a project much at his heart, but not destined to receive his practical aid—the restoration of the Protestant communities on the northern continent to the immunities that, nominally conceded to them in the Treaty of Westphalia, had been lost in the mazes of later diplomacy. But it was not for one of the Powers professing to adjust the monarchy over the hot fanatics of Spain to display the banner of heresy.

After his return, we find Marlborough thus writing to Robinson, the British Resident at the Court of Sweden :—

"*August* 1707.

"I am very much obliged to you for the constant account you have given me of your negotiations at the Court of Sweden. Your last is of the 7th inst., by which I see with a great deal of concern how obstinately the King of Sweden insists upon the article of religion. . . . These proceedings cannot but tend to the greatest advantage of our common enemy at this juncture, and will be so far from advancing the Protestant religion in general, that it must, of course, be a great prejudice to it, and will hinder anything we might do in favour of it at a general peace."[1]

As Britain did not interpose in the difficulties of the German Protestants, the matter does not become part of our history ; but there is a temptation to print the following representation, addressed, apparently, to the British Government :—

"As it is evident to all the world—so undoubtedly

[1] In letter, partly in cipher.—Despatches, iii. 517.

your Royal Majesty knows—with what calamities the affairs of our religion are oppressed on all sides, and especially in the Electoral Palatinate of the Rhine; how the Serene Elector-Palatine has of late years taken upon him to overthrow the ecclesiastical state of the Palatinate, constituted by so much prudence of his ancestors, and so much loss of Christian blood, and of necessity has made it become precarious. Hence it is, that though the use of some churches there is altogether denied us, and granted only to Roman Catholics, it is indeed allowed to some; but under the specious pretext of concord it is ordered to be in common to both professions, whereby the exercise of our religion is disturbed and our access to the churches refused us; the college of our evangelical prelates, to whose care the churches and their revenues are intrusted, are molested and dissolved; the number of teachers is lessened, the salaries of many of them are abated, the ecclesiastical revenues are, contrary to the direction of our ancestors, shared with Roman Catholics; the same thing is done with schoolmasters and other administrators of churches and seminaries."[1]

In some accounts of this mission it is said that Marlborough had, and exercised, a discretion to pension Count Piper, and any other ministers of the King of Sweden who might be of service, and as a token of security to pay an instalment in advance. There is evidence that a subsidy out of the votes for

[1] 22d March 1702. "In the Diet of Ratisbon," by "the Counsellors and Ambassadors of the Electors, Princes, and States of the Sacred Roman Empire of the Augustine profession there assembled."—Brit. Mus. MSS., 28946, f. 35.

the war was promised, but instead of payment being made in advance, it appears to have depended on value received in services.[1]

Whatever were the influences that swayed him, the well-known result was, that the obstinate ferocity of King Charles settled itself into a conflict with the Muscovite, so absorbing to his energies, and so exhaustive of all his available resources, that he gave no trouble to the Grand Alliance by quarrels with the Empire. His career in this contest has had the fortune to be told in a narrative so stirring, and at the same time so simple and distinct, that it has become known to generations of Englishmen as a standard school-book for instruction in the French language. It has thus been to them not only one of the most brilliant of romances, but has taught them the active sources of the distribution of the European states down to the time when this was recast after the first French Revolution. As a suitable announcement of the story of the king's active career, it is told how Marlborough, if he did not direct it, had penetration enough to feel assured that it lay at the heart of the restless king; and in that assurance felt relief from all anxieties, lest mischief might be in store for the Grand Alliance.[2]

[1] "As to what you mention in your former in relation to Count Piper and the two other Swedish ministers, it is very true what Mr Robinson writes—that they were promised the yearly allowance of £2500; but whatever may be thought fit hereafter, I do not see any necessity for the present payment of it."—Marlborough to Secretary Boyle, 9th July 1708; Despatches, iv. 100. See Coxe, iii. 178.

[2] "Marlborough, qui ne se hâtait jamais de faire ses propositions,—et qui avait, par une longue habitude, acquis l'art de démêler les hommes, et de pénétrer les rapports qui sont entre leurs plus secrètes pensées, leurs actions, leurs gestes, leurs discours,—étudia attentivement le Roi.

There remained yet a visit to another Court to complete this diplomatic episode in the soldier's career. He took Berlin on his way, and conferred with the monarch of the new kingdom he had helped to make. This was essentially a visit of courtesy, for the policy of King Frederick in the great contest was securely adjusted, and required no prompting. As Hanover was in his way, he concluded all by a passing visit to the Court of the Elector who was soon to be his king. The rapidity of his motions is perhaps the most signal feature in the whole affair, and indicates skilful organisation. Though he must have had to treat with tedious etiquettes and other obstructions, he was but eighteen days absent from the head of his troops. It is difficult to believe a commercial traveller making such a circuit more rapidly in that age.[1]

We have thus seen how Marlborough met the warrior-king of Sweden. At an earlier period he had seen Peter the Great in a dockyard in Holland, where he was seated on a log of timber, with an axe

En lui parlant de guerre en général, il crut apercevoir dans Charles XII. une aversion naturelle pour la France ; il remarqua qu'il se plaisait à parler des conquêtes des Alliés. Il lui prononça le nom du Czar, et vit que les yeux du Roi s'allumaient toujours à ce nom, malgré la modération de cette conférence : il aperçut de plus sur une table une carte de Moscovie. Il ne lui en fallut pas davantage pour juger que le véritable dessein du Roi de Suède et sa seule ambition étaient de détrôner le Czar après le Roi de Pologne. Il comprit que si ce Prince restait en Saxe, c'était pour imposer quelques conditions un peu dures à l'Empereur d'Allemagne. Il savait bien que l'Empereur ne résisterait pas, et qu'ainsi les affaires se termineraient aisément. Il laissa Charles XII. à son penchant naturel ; et, satisfait de l'avoir pénétré, il ne lui fit aucune proposition. Ces particularités m'ont été confirmées par Mme. la Duchesse de Marlborough, sa veuve, encore vivante."—Voltaire, Hist. de Charles XII., l. iii.

[1] Coxe, iii. 153.

in his hand, clothed in a red woollen shirt, and the hat and trousers of an able seaman. At the formation of the Grand Alliance, it was a question whether the Czar, who had not yet arrogated the dignity of Sovereign of the East by the title of Emperor, should be attracted into the Grand Alliance; but he had not then gained the battle of Pultowa, and though he might be treated as a friend to the cause of the allies, he was not deemed sufficiently important as a potentate to become one of the august allies.[1] The Duke of Muscovy, as he was called, was not at that time represented at the Courts of the great Powers by ambassadors. When Peter the Great had achieved that position, it befell that the treatment of his representative by some tradesmen of London caused a political crisis, and threatened to create a war. It proved a striking exemplification of the English spirit that, in the adjustment of the constitution, had set the law of private rights above diplomacy; but it was also a lesson to have the limits of private rights so reasonably and accurately adjusted as to preserve the community from peril at the instance of any of its preposterous or greedy individual members.

In 1708 Peter's representative, the Muscovite ambassador as he was now called, had taken his audience of leave. He was indebted to tradesmen in London to the extent of £300, and one of these—Thomas Morton, a laceman in King Street, Covent Garden—after consultation with the other creditors, and the expression

1 "Touchant les Moscovites, tâcher d'éluder l'affaire sans chagriner le Czar: mais qu'il ne convient de l'admettre dans le grand alliance."—Remarques des resolutions prise à la Haye le 16 avril, entre My Lord Duc de Marlborough, Messrs. les Etats Généraux et Prince Eugene; Brit. Mus. MSS., 28093, f. 271.

of a general belief among them that their debtor would abscond without payment, sued out a writ, and arrested him on the 21st of July, as he was passing through an open street. The affair was unluckily managed. It was a period when the Mohawks were in their glory, and the streets of London were infested by ruffianism in various shapes. He resisted the officers as robbers or illegal assailants of some sort, and was overpowered by them. They conveyed him to a spunging-house—an institution half tavern, half prison, and altogether abominable, at "the sign of the Raven." There he was detained, till the Earl of Faversham bringing with him a merchant of London, the two bailed him out. The whole was aggravated by the discovery that the ambassador had made arrangements for the payment of all his debts.

It will be easily believed that the Muscovite ambassador was enraged, and demanded the punishment of the offenders. The British sovereigns had, he said, ever been signally punctilious in arrogating the sacredness not only of the persons of their ambassadors, but of the menials in their trains; and told how the Earl of Manchester, the envoy to Venice, finding that some gentlemen among his attendants had been injuriously treated by custom-house officers at Venice, vindicated the honour of his country so firmly, that of the offenders some were pilloried and others committed to the galleys.

Several of the persons concerned were committed on a charge of assault; and though there was a certainty that no punishment could legally be inflicted on them—unless in the instance of the ambassador they had employed more violence or insult than they

could legally inflict on any man about town resisting an arrestment at the instance of his creditors—strong language was used to make the ambassador believe in strong measures. Her Majesty and her Privy Council were holding meetings on the matter. Nothing was omitted to show the perplexity, even the grief, of the queen and her ministers. But all this was unintelligible to a despotic Court; why should there be hesitation? The ambassador produced in the end a letter from his master the Czar, of a character to sweep away all dubieties and subterfuges from the question. He demanded that the culprits should be punished with death. He was in the middle of the conquering career that was speedily to reach its climax at Pultowa. Was Britain to have a war with the conqueror of the heroic King of Sweden for the protection of a shopkeeper and a parcel of men in the lowest stratum of the humble ranks—and these in the most odious savour with their own community at home — when the deed whence the ambassador suffered was on all hands admitted to have been a criminal outrage of a gross character?

The prosecution of the offenders took the solemn form of an information before Chief-Justice Holt in the Queen's Bench; but it had a suspicious resemblance to a solemn sham when month after month it was making no progress, and the only end it came to was a natural death in the inability of the law to find any punishment that could be inflicted for seeking to recover a debt in the usual form. The Czar was favoured with abundant asseverations of regret, wrath, and horror for what had occurred, and was informed that an Act of Parliament was in prepara-

tion to carry a perpetual record of sorrow and contrition for the past, and to render such a calamity impossible in the future. On this it was suggested, that as the queen had power, by her Parliament, to render such outrages punishable in the future, let her, through the same potent medium, inflict punishment for the past; and it was useless to endeavour to convince him that there were things not to be done in Great Britain, even by the all-powerful Estates in Parliament.

Meanwhile the affair roused a general commotion in the diplomatic fraternity; and there being at the time several ambassadors in London, they met to discuss the matter in the house of Baron Spanheim, the Prussian ambassador. They desired that the denunciatory preamble of the Act might be strengthened in expression. That was a matter of taste. It was no more than decorating a statute with the poetry noted by the Chinese and other oriental nations as lamentably deficient in our laws and State papers; and so in the statute-book the Act is announced thus: "Whereas several turbulent and disorderly persons having in a most outrageous manner insulted the person of his Excellency, Andrew Artemonowitz, Ambassador Extraordinary to his Czarish Majesty, Emperor of Great Russia, her Majesty's good friend and ally, by arresting him and taking him by violence out of his coach in the public street, and detaining him in custody for several hours, in contempt of the protection granted by her Majesty, contrary to the law of nations, and prejudice of the rights and privileges which ambassadors and other public ministers, authorised and received as such, have at all times

been thereby possessed of, and ought to be kept sacred and inviolable."[1]

The diplomatic body were thus allowed their own way with the preamble, but they made other suggestions rejected as inconsistent with the tenor and objects of British legislation. Among these was a proposal to strengthen the clauses of the Act, rendering the arrestment of ambassadors null, and those concerned in it, on conviction, punishable as "violators of the law of nations, and disturbers of the public peace;" and to place their offence in the category of high crimes. At the same time, the diplomatic body in vain protested against a clause providing that no one could be prosecuted for taking steps of legal remedy of any kind against any follower or servant of an ambassador, "unless the name of such servant be first registered in the office of one of the principal Secretaries of State," so that it may be publicly seen in the offices of the city magistrates. In a community where defects in the law are so nimbly hunted out and applied to fraudulent ends, even this precaution was not deemed sufficient; and there was a clause in the Act to prevent bankrupt debtors from qualifying for defiance of the law, by obtaining an appointment in an ambassador's household.

A copy of the statute, gorgeously bound, was in solemn pomp conveyed to the Czar, but with what effect is not on record. It seems probable that in his critical struggle, to be triumphantly completed at Pultowa in a few months, he thought the affair too

[1] 7 Anne, c. 12—"An Act for Preserving the Privileges of Ambassadors and other Public Ministers of Foreign Princes and States."

paltry for the issues of war with Britain. He showed his ill-humour, however, in a manner that amused the Town. Two young Russians visiting London, and claiming the title of prince, were received at the palace with great hospitality as royal persons. That they were in some measure related to the royal family seems certain. Peter, however, proclaimed loudly that they had no right to compromise him by accepting courtesies from the sovereign of Britain.[1]

Before the treaty, destined to bring repose to Europe, came under deliberation, the small old town of Gertruydenberg, in North Brabant, got a name in the geography of history as the place where the negotiation for the treaty was resumed. But there no conclusion was reached, or even approached; and the only point distinct enough to be interesting in the purposeless discussion is the repetition of the demand that the King of France must clear Spain of French occupancy in two months. And this has only an interest from its curious unconformability to the progress of events, divulged when the treaty came to an actual practical shape.

The conference that was destined to be effective was opened at Utrecht on the 29th of January 1712. It had thus been but a month at work when, on the the 1st of March, the Commons, after a laborious and fruitful investigation, presented to the queen a solemn representation on "the War in Spain, the Barrier Treaty, and the State of the Nation." In fact, an announcement of their views on the policy that Britain should express at the conference, where Britain

[1] Rapin and Tindal, iv. 103, 117.

was represented by the Earl of Strafford, and Dr Robinson Bishop of Bristol, Lord Privy Seal. The Commons found that at the signally effective early years of the war, the cost to England somewhat exceeded three millions and a half. The cost to the United Kingdom had now risen to seven millions, and there was a floating debt attached to it exceeding a million. The original agreement as to the proportions of the several forces to be furnished by the parties to the Grand Alliance had been that the Empire should equip 90,000 men, Britain 40,000, and the States 120,000. This last item might seem disproportionate to the others, but these others were sent to a distance from their own country, while Holland employed her troops near home, where she had mighty issues at stake. 42,000 were to serve in her many garrisons; and she was only bound to send 60,000 into the field. To the war in the Spanish Peninsula, the States had neither contributed men nor money, beyond a small force sent for a short period in 1705. And as to the King of Portugal, "notwithstanding that by his treaty he has obliged himself to furnish 12,000 foot and 3000 horse upon his own account, besides 11,000 foot and 2000 horse more, in consideration of a subsidy paid to him," yet it appears that he had never at any time sent 13,000 auxiliaries to the British and Austrian forces. It appeared that in the seven years beginning in 1705, the contingent furnished by Britain to the hapless Spanish war was a small fraction less than 58,000 men, while a subsidy had been voted to the emperor for thirteen battalions of infantry and thirteen squadrons of cavalry. The expenditure on the fleet

sent to hover round the Peninsula, was a fraction above six millions of pounds. Farther, "The charge for transports on the part of Great Britain, for carrying on the war in Spain and Portugal from the beginning of it till this time, hath amounted to £1,336,719, 10s. 11d.; that of victualling land-forces for the same service, to £583,770, 3s. 6d.; and that of contingencies and other extraordinaries for the same service, to £1,840,353." But the naval service was not barren to us. It gained Gibraltar and Port Mahon. There were considerable acquisitions, by plunder, at Vigo and other places, and great hoards acquired by naval officers in what we have found Peterborough calling "galley-hunting." It was in the land service in Spain that the weight of painful sacrifice rested. The expeditions were sent on the understanding that they would be supported by a strong Austrian interest among the Spanish people; we have seen how paltry must have been the aid obtained in that shape. The greed nourished by the subsidising of needy Courts becomes so familiar to all who follow the various divisions of the war of the Spanish succession, that the following, considered as strong parliamentary language by some, appears mild and decorous. It is noted that "the more the wealth of this nation hath been exhausted, and the more your Majesty's arms have been attended with success, the heavier hath been the burden laid upon us."

Farther, "At the first entrance into this war the Commons were induced to exert themselves in the extraordinary manner they did, and to grant such large supplies as had been unknown to former ages, in hopes thereby to prevent the mischief of a linger-

ing war, and to bring that in which they were necessarily engaged to a speedy conclusion; but they have been very unhappy in the event, while they have so much reason to suspect that what was intended to shorten the war hath proved the very cause of its long continuance; for those to whom the profits of it have accrued have not been disposed easily to forego them; and your Majesty will from thence discern the true reason why so many have delighted in a war which brought in so rich a harvest yearly from Great Britain."

A charge against the subsidised Courts is imputed in these sentences of a kind that it would not have been becoming in the House of Commons to utter collectively, whatever might be said in the heat of debate. But the terms of the rebuke court considerate examination, because there has been an inclination to infer that this and other allusions to an unbecoming self-interest in the continuance of the war are aimed against Marlborough and his brother soldiers. The Commons say in continuation :—

"We are as far from desiring, as we know your Majesty will be from concluding, any peace but upon safe and honourable terms; and we are far from intending to excuse ourselves from raising all necessary and possible supplies for an effectual prosecution of the war till such a peace can be obtained. All that your faithful Commons aim at, all that they wish, is an equal concurrence from the other Powers engaged in alliance with your Majesty, and a just application of what hath been already gained from the enemy towards promoting the common cause." It is believed by the Commons that the Empire is

drawing revenue from the territories recovered or acquired by British money, and the sacrifice of British lives, and it is desired that this source of revenue should be applied to the furtherance of the war where it is most needed, and that is in Spain. "And therefore," the Commons say, "we make it our earnest request to your Majesty that you would give instructions to your ministers to insist with the Emperor that the revenues of those several places, excepting only such a proportion thereof as is necessary for their defence, be actually so applied."

Something like fair co-operation being thus established, the Commons, in this interesting and momentous State paper, give assurance for themselves and their duty to the country and its allies. "As to the other parts of the war to which your Majesty hath obliged yourself by particular treaties to contribute, we humbly beseech your Majesty that you will be pleased to take effectual care that your allies do perform their parts stipulated by those treaties; and that your Majesty will for the future no otherwise furnish troops or pay subsidies than in proportion to what your allies shall actually furnish and pay. When this justice is done to your Majesty and to your people, there is nothing which your Commons will not cheerfully grant towards supporting your Majesty in the cause in which you are engaged. And whatever further shall be necessary in the war, either at sea or land, we will effectually enable your Majesty to bear your reasonable share of any such expense, and will spare no supplies which your subjects are able with their utmost efforts to afford."

There had been throughout the war, on our part, a

generous appreciation of the perils of the Dutch, and their need of the peculiar arrangement called the Barrier. Their danger was from France, and it was on that side only that they ought to seek protection. But the Dutch were stretching forth their hands upon certain territories, "particularly Neuport, Dendermond, and the Castle of Ghent, which can in no sense be looked upon as a part of a barrier against France, but being the keys of the Netherlands towards Britain, must make the trade of your Majesty's subjects in those parts precarious; and whenever the States think fit, totally exclude them from it. The pretended necessity of putting those places into the hands of the States-General in order to secure to them a communication with their Barrier, must appear vain and groundless; for the sovereignty of the Low Countries being not to remain to an enemy, but to a friend and an ally, that communication must be always secure and uninterrupted; besides, that in case of a rupture or an attack, the States have full liberty allowed them to take possession of all the Spanish Netherlands, and therefore needed no particular stipulation for the towns above mentioned."

To understand the significance of all this, it is to be remembered that but for a few years had it been visible that Britain had taken the lead in the contest with Holland for superiority at sea, and the balance might yet turn. There were persons alive who had heard in London the guns of Admiral Van Tromp at Sheerness. It was, therefore, not without reasonable ground of apprehension that the Commons said, "so that if it should at any time happen—which your Commons are very unwilling to suppose—that they

should quarrel, even with your Majesty, the riches, strength, and advantageous situation of these countries may be made use of against yourself, without whose generous and powerful assistance they had never been conquered."[1]

The representation is a fair and concise testimony to the state of public feeling throughout the country while victory after victory was hailed. The threatening power of France was broken by blow after blow, and the fear of "the Pretender" returning with a foreign army to fight a way for him back to the throne, had all passed off. The nation was prosperous. Financiers had become learned in the easiest ways of raising funds, and there was no disposition to inquire whether the resources of the country were overstretched, or whether our allies had borne their full share of the burden. It is only at the end that there come a few bitter words, sounding as if they had been added by a stranger hand after the document had been completed. "Upon these faithful informations and advices from your Commons, we assure ourselves your Majesty, in your great goodness to your people, will rescue them from those evils which the private councils of ill-designing men have exposed them to;" an imputation that all the world understood, yet not specific enough to entitle any one to take it up and repudiate it.

The royal answer was in harmony with the appeal, and, like it, conveyed an imputation not expressed; it was well understood in the use of the pronoun "this,"

[1] Representation of the Commons to the Queen on the War in Spain, the Barrier Treaty, and the State of the Nation.—Parl. Hist., vi. 1095 *et seq.*

in lauding the representation as "a farther instance of that dutiful affection to my service and concern for the public interest which this House of Commons has always shown. You may be assured that I will give such orders as shall effectually answer what you desire of me in every particular."[1]

If in this great historical conference Britain was master of the situation—and even the sordid and plebeian Dutch held debate with, and in some measure dictated terms to, the mighty monarch who had utterly despised them—yet the French had the gratification and the advantage that always comes to them with a critical diplomatic conference. Not only the terms of the treaty when concluded, but the suggestions, discussions, and debates, if there were any, must be rendered in the language of France, for that had been fixed by absolute usage as the language of diplomacy.

After the fall of the Roman Empire, the Church retained the Latin as the language of Christianity and literature. Debased as it became, it was the symbol of universal homage to that ecclesiastical half of the old empire which was still alive and vigorous. The

[1] Ibid., 1106. Swift, in his Journal to Stella, says: "Feb. 20.—Sir Thomas Hanmer is chairman of the committee for drawing up a representation of the state of the nation to the queen, where all the wrong steps of the allies and the late ministry about the war will be mentioned. The secretary, I suppose, was helping him about it to-day. I believe it will be a pepperer.

"Feb. 21.—I was engaged at seven to go to Sir Thomas Hanmer, who desired I should see him at that hour. His business was that I should help him to draw up the representation, which I consented to do; but I do not know whether I shall succeed, for it is a little out of my way."—Journal to Stella. Such a document was pretty far out of his way, and his unmistakable hand is not to be traced in it, though it is printed in collected editions of his works.

many armed assemblages, drafted out of all the nations of Europe, from the Crusaders downwards, brought a Babylon of jargons to bear upon and modify the Latin into a *lingua Franca*, in which people foreign to each other might hold intercourse. By its employment in disputes and concords, and in many other important affairs of life, something of a precision of meaning was acquired by this uncouth jumble of tongues. It became the favourite language for the purpose of *la diplomatique*, applied chiefly to the records and writs of sovereign Courts and courts of law. In England, under the term Norman, it became the language of the Acts of Parliament and of the procedure in courts of justice. Even at the time of the present narrative it was the beloved of English lawyers, who lamented its gradual departure. They pleaded that, as measured by the common vernacular of Englishmen, it had a precision and distinctness as a language set sacredly apart for the promulgation of the law, the administration of justice, the definition of possessory rights, and, not least in importance, in the statecraft of diplomacy.

In the reign of Louis XIV., the renowned Academy, aided by a group of brilliant authors in all the higher walks of literature, gave a polish and rhetorical richness to this conglomerate of languages, at the same time improving rather than deteriorating its precision. Thus the French of Voltaire's day was unmatched by any other language in its capacity to announce with clearness and precision the purport of subtle definitions and distinctions. It accomplished this by coming under the rule of a logical grammar, so exact and imperative as to exclude all exceptional

admission of the ellipse or the popular idiom. These, it was justly remarked, might give power and richness to a language for native use; but not being interpreted by the rules of a scientific grammar, they could not prove their meaning to the stranger not accustomed to their colloquial use. That the world at large should transact its diplomatic business in the language of France, had in it a semblance of doing homage to that nation; and the haughty Court of King Louis did not discourage the inference. But on the other side, it might be said that France, having no national tongue, was reduced to the employment of the *lingua Franca*, the common property of the nations. Perhaps no other men did more to establish the employment of French as the language of diplomacy than Marlborough and Prince Eugene, the most formidable enemies of France.

For us the treaty was concluded on the 28th of April 1713, by our exchange of ratifications with France.[1]

The leading items of this momentous treaty are, in the first place, that there is to be perpetual peace and affection between France and Britain,—a condition fortified by such eloquent protestations of attachment and denunciations of discord, that if words could do it, the end of all wars between the two nations had been reached and duly recorded. More material as a guaranty of peace was the distinctness of the acknowledgment of the succession to the throne of Britain, as adjusted by the Succession and Abjuration

[1] The fullest collection of documents about the treaty is 'Actes, Mémoires, et autres pièces authentiques concernant la Paix d'Utrecht.' 5 vols. Utrecht: 1714.

Acts. The Protestant line is indicated with the special distinctness of diplomatic French.[1] The exclusion of "the Pretender" must be as absolute an abjuration at Versailles as it was made at St Stephen's. It would be unfair to the touch of chivalry that lighted up the dark spirit of the most Christian king, were we to doubt that this was among the bitterest elements in his cup of humiliations. And when he engages to drive the representative of the Stewarts out of his dominions, there is something grotesque in the touch of French politeness announcing that the poor youth whose departure is described as spontaneous, should not be permitted to return to France.[2]

The stipulations that the crown of France and of Spain should never be permitted to alight on the same head were equally emphatic, but not of a nature to be so conclusive. Ere the King of France could question the parliamentary title of Queen Anne, something must have occurred in Britain opening the way to the attempt. There was a startling mortality in the

[1] On the death of the queen without issue, "en faveur de la sérénissime Princesse Sophie, Douairière du Brunswick-Hanover, et ses héritières dans la ligne protestante d'Hanover. Et afin que cette succession demeure ferme et stable, le Roy très chrêtien reconnoist sincèrement et solennellement la dite succession à la royaume de la Grand Bretagne limite comme dessus, et déclare et promet en foy et parole du Roy, tant pour luy que pour ses héritiers et successeurs," &c.—Corps Universelle Diplomatique, viii. 340.

[2] "Le Roy très crêtien promet qui luy et ses successeurs et héritiers apporteront tous leurs soins pour empêcher, que la personne qui du vivant du Roy Jacques II. avoit pris le titre de Prince de Galles, et au decès du diet Roy celuy du Roy du Grand Bretagne, et qui depuis peu est sorti volontairement du royaume de France pour demeurer ailleurs, ne puisse y rentrer, ni dans aucuns des provinces de ce royaume, en quelques tems ou sous quelque prétexte que se pouisse être."—Ibid., 348.

royal family of France; and if there should come a time when there was but one representative of King Louis, whether the representative of the house of Bourbon would take all, would depend on whether it was strong enough to keep all. Doctrines of divine right had already been whispered of a kind conclusive against any treaty turning aside the legitimate heir of the crown of France. The great civilian, Bignon, had put the rules with scientific precision, that the heir of France does not mount the throne by law or custom, but is born to fill it.

The territories known as Hudson Bay having been occupied by the French, were restored, the French settlers being allowed to remove from the soil with all their movable property. St Christopher, Nova Scotia, and the neighbouring settlements beyond the border of Canada, were ceded to Britain, and our country claimed and obtained a territory in America, vast in extent, inheriting a curious history, as the territory of the Hudson Bay Company. France reserved for her citizens the privilege of fishing in certain limits, drying their fish, and preparing them for the market, with due provision against their permanently squatting, and especially against the building of fortresses. There was a beneficent provision that the French occupants of Canada should not molest "the five nations" of the Indians attached to the British interest in America, or any others that might follow their example in accepting British protection.

The trading eye of Britain selected some spots in the Mediterranean suited for the protection of their commerce, and in British possession at the conclusion

of the war. Among these, the most conspicuous was the great barren rock known as Gibraltar. This claim, destined to be memorable in the wars of later times, seems to have scarcely excited notice; and we have seen how lightly the great Rock and its defences were esteemed when it passed into our hands. It was an acquisition of a kind that carried with it scarcely a vestige of the wrongs to oppressed races, or the other calamities that follow concessions of territory, as the result of war. Its retention by the Power that holds it was, in fact, a blessing to the world, with no farther abatement than a slight cloud on the pompous pride of the Spaniard. It may be called a condition in the destiny of fortresses, that they must always fall to the hand strongest in war where they stand; so that, raised as they sometimes have been, by weak princes, as a security against oppressors, the strongest of the oppressors acquires and keeps the works for his own purposes. Gibraltar is naturally a sea-fort. It has fallen to the Power strongest at sea, and will, according to all previous experience, remain with this Power until our strength decays. If we have been ever watchful and stern in guarding our possession, we may fairly boast that no other State would have communicated its benefits, as a protected commercial port, so amply to the trading world at large. It was a converse of this acquisition that France had to level the fortifications of Dunkirk. This concession was extracted by tacit menaces. If the war continued, the great sea Power would take the fortifications—perhaps occupy them. Thus came to an end the nest of pirates, ever becoming more powerful and mischievous as the advance of British

and Dutch trade enhanced the stock-in-trade that enriched the privateer.

There remains one significant acquisition to Britain by the treaty—the contract called in Spanish the *Assiento*, being a privilege or monopoly for supplying the Spanish colonies in the western hemisphere with negro slaves. We may defer further notice of it until, towards the end of the reign, it took a shape destined to develop a strange eventful history.

There was much reproach laid on our part in the treaty for what was called "the desertion of the Catalans,"—of certain inhabitants of Catalonia, who were almost the only inhabitants of Spain who had adopted the cause of the Archduke. When King Philip was seated on his throne, the Catalans were rebels, supported in their rebellion by the presence of a hostile force. The remnant of the British army of Spain was in Catalonia, and when, in the autumn of 1712, this remnant embarked for Port Mahon, the Catalans maintained that they were treacherously deserted by those who had exacted from them allegiance to King Charles.

The "desertion of the Catalans" came under debate in the House of Lords on the 2d of April 1714, when the Lords Wharton and Sunderland represented that "the Crown of Great Britain, having drawn in the Catalans to declare for the house of Austria, and engaged to support them, those engagements ought to have been made good." Bolingbroke answered, in defence of the Government, "that the queen had used all her endeavours to procure to the Catalans the enjoyment of their ancient liberties and privileges; but that, after all, the engagements

she had entered into subsisted no longer than while King Charles was in Spain, but that prince, having advanced to the imperial dignity, and having himself abandoned the Catalans, she could do no more than interpose her good offices in their behalf;" and the affair dropped out of notice in an assurance by the queen, in answer to an address from the Lords, "that at the time she concluded her peace with Spain she resolved to continue her interpositions, upon every occasion, for obtaining those liberties, and to prevent, if possible, the misfortunes to which that people were exposed by the conduct of those more nearly concerned to help them."[1]

The war in Spain had, of course, a material influence on the conditions that made the Treaty of Utrecht practicable. Had we succeeded in making our position there stronger than it was, our strength would have been a serious embarrassment after the death of the Emperor had disqualified our candidate for the throne of Spain. Whether or not the pompous folly of the Archduke, by losing the happy moment for a march on Madrid, had been the predominant cause of such a result, it was true that his cause was rapidly becoming hopeless, and had been merely nominally supported by Britain down to the death of the Emperor, in the spirit that, having adopted a cause when such adoption may have encouraged our comrades in the venture, it would be, if not treacherous, at least indecorous, to abandon it because the tide had strongly set against it. The Spanish people were steadily adopting King Philip. And in Castile, the

[1] Tindal, iv. 347.

great heart of Spain, his cause was accepted with a loyal fanaticism peculiar to the hot temperament of the people. For a time no competent leader was at hand to concentrate the enthusiasm as it gathered: but now the great Duke of Berwick was advancing to meet with reinforcements such troops as King Philip could collect. The troops in Madrid, under Galway, were wasting under dissipation and disease, and were led out to a point of junction with Peterborough. Our old friend, his raillery unabated by a gloomy prospect, notes as he begins his march: "It is hard I should be thought mad among the rest. After the taking of Reguena, twenty horse might have gone to Madrid; and all the places were offering to acknowledge the king upon condition I would protect them from Miguelets and the thieves and rogues bred up under Basset." The reality of these hopes that had been may be doubted; but the adverse reality, whence he looked back on them, was doubtless real. "But now many thousand men were in arms to oppose our passing the river Xucar; and they broke down all the bridges, and flung up earth, and stockaded many passes, and have given us the most narrow and foolish marks of ill-will, and would have made it very uneasy for us to pass but for the drought, which had made many places fordable."[1]

But a decisive battle was at hand. It was fought at Almanza, in the province of Mercia. There the allies were routed. This disaster, as we have seen, had not in it enough of the British element to be counted among our national humiliations. It might

[1] Cited by Lord Stanhope, from MS. War of the Succession, 205.

be for our country, indeed, to claim closer connection with the victorious side, since the commander was of English birth, his father having been James Stewart, the exiled king, and his mother a sister of Marlborough. We have seen this battle the object of a memorable parliamentary inquiry, with the result of adding a fresh touch of paradox to the motley career of Peterborough, in the discovery that the disaster might not have befallen had his sage and cautious counsel been adopted.[1]

The war lingered on with inconclusive oscillations. Its chief peculiarity was the restlessness of the force on either side, and the sudden apparition of either of them in some spot far distant from its previous haunts, after it had apparently disappeared and almost been forgotten. The army of the allies, as they were still by courtesy called, in their wanderings carried their "King Charles" to Madrid in September of the year 1711. The absence of a military force gave him the opportunity for the visit; and the civil establishment of the Spanish monarch—or so much as remained of it—left the city open and deserted. The end, so far as the British contingent was engaged in the war, was a calamity, but not a humiliation. Stanhope, with troops numbering about 4000, had found his position in Spain gradually shifting from that of the ally of one of the parties in a stiffly contested war, to that of the commander of a trifling force in the middle of a hostile people. He was surprised and crushed. The commander who suffers in a surprise can scarcely clear himself absolutely from

[1] See above, vol. ii. p. 168, and vol. iii.

a charge of insufficient watchfulness and caution. But for Stanhope there was the mitigating excuse that he was surrounded by a hostile population who would give him no intelligence. In the small town of Brihuega, in New Castile, Stanhope's little force found itself surrounded by an army four times its strength, commanded by the illustrious Vendôme. The little force had no artillery; but as the town was surrounded by an old brick wall, they defended it fiercely until their ammunition was exhausted and the blazing town threatened to devour them. The general performed the only sad duty remaining to him when he surrendered with his party as prisoners of war, leaving, in the words following, a pleasant and generous testimony to the conduct of his little army: "I must do that justice to all the officers and men, that all was done by them which could be done, the horse and dragoons having taken their share of the business on foot. Should I ever, after this misfortune, be again intrusted with troops, I never desire to be served by better men than all showed themselves to be; and whatever other things I may have failed in through ignorance, I am truly conscious to myself that, in the condition we were reduced to, I could not do a better service to the queen than endeavour to preserve them by the only way that was left."[1]

[1] Lord Mahon—War of the Succession, 337.

CHAPTER XVII.

Ireland.

DIFFERENCE IN THE RELATIONS TO ENGLAND OF SCOTLAND AND OF IRELAND — QUESTION OF INCLUDING IRELAND IN THE UNION OF 1707—THE EARLY CIVILISATION OF IRELAND —QUESTION OF SUSCEPTIBILITIES TO INCIPIENT CIVILISATION AND INABILITY TO ADVANCE — THE TRADE JEALOUSIES OF ENGLAND PROMPT OUTRAGES IN IRELAND — THE WOOLLEN TRADE PUT DOWN IN IRELAND, AND LINEN SUBSTITUTED— HOW THE PRIVILEGES FELL TO SCOTSMEN INSTEAD OF IRISHMEN—COMPARATIVE FERTILITY IN IRELAND AND BARRENNESS IN SCOTLAND—SUBSEQUENT REVERSAL OF THE CONDITIONS— PENAL LAWS IN IRELAND.

At the opening of our history, England and Scotland were separate, independent, sovereign States. The common sovereignty of Queen Anne did no more to unite them under one political nationality than the Revolution with King William did for the union of England with Holland. Scotland, as we have seen, was curiously reminded of her alienation and independence when she desired to participate, like Ireland, in the privileges of the English Navigation Act. Among the hardy speculations that have been ventilated by "original thinkers" in affairs of national history, one has been, that the War of Independence was a calamity to Scotland, never retrieved

until the Union. The natives of the country, all save the scanty population within the Highland line, were of the same northern Teutonic race as their English neighbours, with all the characteristics of the race more powerfully developed. If it happened to them to be beaten in battle, their free nature would have effectually struggled against absolute subjection. They would have imparted fresh blood and strength to the Saxon race for their contest with the Normans and the prerogative encroachments of their Norman king. Such ideas have not been popular, at the north end of our island at least, where there is little inclination to cast forth Bannockburn from the temple of fame as a glorious and blessed achievement.

In Ireland something like the same question has been opened in another fashion. There the blessings of conquest and annexation were completed; but it has been pleaded that the completion should have gone a step further, and accomplished absolute union. And an argument for such a conclusion seems even to rest on the incompatibilities of the races to co-operate in harmony for the industrial and political prosperity of both.

The eloquent historian of the reign of Queen Elizabeth notes, that in the session of the Irish Parliament of 1703, in the speech from the throne by the Duke of Ormond, who was Viceroy, "on the subject of which the minds of the hearers were most full—the social prospects of Ireland and the union of the three kingdoms—he was silent." A letter to Lord Nottingham, the Secretary of State for England, dated on the 4th of October, is cited to the

effect "that the Commons had sat that day to consider the state of the nation; and after some hours' sitting, and considering the many misfortunes the country lay under in point of trade and other circumstances, all the speakers concluded that they did, in most earnest manner, desire a union with England."[1] Further, in a letter from Sir Richard Cox, the Irish Chancellor, to Nottingham: "Your lordship will be pleased to consider that this country is inhabited by a people of several nations, interests, and religions; that all labour under great poverty, occasioned chiefly by the English Acts of Woollen Manufacture and Resumption; that if the few English here find themselves oppressed, they will return to their mother country, as many as are able, and the rest, prompted by indignation, necessity, or despair, will turn Scotch or Irish. There is no remedy so proper for both kingdoms as some sort of union which would enrich and strengthen England, and establish the English interest here and make it prosper; for in that case all the British would be good Englishmen. We do not capitulate. You may be your own carvers. It seems worthy of your serious thoughts to promote so good a work."[2]

Then follows the historian's remarkable commentary. "The highest political capacity, though controlled by conscience and directed by the purest motives, may yet select a policy which, in the light of after-history, shall seem like madness. The 'event' may teach the inadequacy of the intellect to compass the problems which at times present themselves for solution. The 'event' alone will not

[1] The English in Ireland, i. 300. [2] Ibid., 302, 303.

justify severe historical censure where a ruler has endeavoured seriously to do what, in the light of such knowledge as he possessed, appeared at the moment most equitable. But no such excuse can be pleaded for Queen Anne's ministers, or for the English nation, whose resolution they represented, in rejecting these overtures of the Irish Parliament. Opportunities occur in the affairs of nations which, if allowed to pass, return no more. The offered union was thrown away when it would have been accepted gratefully as the most precious boon which England could bestow — was thrown away in the meanest and basest spirit of commercial jealousy. No rational fear of present danger, no anxiety to prevent injustice, no honourable motive of any kind whatever, can be imagined as having influenced Lord Nottingham, or the persons, whoever they were, that were generally responsible for the decision. In fatal blindness they persuaded themselves that the union would make Ireland rich, and that England's interest was to keep her poor. The queen returned a cold reply, 'that she would give no particular answer at present, but would take the request into consideration.' The consideration never came. The wisdom of the precious resolution was never doubted or reviewed; and from this one act, as from a scorpion's egg, sprung a fresh and yet uncompleted cycle of disaffection, rebellion, and misery."[1]

The present author is content to decorate the story he has to tell with these comments, uttered by a man of learning, judgment, and earnest purpose; and is inclined, on the whole, to avoid the responsibility either

[1] Ibid., 303, 304.

of adopting or attempting to refute them. In the union with Scotland, an affair small and simple as it seems in history compared with the project here described as an opportunity lost and a duty neglected, we have seen difficulties that might have made cautious or indolent statesmen pause on their brink. If, instead of merely harmonising two communities of the same race, but with incompatibilities in their political institutions, the project had been enlarged into a legislative union of the two great islands, it is possible to imagine forces brought into action so mighty and resistless as to have reduced to mere trifling impediments such difficulties as those that threatened a war between England and Scotland; at all events, the sweeping of Ireland into the project would have afforded a grand political spectacle in its day, and have left materials for a grand historical narrative. It has to be said, in the meantime, that there is ample excuse for speculations on what might have been the destiny of Ireland, since it is difficult to imagine that destiny more disastrous than it has been.

From the miserable present it has ever been the propensity of the Irish—or of those who took on themselves the function of thinking and speaking for the Irish—to look back to the happy and brilliant past. This solace has not been undisturbed by derision of the ridiculous and preposterous past that is called up for acceptance and admiration. We have seen how, when the French refugee was examining the history of our island, in pursuit of the ambitious project of cleansing and recasting it, the early accounts of all the three communities were corrupted by fabulous characteristics of each; and how, as the

whole affair resolved itself into a competition which nation would assert the boldest and the most picturesque falsehoods, the lying spirit of Ireland carried her annals through prodigies infinitely more wild and preposterous than those of her more sedate neighbours.

Such a feat disinclined searchers after truth to listen to aught that went to establish the vestiges of an ancient civilisation in Ireland. Great ethnological theories are dangerous indulgences in the mere historian, who has to verify his narrative of facts. Yet it is scarcely possible to avoid a sense that the facts themselves here leave a general conclusion that the Celt of Ireland has shown himself more readily susceptible to the influence of civilisation than the Teutonic races of England and Scotland, but less capable of nourishing and maturing the gift. The skirts of the civilisation of the great Roman Empire seemed to linger there as if it found a refuge in that Western isle at the back of Europe, and beyond the disturbing influence of the forces that were breaking up the Empire.

These "Scoti," as the Irish people were then called, thus afforded a refuge to those who fled from the powers of destruction, busy among the people who belonged to the Christian Church and used the Latin language. It has recently been the worthy task of Dr Reeves and other Irish scholars, to carry a flood of light into this early migration of the Christian world, so that the extent and character of its isolated civilisation is now clear to any one who will undergo the drudgery of studying it. It was a peculiar civilisation, both in what it carried with it and left behind. It took straight to Ireland the Latin language,

with some fragments of classic literature, and it afforded the means of inventing for the Celtic language of the Irish people, an alphabet founded on that used in remnants of Roman manuscripts. It did not carry immediately to Ireland the method of building among the Romans, and there is a natural cause for the one gift going unattended by the other, since architecture is not an art likely to be carried with them by fugitives before the face of an enemy. The Gothic, in its subsequent advance over Europe, found its way to Ireland; but old Irish buildings are curious in showing how the endowments of civilisation had enabled some clever mechanics to invent substitutes for the arch, in overlapping stones and small rude domes. An invention such as the arch testifies to a discovery made by a man of inventive genius, and presented to the world he lives in; but there may be great civilisation where such an invention has not yet come forth, as there had been great civilisation before the development of the powers of steam and electricity. There are examples of high art even in architecture, where yet the structure of the arch was unknown—examples far more illustrious than that of early Ireland—as, for instance, Egypt, Syria, and Greece.

Wherever they may have found it, these early Irish encouraged a school of art in form and the adjustment of colours; the form limited to carving and sculpture, and both put at the service of the painter or illuminator. From Ireland, ecclesiastics full of the learning of the age spread over the continent of Europe, and marked their progress by the establishment of religious houses—as at St Gall and Ratisbon.

They brought with them their peculiar school of decorative art, applying it to sculpture, to illumination, and to the binding of books—the books being missals or other works of devotion, illuminated with colours and gold in the Irish style of decoration; while the binding was in reality the shrine—often enriched with jewels — that was to protect the book within as the relic of some holy man. German critics and antiquaries have recently excavated from the obscure recesses of old libraries some brilliant specimens of these works of Irish art, and have commented on them at large. In the first place, they are admitted to represent a separate school of art; and the peculiarity that is found to individualise that school is developed in symmetrical reticulation, rich and profuse both in form and colour, but strictly restrained from chaotic irregularities by subjection to geometric rule.

If here we have wandered somewhat from the condition of Ireland at the period of the union of England and Scotland, the excuse offered is the desire to impress the fact that, among the ancestors of the unhappy race of our period there was at one time a civilisation taking a high place among such types of civilisation as existed at the same period in the other countries of Europe; and that, however much fiction and folly may have done to throw discredit on boastful assertions about the ancient lustre and glory of Ireland, the existence of a highly developed school of art, having its origin among the people of that island, is a fact known to the prosaic plodders in the origin and destinies of nations.[1] Nor is it all a tale

[1] The type of symmetrical geometrical decoration that had its cradle in Ireland, spread through Scotland, where in many sculptured stone

of a past race, over whose destiny the career of other races has rolled, burying their monuments beneath the soil, like those excavated in Egypt and Nineveh. The civilisation lived on, mingling its literature and its art with that of the rest of the world. The Round Towers of Ireland, conspicuous in their structure and size, have been rendered still more conspicuous by a wild literature that has carried them into the regions of horrible heathen rites, superstitions, and vices. But they present the details of the Gothic or Norman architecture of the eleventh century, and are merely to be held as an eccentric type of ecclesiastical architecture, raised under some peculiar influence that has as yet escaped discovery.

Having thus dropped a word to show that the Irish were not always so abject among nations as they

monuments it is more amply exemplified even than in Ireland, as the two richly decorated folio volumes contributed to the Spalding Club by the late Dr John Stuart, afford ample testimony. I think it is to be regretted that, when so much has been done for the archæology of the school of art that had arisen in Ireland and spread to Scotland, so little has been done to spread a knowledge of the character and the prevailing forms of that art itself. Here commerce has stepped in where the scholarship of art has been negligent. The tourist in Scotland can purchase articles of jewellery representing the peculiarities of the Irish tracery—generally in the form of the typical cross of Scripture; but there is no book where the forms of this class of art are critically examined as those of a separate school, and classified according to their variations. This recalls sad recollections of two men with whom I often discussed the question, why there should be so serious a blank in our artistic literature; and I was not without the hope that they might co-operate in filling that blank. The one was the author already referred to—Dr John Stuart—who could have drawn on his vast resources in archæology; the other was James Drummond, an artist, whose failing health belied the promise given in early life of his great painting of the Porteous Mob; and the hope of a treatise that might have been a boon to literature disappeared when both were, within a short period the one of the other, placed under the sod.

became—that there were among them scholars and artists when scholarship and art were rare, and that they were not in these accomplishments the mere slavish imitators of others—it would be justly counted a serious aggravation of a culpable ramble from the purpose on hand, should an attempt be made to trace the historical and political conditions that, between the mission of St Columba and the reign of Queen Anne, made the Irish peasant the being alike abject and dangerous that he had become. It is, however, not alien to our period to notice a peculiarity conspicuous among Irish causes and effects by its absence from our period. We do not hear much of starvation within it; yet Ireland was not, for its extent, affluent in the means of subsistence. Why should Ireland have been comfortable as to food and clothing early in the eighteenth century, when we know that in later periods of that century—in other periods down to the present generation—with vastly increased produce, the inhabitants starved in millions?[1]

[1] In what Swift calls "The description of an Irish Feast, translated almost literally out of the original Irish," we have a lively picture of rude but abundant hospitality:—

"O'Rourk's noble fare
Will ne'er be forgot,
By those who were there
Or those who were not.

His revels to keep,—
We sup and we dine
On seven-score sheep,
Fat bullocks, and swine.

Usquebah to our feast
In pails was brought up;—
A hundred at least,
And a madder our cup.
. . . . .
Come, harper strike up;
But first, by your favour,
Boy, give us a cup,—
Ah! this hath some savour.
. . . . .
Bring straw for our bed—
. Shake it down to the feet;
Then over us spread
The winnowing-sheet.

To show I don't flinch,
Fill the bowl up again,
Then give us a pinch
Of your sneezing O'Yean.

Good Lord, what a sight,
After all their good cheer,
For people to fight
In the midst of their beer!"

A strengthening of the laws for the protection of life and property, acting with improved habits promotive of health and longevity, if they come as an uncontaminated blessing to a people naturally industrious and enterprising, may increase the population of the country they live in, while the means of supporting that population increase in a ratio so much more rapid, that the enlarged population is better supported than the smaller number in a previous generation. It was among the homely precepts of the late William Cobbett in dealing with panics about over-population, to remember that each mouth came into the world attended by two hands.

We have seen the influence—the political dynamics it might be termed—of the superstitions of the day about the nature and properties of trade, in the contests that ended in the union with Scotland. All the influences of disturbance in the island of Great Britain when they happen to touch Ireland, grow in size and picturesqueness, as if they had found the proper soil for the rearing of fallacies and follies. The notion that a nation to make itself rich must render its neighbour poor, achieved a brilliant success. The woollen manufacture—especially in the most sublime of its woven results, the broadcloth—was agitating the trading community of England. It had grown to be a great institution worthy of the most tender and skilful treatment by the statesmen of the age. If they acted rightly by it in applying the resources at their disposal for fostering the trade where it should be fostered, and discouraging or ruining it where such a course was justifiable and proper, the riches, power, and influence of Queen Anne's empire would be en-

hanced. If there were carelessness or blunder in the culture of the growing source of national wealth, the disaster, and the reproach on those who had caused it, would be great.

People were beginning to look beyond Salisbury Plain and the other cultivated meadows of England for the growth of wool. The sheep, a hardy animal, could find food on the wild hills of Scotland and Ireland. So far as Scotland was concerned, before the Union England could do nothing but protect herself from intrusion and rivalry by her own laws. When the powers at work in forcing on the Union broke through the trading barriers raised by England, there was nothing for it but submission, as to an unavoidable and irretrievable calamity. But in Ireland there was opportunity for judicious and resolute action to crush any possible competition with the woollen trade of England. Nay, further, there arose the brilliant idea that, by just and firm legislation, the wool-growing capacities of Ireland might be made subservient to the woollen trade of England. The method of accomplishing this end gradually evolved itself into distinctness, taking the shape of encouraging the growth of wool in Ireland and its transference to England, while, at the same time, the exportation of wool and woollen fabrics from Ireland to foreign countries must be suppressed.

To effect this, in the last year of the seventeenth century an Act was passed prohibiting the exportation to any foreign country of any "wool, woolfells, shontlings, mortlings, woolflocks, worsted bay, or wool yarns, cloth, serge bays, kerseys, says, friezes, druggets, cloth serges, shalons, or any other drapery stuffs or

woollen manufactures whatsoever, made up or mixed with wool or woolflocks." The punishment for defiance of the prohibition was not only the forfeiture of the goods if they were seized in the attempt to export them, but a penalty of £500 against the exporter. Farther, the ship employed in committing the crime was to be forfeited "with all her tackle; and the master and mariners thereof, or any carriers, waggoners, boatmen, or other persons whatsoever, knowing such offence, and wittingly aiding and assisting therein," was liable to forfeit £40; "one moiety to him or them who shall sue by bill for the same in any of his Majesty's Courts of Record in England or Ireland, and the other moiety to the encouragement and setting up of the linen manufactures in Ireland, to be disposed of by the Court of Exchequer in Ireland for that use only."[1]

This was but a portion of a complex ganglion of legislation to protect the English woollen manufacture, especially on the side of Ireland. Whatever precautions fortified by penalties are enacted, require frequent recasting in further legislation; and it is impossible not to believe in the strength of the temptations that must have given their influence to break through the complex precautions against Ireland's participation in the woollen manufacture and trade. Part of the fleet was always cruising along the Irish coast, especially the line opposite to Scotland. Ships were cleared out to convey the raw material to England, but it must have been discovered that in many instances they changed their course, if we are to believe that the amending Acts standing on the

[1] 10 & 11 Will. III. c. 10.

statute-book were required. It was made a condition of permitting a vessel to sail with wool, avowedly to England, that bond should be given for its actual delivery there. To make this bond serviceable it was necessary to adjust ports of exportation from Ireland and of landing in England, and at every such port on either side a staff of officers was appointed. There were officers for watching the wool on its way from the hills where it was shorn, to its proper place of departure from Ireland; and the prerogative powers for seizure of goods and the detention of persons under suspicion of intention to smuggle them into foreign countries, were very extensive and must have been very vexatious.

We shall see that the penal acts for the regulation of religion in Ireland were passed by the Irish Parliament. The Protestant landed proprietors of The Pale could be safely trusted with the correction of their Popish neighbours and natural enemies. It was not perhaps so clear that dependence could be placed on them for the protection of the English woollen manufacture, at the sacrifice of the produce of their own sheep-walks; and hence the complex legislation on the wool trade, beginning with the reign of King William, and passing into the reign of Queen Anne, was the work of the English Parliament. It must have been a measure extremely offensive to the Irish gentry; and thence perhaps it is that we find the chief statute decorated with an applauding or exculpatory preamble of more than average parliamentary eloquence: "Forasmuch as wool, and the woollen manufacture of cloth, serge bays, kerseys, and other stuffs, made or mixed with wool, are the greatest and most profitable

commodities of this kingdom, on which the value of lands and the trade of the nation do chiefly depend; and whereas great quantities of the like manufactures have of late been made, and are daily increasing in the kingdom of Ireland and in the English plantations in America, and are exported from thence to foreign markets heretofore supplied from England, which will inevitably sink the value of lands and tend to the ruin of this trade and the woollen manufactures of this realm; for the prevention thereof and for the encouragement of the woollen manufactures within this realm, be it enacted," &c.

This Act is in some respects a curious constitutional study as the extent of the sovereignty claimed by England over Ireland, and of the method necessary for obviating or detecting evasions of such claims on the side of Ireland. There is a special clause that an offender may be seized in any part of England as well as in Ireland, and a specific jurisdiction is given to the courts of law at Westminster for the solving of all difficulties and the rectification of irregularities. These powers would step in were there any carelessness or hesitation in giving effect to the Act on the part of the Irish official people. At the same time, to leave any failure inexcusable, "The lord-lieutenant, lord-deputy, or lords justices for the time being, or any of them, are hereby required to give direction in council that this Act shall be given in charge by the several judges of the kingdom of Ireland at all the assizes that shall be held in that kingdom, to the end that this Act may be strictly put in execution, according to the true intent and meaning thereof; which said judges are hereby empowered and required,

from time to time, to take particular accounts throughout their respective circuits of the due execution of this Act, and at their return to Dublin at the end of every circuit, shall acquaint the lord-lieutenant, lord-deputy, or lords justices of that kingdom for the time being in council, with all accounts or informations they shall have so received of any breach of the said Act, or negligence or faults in any of the officers to whom the execution of this Act is committed, to the end that the said chief governors, or any of them, for the time being, may be the better informed and enabled to look to and provide for the strict and punctual observation of this Act throughout that kingdom; of which the said chief governors, or any of them, for the time being, shall, once every year, lay a particular account in writing, under his or their hands, before the king, his heirs and successors, in council."

At the conclusion of this attempt to afford a distinct account of one of the aggressive and cruel acts perpetrated under one of the frenzies of the English trade superstitions of the age, it becomes a pleasant task to repeat the words applied to it by an English gentleman of our own period. "Had these purblind commercial politicians known what belonged to their peace, they would have welcomed the development of Irish industry as a better guarantee against future trouble than a hundred Acts of Parliament. No spirit could have more effectually killed the genius of Popery and Jacobitism, or could more surely have provided that Ireland should never again be a burden to the English Exchequer, than the growth of trade and manufacture there. The practical intelligence,

the fixed and orderly habits, the class of persons who would have been attracted over to make their homes where land was cheap, and waited only for labour and capital to be as rich and fair as their own English counties—these things would have forged the links of an invisible chain, which could never have been broken, to bind the two islands into one. Traders' eyes, unfortunately, can never look beyond the next year's balance-sheet. They saw their artisans emigrating. They saw, or thought they saw, the produce of the Irish looms competing with theirs in the home market, in the colonies, and on the Continent. They imagined their business stolen from them, their towns depopulated, the value of their lands decreased, their country itself plunged at last into ruin, all for the sake of that miserable spot which had been a thorn in England's side for centuries."[1] This touches the point that Acts of so ungenerous a kind have their impulse more from terror than from tyranny. The English merchant has been sketched by a thoroughly English poet, as

> "An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin,
> Broadcloth without—and a warm heart within."

Even in this instance we may find that the warmth of heart is not extinguished by the broadcloth; and taking our parable from transactions among individual dealers, we can find a way to show how it acts. We take the sensations of a dealer who has by honesty, civility, and skill, all expended on a well-selected trade, been marching securely on to fortune

[1] Froude — The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century, i. 264.

when an interloper appears beside him to share in his fortunes. Why should the stranger interfere? Why not let him who has had the skill to select a paying concern reap the fruit of his fortunate application of that skill?

The intruder's defence is that the market is free to all. A man must live, though his living may abate something from the superfluity of his neighbour. But then, on the other side, comes a suggestion that another sphere of enterprise might be made available; and in fact, the dealer, desiring to retain his monopoly, can suggest to the intruder "a good thing" in another line of business, where he is free to enter undisturbed and prosper as he may.

So England had found the proper field for Irish enterprise. It was to be in the linen manufacture. If Ireland did not see this to be her sphere of enterprise, England would teach her how it was so; and if the teaching were insufficient to accomplish its object, then England would, by a mixture of bribery and force, make Ireland the great emporium of the linen manufacture, and enrich her in spite of her idleness and ignorance of her own resources and proper duties.

Founded upon the real or supposed aptness of the country for the cultivation of flax, legislation had in some measure prepared the way for rendering linen the staple national manufacture. Industries were wanted for giving effect to the Irish vagrant law, by establishing industrial institutions where the idle paupers, so abundant in that unhappy country, could be forced to work. So early as the time of Charles II., it was enacted that every rural landowner letting

any cottage to a peasant-occupant must let with it one acre of land, with the condition that the peasant-occupant shall sow one-eighth of an acre with hemp or flax. When there was failure in obedience to this law of the Irish Parliament, the landlord forfeited forty and the tenant twenty shillings.[1] On larger holdings the proprietor or tenant, for every thirty acres cultivated by him, was bound to apply half an acre to the raising of flax or hemp; and so in proportion for any larger or smaller holding. The flax or hemp was not to be woven according to the agriculturist's fancy, or that of any other person. A paternal Government ordained that no linen cloth should be woven within the bounds of Ireland which was not at least three-quarters of a yard in breadth out of the loom; and heavy penalties were imposed when linen within the statutory breadth was offered for sale.

By one of the curious fatalities that accompany Irish measures of legislation, and turn their effect and influence into a channel away from, if not in the opposite direction of, the design, the Act for promoting the linen manufactory gave nearly all its beneficence to Scotsmen. Scotland was steeped in poverty, and had been so for half a century. The Union had not yet performed its beneficent work in opening new fields of enterprise to a people eager to work in them. The lowland inhabitants of the northern counties, finding nothing better to be done at home than the cultivation of their own stubborn stony soil, would have lapsed into the position of a surplus population had they not relieved their numbers by emigration to Nova Scotia and the north of Ireland. The natives

[1] 17 & 18 Charles II. c. 9.

of the counties of Aberdeen and Perth became known to their fellow-countrymen of the more fertile south of Scotland, as passing through to cross the narrow sea, thousands sometimes passing in one group. An observer of their motions, who thought even the southern districts of Scotland barren, said of the place of their destination, "from Belfast to Linsley Garron is about seven miles, and is a paradise to any part of Scotland."[1]

It was for the children of the earliest of these wanderers, and of others who continued to join them, that the monopoly of the linen industry became a blessing. We have seen how in England French refugees founded large centres of industry for the creation of textile fabrics; and one of them, named Louis Crommelin communicated the secrets of his mystery to those who would learn and use it in Ireland. Among the Treasury papers collected by Godolphin one is a copy of a "sign-manual as to carrying on a linen manufactory in Ireland; £10,000 had to be advanced by Lewis Crommelin. Looms had been erected valued at £30 each, and other looms called *estilles*, valued at £50, for making fine linen in imitation of that of France and Holland. The patent for the encouragement thereof having expired by the death of the king, the queen's pleasure was that fresh letters should pass to encourage the same."[2]

Further, from the same source we have what follows:—

[1] Sir William Brereton's Travels, 118.

[2] Calendar of State Papers, 1702-7, preserved in her Majesty's Public Record Office, prepared by Joseph Redington, Esq.; lxxxiii., No. 104.

Letter from the Lords Justices of Ireland to the Duke of Ormond :

"They had considered the vast advantage that had lately arisen to that kingdom by the advancement of the linen manufacture in the north, which was of no manner of consequence seven years before, but by the endeavours of Mr Lewis Crommelin was brought to great perfection. Before he was engaged, what linen cloth was made in the kingdom was wrought in the north, where the inhabitants were most inclined to that manufacture ; yet it could never have been advanced as it then was but by the endeavours of Mr Crommelin, or some such skilful undertaker, because the inhabitants in the north were entirely ignorant of the art of managing and working flax, spinning the yarn, and whitening the cloth, and were absolute strangers to the looms and other utensils necessary for that work; yet he had made them perfectly masters of the whole art and mystery, insomuch that, from cloth of 1s. and 1s. 3d. a yard, which was generally the finest made in the country, he had brought them to make linen to that fineness to be worth 8s. and 9s. the English yard. As this was only done in the north, and the knowledge of this art and mystery was communicated to a people generally Scotch and of that extraction, they would most certainly engross that manufacture to themselves, and never suffer it to come out of that country. They [the Lords Justices] offer it to his Grace's consideration, whether it would not be of the greatest good and consequence to that kingdom if Mr Crommelin could be prevailed on to remove himself and family to the centre of the kingdom, and by settling a colony, and directing this

manufacture, it would not soon equally diffuse itself into the other three parts of the kingdom, which was then generally inhabited by English and those of that extraction.

"Mr Crommelin was willing to remove on sufficient encouragement, and doubted not to bring this manufacture to greater perfection in the south than in the north. Kilkenny, near the centre of the three provinces, he said, was a most proper place, as well for the goodness of the air as the water and soil." As this had to pass through the Treasury in London, there was a hint on "the great benefit England would receive" from the scheme, "in taking off many of the hands then employed in the woollen manufacture, which by that means would be so discouraged as to oblige that kingdom to import so much more of the woollen cloths" from England.[1]

Again the lord lieutenant brings under the notice of Treasurer Godolphin how desirable it would be to remove Crommelin, and perhaps a part of his Scotch colony, who might show a good example to Kilkenny, as a centre to "diffuse" the manufacture of linen through Munster, Leinster, and Connaught.[2] But the blessing intended for Ireland in the linen industry remained with the Scots colonists in the north, who were at this time raising a monument to their prosperity in the Linen Hall that decorates Belfast. It appears, indeed, that the trading conscience of England was troubled with touches of remorse at having let Ireland acquire too much in the affair of the linen. In 1706 we find that the matter is again pressed by the lord lieutenant Ormond and others on

[1] Calendar of State Papers, xcviii. 51. [2] Ibid., cii. 83.

Treasurer Godolphin, who looked into the affair with the light of "two letters from the Commissioners of Trade, touching the encouragement proposed for Mr Crommelin to remove into the south of Ireland, for the improvement of the linen manufacture in those parts; and as to their opinion whether, if Ireland should fall into the making of fine linen, as suggested in the representation, it would affect the trade of England; and if so, what restrictions might be necessary in any new grant for encouraging the linen manufacture in Ireland." English merchants were of opinion that the further encouragement of the manufacture of linen in Ireland "would prejudice the trade in England;" and, "on the whole," the Commissioners concurred in that view. The minute dealing with the matter is curious in the obscure circles of trade through which the sensitive keenness of the English merchants has unravelled the influences likely to be set in operation to their prejudice. "Trade and navigation seemed to be concerned in this manufacture of Irish linen." "Irish linen was exempted from duties on importation here and exportation to the plantations. It would in a great measure prevent the importation of broad Germany linens, damask, diaper, &c., from Hamburg, and of low-priced linen from Flanders and Holland, to the diminution of the customs and exportation of woollen manufactures of this kingdom, which were taken abroad in exchange for these sorts of linens. And—not to say anything of diverting the course of trade by sending linens directly from Germany to Portugal, and taking returns from thence in sugar, which was heretofore supplied through this kingdom—they were of opinion that any further encouragement or im-

provement of the manufacture of Irish linen would bear no proportion of advantage there, either to the loss of the customs or the decay of the woollen manufacture of this kingdom."[1]

The Duke of Ormond having left for a time the functions of the viceroy in the hands of lords justices, these appealed to him urging "that the promotion of the linen manufacture, under the present great decay of trade, would in all probability be the only means to recover that poor sinking country from its miserable poverty; and they entreated his Grace to lay the matter before her Majesty, who delighted in doing all the good she could to all her subjects."

A new argument was brought up. It was not for "the mere Irish" that any boon was sought. The connection of them with any kind of industrial project was preposterous. But there were the English of The Pale. They referred to the implied engagements of the sovereign and the Parliament of England prompting the abandonment of the woollen manufacture and the adoption of the linen. The manufacture had been brought to great perfection in the north. "They thought that the English in the other three provinces, who were the only persons that lost the woollen manufacture — and who were reduced to a miserable condition—should then share in the linen trade."[2] Ormond again represented the matter to the Treasury, and a minute appears to have passed to the effect that some step should be taken to the extent of compensating any specific loss that Ireland may have sustained by the suppression of the

[1] Calendar of State Papers, xcix. 85, 4th Sept. 1706.
[2] Ibid., ci. 18, January 1706.

woollen manufacture, on the implied understanding that the English Parliament intended to balance the loss by the encouragement of the linen manufacture.[1] On the 10th of August 1707, there came before the Treasury a further application from Ormond as lord lieutenant, saying that he understood that a royal letter settling the matter had been drafted. A settlement had become more urgent than ever. Some French refugees had been encouraged to teach the secrets of weaving to the Irish; and "there was a further reason for the grant that the whole town of Lisburn, where the French colony was settled for carrying on the manufacture, was lately destroyed by an accidental fire, and they had not provided themselves with habitations in expectation of her Majesty's pleasure for their removal to Kilkenny."[2] Meanwhile a board of "Trustees for the Encouragement of Linen Manufacture in Ireland," had been created by royal warrant.[3] This was considered a very important national institution, and to be appointed a trustee on the Linen Board became an object of ambition with the first men in Ireland.

Ministers in London were well aware of the poverty and misery of Ireland, a phenomenon familiar to statesmen in Whitehall by an almost chronic clamour. The following memorandum, from a local correspondent, survived among the loose papers in the Treasury to the present day :—

"Drogheda, 13*th July* 1705.

"The great scarcity of money that already is in this kingdom, and likely daily to increase, in regard

[1] Calendar of State Papers, 72. [2] Ibid., cii. 83. [3] Ibid., xc. 28.

there is not trade to bring in money, and exchange is now so high between England and Ireland that it is much more advantage to send any sort of money from hence in Spain than to give the current exchange, which is 12 per cent. All our country commodities are very low, and scarcely money to be had for them at any rate. The money the public revenue brings in lies in the Exchequer, there being not now an army here to be paid out of it, so that it is said there is now near £100,000 lie there, which goes a great way in the current cash of this kingdom, and must occasion the scarcity of money; for while there was an army here, constantly paid, the money did circulate which now lies dead. Landlords do already find rents very hard to come by, and if they distrain, cattle are worth very little or nothing. He that was richly worth £200 in any sort of stock this time twelve months, cannot now be said to be worth £100, things are fallen so very low, and no prospect but of being much worse; so that in all probability this kingdom will very soon be as poor as any need desire it to be."[1]

That a time had been when fertility in Ireland could be contrasted with barrenness in Scotland, is an antithesis so alien to existing conditions as to court a word of explanation. The soil of Scotland, though not fruitful, possesses fertilising elements, and they have been applied with skill and industry by accomplished agriculturists. It happened to the author, in the course of one of those autumn

[1] Brit. Mus. MSS.; this is signed, "Edw. Singleton," a name I have not met otherwise.

visits of scientific groups who from time to time enliven such a town as Edinburgh, to mix in a general conversation in a train making an excursion through East Lothian. The tenor of that conversation may perhaps be best epitomised by limiting it to a dialogue between a landed gentleman of Kerry and a Lothian farmer. The Kerry man finds himself in a land of agricultural miracles. He identifies the farmsteading as elsewhere the cotton-mill is identified by the tall chimney of the steam-engine house. He sees the peasant in the fields employed, like a skilful engineer, in the guidance of machinery. He has passed wheat-fields clean and waving with a heavy crop, in size ten, twenty, thirty, possibly fifty, acres. He thinks sadly on the bogs of his own Kerry, and moralises on the capriciousness of fortune, and then he is assured that these fruitful fields were at one time bog and stone. He is further told that their metamorphosis is the doing of the tenants, who in general have extensive capital, and the landlord is often more thoroughly in the hands of his tenant than the tenant of his landlord. It is explained to him that the surface of Scotland, though not naturally fertile, has fertilising elements, and among these are the traps and other igneous rocks of what is called the later eruptive period; and that these, in combination with organic manures and certain chemical agents as stimulants, "warm the cold soil" as the farmer may put it. The Kerry man, in the illustrious Rock of Cashel, knows a specimen of this geological phenomenon near home, but had never associated it with fertilising qualities. How is the same metamorphosis to be accomplished in Kerry? This brings

the discussion to a climax, and he is told that, if by the waving of an enchanter's wand the people of Kerry and East Lothian could change places, half a century would behold Kerry smiling with waving corn, alternating with rich meadows and abundant potato-fields; while East Lothian would, as thoroughly as what has once been cultivated can cast off cultivation, have lapsed into the fungus-covered cabins, and the dirty patches of potato-ground, where the ragged peasant works with no better tool than a broken spade.

Our period is sometimes called the special period of the Irish penal laws against the adherents of the Church of Rome. In estimating the character of that offensive code, it is necessary to look to the Treaty of Limerick. In this duty also there is little satisfaction; for few events give so much opportunity—and to some people temptation — for lubricity in argument. That the treaty was broken is one of the most specific and conspicuous facts in all history—the difficulty is, who were the breakers? That is to say, those who, having made the treaty, broke it? If a besieged garrison treat with the officer in command, and he accepts the condition that the garrison are to march out in military order with their accoutrements and weapons, their flags flying and their drums beating,—the treaty is broken, not only if the retreating garrison be fired at or caught and imprisoned, but if any soldiers in the besieging army are permitted to offer injury or insult to them. In such a supposition, however, there is one master over all—the commander of the besieging force, whose terms bind his sovereign, and whatever controlling

forces there are over the sovereign's army. But here came the question, of the obligation on persons who had no part in the treaty, and were not controllable by those who had a part.

This distinction has been casually but effectively marked by the practice of dividing the Treaty of Limerick into two parts—the military part, and the civil or political. It is generally admitted that the military part was scrupulously observed. For the accomplishment of the other part, King William showed zealous activity, leaving only the question whether, at the risk of the renewal of civil war, he should have followed a more determined policy for the observance of the treaty. Then behind all this comes the question, Should the besiegers have granted terms which they knew that they were unable to enforce on those to whom it fell to keep these terms? And the reasoning in a circle is completed, when it is seen that the garrison of Limerick knew as well as the besiegers that these had no power to enforce the terms, and that it was in the unscrupulous nature of a powerful enemy to treat them as waste paper.

The keynote of the stipulations was simply civil toleration to the professors of the religion of the Church of Rome. Of the penal laws so often denounced as a violation of these stipulations, a portion were in the statute-book at the beginning of our period, and others were added ere it came to an end. Among the former was an adjustment that completed the "Protestant ascendancy" in the Irish Parliament —an oath devised as a qualification for members, denouncing Transubstantiation and the Invocation of the Virgin or the Saints in the Calendar, and the

Adoration of the Mass. Among other provisions designed for the promotion of ascendancy beyond the Parliament itself, there was the mysterious English offence of *præmunire* incurred by all persons accessory to giving effect to the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome. Those who acknowledged that jurisdiction were prohibited, so long as they persisted in maintaining it, from acting as tutors in families. There was a pretence of a ratification of the Treaty of Limerick.[1] In a spirit thoroughly Irish, the articles were confirmed in the sense following, and not otherwise, — and that sense was, "that the garrison of Limerick, and all who had been in arms as opponents of the existing Government, should possess such rights as the law gave them at the time of the surrender of Limerick."

In the year 1703 the Irish Parliament passed the renowned measure "for discouraging the further growth of Popery." The father who was of the denounced creed was not to be the guardian of his children; and if any of them professed conversion to the Protestant faith, they were to be removed from his custody, and delivered to the nearest relation professing the Protestant faith. Lest a child might dread being disinherited by an indignant father if he turned Protestant, the father was disqualified from changing the legal line of succession, or doing aught that might have a tendency to reduce the value of the estate passing to his converted heir. The Papist could not be a purchaser of real or landed property; nor could he be a tenant under a leasehold extending above thirty years; and he could not succeed to an

[1] 9 Will. III., sess. 1, c. 27.

estate held by a Protestant relation. When there was no Protestant heir to an estate, it was to be divided among the children, or nearest group of kindred of whom the eldest would have succeeded to the whole by ordinary hereditary right. It was illegal for the Popish father to send his son abroad to be educated to his own religion; and the oath of abjuration and the test were rendered essential as qualification for office or voting at elections.

In 1709 some imperfections in the all-sufficiency of the family arrangements for encouraging converts were discovered, and it was provided that the Popish father must support, out of any estate he has, the converted child; and lest he should plead poverty, and attempt to evade the obligation, there were forms of inquiry in Chancery for the discovery of any estate belonging to him, and ascertaining its value. There was already an Act requiring Romish priests to be registered; and in 1709, methods of inquest, with rewards to informers, were enacted for hunting out the unregistered.

The Popish penal statutes are palpably and offensively visible in the Irish statute-book, and they have been uttered trumpet-tongued to the world by many commentators. Yet a strange mystery hangs over the questions, What became of them? How far were they put in force? It was eloquently and justly said by a looker-on, as the penal laws were coming one by one into existence: "It is natural for the father to love the child; but we all know that children are but too apt and subject, without any such liberty as this bill gives, to slight and neglect their duty to their parents; and surely such an Act as this will not

be an instrument of restraint, but rather encourage them more to it. It is but too common for the son when he has a prospect of an estate—when he arrives at the age of one-and-twenty—to think the old father too much in the way between him and it; but how much more will he be subject to it, when by this Act he shall have liberty, before he comes to that age, to compel and force my estate from me, without asking my leave, or being liable to account with me for it, or out of his share thereof, to a moiety of the debts, portions, or other encumbrances with which the estate might have been charged before the passing of this Act? Is not this against the laws of God and man?—against the rules of reason and justice by which all men ought to be governed? Is not this the best way in the world to make children undutiful, and to bring the grey head of the parent to grief and tears?"[1]

But where were the instances of parents suffering from unnatural children?—of the young rakes that, having ruined themselves by gambling and racing, could extort by a false profession of conversion the estate that the father had destined for worthier offspring? The historians of the penal period, ardently desirous of presenting all its horrors to their readers, have somehow missed the opportunity, if they had it, of increasing our horror of the statute-book by instances of cruelty in the practical application of the cruel laws. This is all the more remarkable, as much has been said about an infamous wretch named

[1] Cited from a speech by one of the Butler family in "History of Ireland, from the Earliest Period to the Emancipation of the Catholics," ii. 203.

Garcia, not an Irish Orangeman, but a Portuguese Jew, who made money by lodging informations against priests for failure to register themselves.

Are the penal laws to be, so far as practice goes, ranked as of the kind of phenomenon peculiar to Ireland, where something rising before the horrified gaze of common men as a portentous spectre, is found, when realised, to be some very poor practical joke? It is scarcely possible to believe that they were never enforced; but if there was enforcement, where are its traces? What portion have they in that ghastly and brilliant metaphor that Ireland is to be traced through history like the flight of a wounded man by a track of blood? It would be all the more desirable if we had some little knowledge of the practical enforcement of the penal laws, because then we could estimate the relative proportion, of persecution in Ireland to the bloody crusade against the Huguenots in France.

The whole question of the forces of bigotry and intolerance at work in Ireland at that time is further darkened into complexity by the position of the Dissenters or Nonconformists. It was not in Ireland as in England that these were thinly scattered over the country, and were almost always the minority—and a feeble minority—when considerable communities were tested. In the north, the Scots colony made a powerful and compact Presbyterian body, and it must have had its influence in at least dividing the forces armed against those inhabitants of the island who adhered to the Church of Rome. It is pretty certain that the High Churchman, who disliked his Romish neighbour for going further than himself in

the direction opposite to Low Church and Dissent, would not take the Presbyterian of Ulster into his confidence and alliance against the Romanist. There was one material point mixing with the other sources of difficulty in arraying the parties at variance with each other into hostile forces. The High Churchman did not admit that the Presbyterian was a Churchman, or that his minister was a clergyman. On the other hand, the High Churchman could not deny the pure apostolical descent of the old Church, because it was identical with the earlier portion of his own spiritual genealogy; and at the same time, however secure he might feel in the latter portion of the pedigree, he could not prevent the priest from maintaining it to be tainted. On the whole, there do not appear to have been in Ireland many people persecuted during the period we are dealing with, for all the bitterness of the penal code. No doubt the potent pliancy of their Church in neutralising offences, especially those committed against itself, went far in mitigating their liability to the law, by countenancing all external symbols of compliance, and exercising its power of absolution for sins whether against morals or only against the statute law. But this will not in itself sufficiently account, for all the traces of popular disorganisation and individual hardship that must elsewhere have followed on such laws, being undiscoverable. If a further reason for this must be given on probability, it may be found in the controlling power of the English Government, holding aloof when hard words only were administered, but restraining when hatred was to be expressed in blows.

Our notices of the Irish Parliament and its position and duties would not be complete without a few words on a certain curious and picturesque class of Irish statutes—those for the extinction of "Tories, Robbers, and Rapparees." How the name, applicable in its etymological origin to the Irish blackguard in his highest development of blackguardism and ruffianism, underwent the evolution that now renders it the fixed and accepted title of that party in the State which plumes itself on being the farthest removed of all parties from whatever is common and unclean, is one of the many mysteries in the perilous science of etymology. The three imputations, — tory, robber, and rapparee, are always used as synonymous ; and the peculiarity of the legislation levied against the class is not so much that it punishes them for the acts done by them, as for belonging to the class. A man is proclaimed and pursued by the officers of justice, not for any crime that he has committed, but because he is a "tory." For instance : "If any shall be presented at the assizes or quarter-sessions by the grand jury as a tory, rapparee, or robber, and the same being returned to the clerk of the council, the persons in the presentment named, shall, by proclamation from the lord-deputy, &c., and Council of this kingdom, be proclaimed; and if such person or persons do not render him or themselves, within the time therein limited, to some one or more justices of the peace of the county where such presentment shall be made, then he or they shall from thenceforth be convict of high treason and suffer accordingly; and that all and every person or persons concealing, aiding, abetting, or succouring them knowingly, from and after the time so limited

in such proclamation, shall be guilty of felony, without clergy, and suffer as felons convict, without clergy."[1]

The frenzy of terror and rage that could vent itself in a law so ferocious, seems to have obliterated for the time statutory manifestations of the hatred between the two religions, as conditions of common peril are said to bring quiescence and gentleness among wild beasts accustomed at other times to tear each other. When an outrage has been committed by any of the denounced class, and the offenders, "or the major part of them, shall not be killed, or apprehended and brought before some justice of peace or other magistrate, the respective grand juries of the several counties of the kingdom where such fact shall be committed, shall, at any assizes to be held in such county within one year after, present and charge upon the Papist or Protestant inhabitants thereof, proportionally, according as the number of such tories, robbers, or rapparees be Papists or reputed Papists, or Protestants, the sums following—that is to say, in case of murther not above £20, and for maiming not to exceed £10."[2]

There was another curious object of Irish penal legislation—the "Cosherer." He was one who carried to excess a weakness pretty well known throughout the civilised world, developing itself in a too great readiness to accept of hospitality, insomuch that it was sometimes accepted and taken where it had not been offered. The Irish Parliament reached a height of picturesqueness totally unapproached in the English statute-book in thus denouncing "coshery." "None,

[1] 7 Will. III., sess. 1, c. 21. [2] Ibid.

having no estates of their own, nor means of support from parents or kindred, shall walk up and down in the country with one or more greyhound or greyhounds, or otherwise shall cosher, or lodge, or cess themselves, their followers and greyhounds, upon the inhabitants of the country, or shall exact meat, or drink, or money from them, or shall crave any helps in such sort as the poor people dare not deny the same, for fear of some scandalous rhyme or song, or some worse inconvenience to be done"[1]

Every minister of the Crown, on preparing a Bill to be converted into an Act of Parliament for the government of Ireland, had to consider the significant question whether it should be initiated in the Parliament of England or the Parliament of Ireland. If he carried it to St Stephen's, he was in the hands of both Houses. At several points his measure might not only be lost, but it might be altered indefinitely. In the Parliament of Ireland he knew what the advisers of the Crown could do. Under Poyning's Act, as old as the time of Henry VII., no measure could be opened in the Irish Parliament unless it had been examined and passed by the king in Council—that is, by the Privy Council of England. Whatever portion of the Act got the assent of the Council, either as it was laid before them or with amendments, was returned to Dublin Castle as the permission to the Irish Parliament to adopt it.

In matters of mere regulation, or the amendment of any defect in the enforcement of the law, the Privy Council would be content to act on a report of

[1] An Exact Abridgement of all the printed Irish Statutes now in force; by C. Foverton, Esq., Barrister-at-law: 1700.—P. 63.

the Attorney or Solicitor General for England; but where the measure rose to the dignity of State politics, a committee of august persons might be desired to transact the business. But the criterion of difference between matters of importance and of routine is involved in those uncertainties about the logic on which they rest, which so perplex the stranger dealing with Irish affairs. Thus, on the 10th of July 1710, certain Bills from Ireland are referred by the Council to a Committee containing, among other important persons, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Marlborough, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord President, and the Lord Treasurer. The Bills receiving consideration so distinguished are—"For preventing the great expense, hazard, and trouble which tenants for lives are usually at in renewing their leases;" "For the better security of rents, and to prevent frauds committed by tenants;" "To prevent the maiming of cattle;" "For bringing an appeal in case of murder, notwithstanding the tenth of King Henry the Seventh, whereby murder is made high treason;" and there is a minute that the Committee are to consider petitions relating to the Bills, and hear the parties concerned.

Then, as to certain other measures, it is minuted: "The Bills hereunder minuted, lately transmitted from Ireland, in due form, to her Majesty, by the Lord Lieutenant and Council, were, by order of this Board, referred to Mr Attorney and Mr Solicitor General to peruse and consider the same, and to make their report thereupon." "And the said Bills, having been this day considered at the Board, with the following alterations and amendments proposed

by Mr Attorney and Mr Solicitor General," it is minuted as to each that "the Privy Council approve of the Bill with the alterations and amendments proposed by the Attorney-General and Solicitor-General, and direct the Bill to be delivered to the Clerk of the Crown, that it may pass the Great Seal." This course is taken with two Bills—the one "for suppressing blasphemy and profaneness," the other which became the renowned "Act to prevent the growth of Popery."

The form generally adopted in sending back a Bill from the English Privy Council to the Irish Parliament was: "It is this day ordered by her Majesty in Council, that the Right Honourable the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England attach the said seal to a Bill lately transmitted to her Majesty, in due form, out of Ireland, by the Lord Lieutenant and Council of that kingdom, which hath been approved of by her Majesty in Council here, with some amendments, intituled 'An Act for registering the Popish Clergy;' together with a commission to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland empowering him to give her royal assent to the said Bill in the Parliament of Ireland in case the said Bill shall be agreed upon in the said Parliament."[1]

A migration of foreigners to England produced much temporary excitement near London; but it had, long after it was forgotten there, a permanent influence on the national economy of Ireland. It was known as the affair of the Palatines. They were natives of several districts in southern Germany which had suffered from the cruel invasions of King

[1] Minutes, P. C. MS.

Louis; and they got their collective name because the bulk of them were supposed to have come from the Palatinate of the Rhine. We find them defined in a minute of the Privy Council issuing a proclamation enjoining a general collection to be made on behalf of "several thousand Germans of the Protestant religion, who, being oppressed and ruined by the great exactions of the French on the frontiers, and otherwise distressed upon account of their religion, have fled for refuge into this kingdom."[1] They seem to have been directed towards England by a gregarious influence, speaking in their misery of the wealth and kindness of the Protestant English. The French Huguenots had found an asylum there, and it might be open to the German victims of the great tyrant. Perhaps they knew also that Britain, excluded from the traditional mechanical trades and mysteries of the Continental nations, cultivated those who were adepts in them as welcome visitors. We learn that, in June 1709, "they were increased to 6520 men, women, and children, among whom were schoolmasters, husbandmen, vine-dressers, herdsmen, wheelwrights, smiths, weavers, carpenters, masons, bakers, coopers, brewers, and other handicraftsmen."[2]

The queen taking compassion on the poor wanderers, the humane example naturally spread. They were so destitute of preparation for planting themselves in a foreign land, that they were housed in tents taken from the military stores in the Tower and pitched on Blackheath and other open districts near London; and they were dependent on charity

[1] 29th June 1709; Minutes, P. C. MS.
[2] Rapin and Tindal, iv. 109.

for their daily bread. Their numbers increased rapidly and alarmingly, and their apparition was the immediate impulse to the repeal of the Act, mentioned elsewhere, for the naturalisation of foreign Protestants. A considerable body of these strangers seem to have been absorbed in England; but gangs of them were sent to the American colonies, and there was an emphatic removal of a portion of them to Ireland.

To plant starving people in a starving country may seem at first thought neither logical nor humane. But there was another serious misfortune not common to both — the Irish were idle, and, on the other hand, the Palatines were signally industrious. It may be noted, parenthetically, that this virtue had not so much influence in the project of planting them in Ireland as their religion had. They were Protestants; and seeing the difficulty ever felt by the British Government in ruling Ireland with its vast preponderance of a religion as disproportionately overbalanced in the other parts of the empire, there was a strong temptation to induce them permanently to reside in Ireland. The wanderers passed to the new home, where they were to be permanently domesticated, with a letter of introduction, in the shape of a minute of the Privy Council, issuing a proclamation "that the mayors, justices of peace, and other magistrates be aiding and assisting to them, so that they may be kindly entertained and civilly used in the several places on the road."[1] The arrangement was profitable at all hands. The great curse of Ireland

[1] 8th Aug. 1709; Minutes, P. C. MS.

was the disease of idleness, that left the resources of abundance ungathered. The frugal industrious Palatines, gradually by hard work acquiring available means, became, in their cultivated holdings, a peculiar people, living in frugal comfort in the unhappy land their misfortunes and not their misconduct had compelled them to inhabit.

CHAPTER XVIII.

London.

THE TWO GREAT CAPITALS OPPOSITE EACH OTHER — SECURITY FROM ATTACK — DIFFICULT NAVIGATION OF THE THAMES — QUEEN ELIZABETH'S LONDON, AND QUEEN ANNE'S — THE WALLS AND GATES — STREETS — THE ROW — REMNANTS OF ROMAN LONDON — THE TRAINED-BANDS — GOVERNMENT AND POLICE.

A GLANCE at the map of Europe will readily convince any one who looks at France and England and recalls their common history, that inevitably, through political forces acting on geographical conditions, London and Paris must have arisen where they now are. In times when, although there was little travelling by land there was still less by sea, a highway from Britain through Europe naturally took the Straits of Dover as the shortest sea-passage. This would create a seaport on either side of the Channel: and so we have Calais and Dover. But the vast commerce and intercourse for other purposes exchanged from either side would bring together in each country a centre of accumulation for population and wealth. If this had been in either instance on the sea-shore, the city so created must have been exposed to risk in time of war. In either case, therefore, without avowed design, but by the counter-pressure of facil-

ities and difficulties, a capital arose as near to the sea-shore as seemed to be consistent with safety to the citizens and the wealth accumulating within its walls. London, with the larger river, is especially unapproachable by water—though once in the course of history, the Dutch, who were then endeavouring to grasp the dominion of the ocean, made their cannon heard at Whitehall. The navigation of the Thames below the London docks is extremely capricious and difficult; and in times of panic about an invasion of the island, and a sacking of London, terrors have been appeased by those who knew what they were saying, assuring their friends that if the lighthouses, beacons, and buoys of the lower Thames were removed, the most skilful sailor in the world could not guide a fleet within cannon-shot of London.

There is a map of London as it stood in the reign of Queen Elizabeth in one of the many collections of maps and representations of towns and eminent buildings published by the Jansens of Amsterdam.[1] This

[1] 'Illustriorum principumque urbium septentrionalium Europæ Tabulæ. Amstelodami; ex officino Joannis Jansonii.' Of several copies of this work, I have never seen two with exactly the same in what they contain. Both the Elzevirs and Jansens seem to have had large collections of maps and architectural engravings, and to have selected out of them from time to time a parcel for publication. The title given above is in my own copy; but in it there is another title-page, later in date, and profusely decorated with figures, mythical and real —among the realities, a finely engraved full-length portrait of our King James and his favourite Buckingham. The title of this copy is, 'Theatrum præcipuarum urbium positarum ad septentrionalem Europæ Plagam,' yet the greater part of it is devoted to Italy. The method of rendering the edifices in these maps is signally useful and interesting for historical purposes, though it is not perhaps justified by canons either of art or geographical science. All the buildings are represented in a composite method of elevation and ground-plan. This enables one acquainted with the present state and the past history of any town to decide whether it is accurately represented by the artists who assisted

map is brought into our own period, by being re-engraved on a reduced scale for a book called 'A New View of London,' published in 1708.[1] The object of bringing the two maps together is to give significance to commentaries that invariably accompany comparisons of London past with London present at the time of the comparison, at whatever that time may be—the unprecedented rapidity of increase both in the enlargement of space and increase of population.

If we begin at the west end we find that the London of the older map ends at Whitehall opposite to the garden of Lambeth Palace. Whitehall is there, with large gardens attached to the buildings on either side, and where it expands, the Gothic Cross of Charing lifts its spire. Then at the turn by Somerset House, the Strand, like Whitehall, has gardens; and beyond these, on the north, are fields and woods till

the distinguished Dutch printers. Any one accustomed to wander inquiringly through London feels certain that the map in the collection is perfectly accurate. A few others in the same volume are compositions on imperfect data. This is signally conspicuous in the representation of 'Edenburgum—*vulgo* Edenburg.' The Castle, the High Street, Holyrood House, the City Wall, Arthur's Seat, and the Calton Hill are all there, but they are imaginary portraits.

[1] 'A New View of London; or, an ample account of that City, in two volumes, or eight sections: being a more particular description thereof than has hitherto been known to be published of any city in the world.' The particulars crowded together in the title-page, in small print, would fill some three pages of this book. It is distributed under eight heads:—

1. Containing the names of the streets, squares, lanes, markets, courts, &c.
2. Of the churches—their names, foundations, &c.
3. Of the several companies—their nature, halls, armorial ensigns, &c.
4. Of the queen's palaces, eminent houses, &c.
5. Colleges, libraries, museums, repositories of rarities, free schools, &c.
6. The hospitals, prisons, workhouses, houses of correction.
7. Of fountains, bridges, conduits, ferries, docks, keys, wharfs, &c.
8. An account of about ninety public statues, their situations, &c.

we reach Temple Bar. The wall beginning at the Blackfriars Stair turns with obtuse angles by the ports of the Aldgate, the Cripplegate, and the Moorgate. The Aldgate is on the way to a considerable northern suburb — the Smithfield and Clerkenwell; and again at the Bishopsgate a street runs northward beyond the wall, making St Botolph's and Bishopsgate Street. The same line of street passes southward through the city, over Old London Bridge, to the Southwark, where the most conspicuous objects are two circular buildings like the Colosseum, the one called the Beare Bayting, and the other the Boull Bayting.

In the map of 1708, some open spaces to the eastward, where buildings stand in the older map, may be held to represent relics of the track of the great fire of 1666. The western extremity of the town is at the Tothill Fields, and on the other side of the Park at the Palace of St James's. At the Piccadilly side it stretches westward about as far as Clarges Street. At a street running east and west in the direction of Mount Street and Conduit Street, the town ends on the western side, and the country begins on the line of Regent Street, passing up to the "road to Oxford," with a few houses on either side of it; and northward "St Giles in the Fields" and "Cock and Pye Fields," where the road, making a twist southward, now represented by High Street and Broad Street, converts itself into High Holborn. The town extends northwards to Montagu House and Southampton House, and encloses Bloomsbury Square and Red Lion Square. Eastward the town recedes, Gray's Inn looking northward on open country; it extends again eastward

about as far as Warner Street, and then the boundary being about half-way between the "Charter House" and the "New River Pond," it passes eastward to Hoxton, and thence by an indented curve southwards includes Montagu Square at its eastern extremity, then retiring westward along the line of Whitechapel, until close on the western side of Goodman's Fields, it takes the line of Lemon Street. The space between a line corresponding with Cable Street and Rosemary Lane on the north and the river on the south is occupied by the town enclosing open spaces. Above Wapping Stairs, where the London docks now are, a large open space is called "Garden grounds." The town then narrows itself towards Shadwell, and disappears at a short distance beyond Ratcliff, having between it and "the road to Harwich," the hamlet of Stepney and the "Hangman's Acre."

On the south side of the river there is a small hamlet beside Lambeth Palace, but the Surrey side of London is entered opposite to Whitehall. Thence it lines the river, and ends opposite to the termination of north London, its broadest stretch reaching and just passing the Church of St Mary Magdalen, Bermondsey.

In St James's Park, a lure island is called the "Decoy," being part of an arrangement that made the Park a preserve, organised for the sport of the fowler. Among the waters of London, Fleet Ditch, now hidden out of sight as something abominable, was, in 1708, conspicuous, and in some measure interesting. The author of the 'New View of London' says of it: "Fleet Ditch, so called," says Stow, "from the fleet or swift running of the water. It is

an extraordinary spacious stream, and indeed like two large streets as divided by the ditch—made for the more easy serving the parts of the town northly from the river with coals—between Thames Street and Holborn Bridge." So the stream seems to have been lined by a terrace on either side. Of the street getting its name of Fleet Street from crossing the stream, we are told that it is "a very public and spacious street of excellent buildings, the third and fourth rates of which fetch excellent rents; one house having been let near Temple Bar for £360 sterling per annum, and £1400 fine; and few or none under £40 or £50. . . . In this street are nineteen taverns, as many booksellers, and many linen-drapers. I find it recorded that one James Farr, a barber, who kept the coffee-house which is now the Rainbow by the Inner Temple gate, one of the first in England—was in the year 1657 prosecuted by the inquest of St Dunstan's-in-the-West, for making and selling a sort of liquor called coffee, as a great nuisance and prejudice to the neighbourhood, &c. And who would then have thought London would ever have had near three thousand such nuisances, and that coffee would have been—as now—so much drunk by the best of quality and physicians?"[1]

That those who enjoy the pursuit of the pedigrees and adventures of streets and remarkable houses in London might probably find much satisfaction in the old book called 'A New View,' may have been seen in the passages just cited, as well as in what follows relating to Paternoster Row.—"A very considerable street between Cheapside, Conduit East, and Amen

[1] New View of London, i. 29.

Corner West." "This name, as well as those of Ave Maria Lane, Creed Lane, and Amen Corner, were, it is not improbable, given by reason of the religious houses, formerly of Black and Grey Friars, between which these streets are situated. Stow, I find, since my writing the above, says there lived here 'turners of beads — called paternoster-makers; as also stationers who wrote and sold books then in use—viz., A B C, with the Paternoster, Ave, Creed, Graces, &c., in the reign of Henry IV.'"[1] That a higher order of booksellers were creeping towards the Row is shown by "St Paul's Churchyard, a very spacious place, a little south-west from Cheapside. The north side is about 250 yards, mostly inhabited by eminent booksellers."[2] And here, again, we are at home in "West Smithfield, a spacious place containing about three acres, in form of an irregular polygon consisting of five unequal sides. Here is the greatest market for cattle—both white and black—and horses in England, kept every Monday and Friday; and another for hay and straw, kept every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday; and also a very great fair for cattle, beginning on St Bartholomew's Day; but that for toys and the diversion of drolls, rope-dancing, and strange creatures, last a fortnight. . . . Stow says it had its name from being 'a smooth field, where the king used to see jousts and tournaments; also a place where malefactors were often executed.'"[3]

In the map of 1708 there are no vestiges of the wall save Temple Bar, and another gate giving access through Holborn. Of Temple Bar, recently removed, though it is not to be commended as a work of high

[1] New View of London, i. 62. [2] Ibid., 72. [3] Ibid., 87.

art, it is pleasant to know that its stones have been preserved, and are likely to be put together. Its long historical career, and its significance as the barrier and palladium of the free and powerful city, gave it a strong claim on the respect and affection of London citizens, and prompted them long to endure its inconvenience and danger. Perhaps the last memory associated with it may be its use in metaphor for expressing the limitation of the number of measures that can pass through a session of Parliament, from the number of omnibuses that can pass through Temple Bar. Among the oldest associations with it is its close vicinity to the small dark tavern of the Cock, where the laureate has sung on the same bin that supplied the wine to cheer Samuel Pepys, what time he heard the boom of the cannon of the Dutch fleet in the Medway.

The part of London that, both in its aspect and the purpose to which it was applied, has undergone the smallest amount of change since the days of Queen Anne, is perhaps Whitehall. The chief novelty there is the Horse Guards and the Government offices, with the view of the tower of Westminster Palace, the strange pensive chime of its bells, and the great sheet of flame mounted high in the air to announce that the mighty Legislature of Britain is sitting in council. Just before our period the palace had been burnt down, all but the beautiful banqueting-hall, the masterpiece of Inigo Jones—and, to the good fortune of the present, and, let us hope, after centuries, the only portion of the palace that it would have been an irreparable calamity to have lost. Though not in their present house, the Guards made

the spot more lively with their brilliant red liveries than it is at present, since, ostensibly, only two men represent the old guard of horse and foot. Between them and the river at Whitehall Stairs was a sort of place of call for the hiring of people for casual purposes, such as running messages, carrying parcels, showing the way to unknown parts of the intricate city, and perhaps in the performance of other services not all of them creditable. When waiting for another job they acted as shoeblacks, the "Clean your boots, sir," of the day. It was noticed that they ventured on a good deal of mocking mimicry of the Guards in drilling and parading. Hence they brought on themselves the name of "the blackguards,"[1] thus contributing its most powerful appellative to the vituperative nomenclature of the English language.

London, in filling the spaces swept by the great fire with fresh streets and buildings, was then in the middle of a work of which the method of fulfilment, as selected from others available at the time, has been so heartily condemned at the present day, that there is a prospect and a hope that all, or nearly all, may be pulled down and reconstructed. The Romans were a practical, wise people, and in nothing did

[1] Blackguards — from the shoeblacks, who came to be greeted as "the black guard," because they gathered in force at the Horse Guards. "Dirty, nasty, tattered, roguish boys that attend at the Horse Guards to wipe shoes, clean boots, water horses, or run of errands."—New Dictionary of the Terms, Ancient and Modern, of the Canting Crew, by B. T. Gents. "Under the notion of cleaning our shoes, about ten thousand wicked, idle, pilfering vagrants are permitted to patrol about our city and suburbs. These are called the 'Blackguards,' who black your honours' shoes, and incorporate themselves under the title of the 'Worshipful Company of Japanners.'" — Everybody's Business is Nobody's Business, by Defoe, p. 25.

they more conspicuously show their wisdom than in their ædile police, with its provisions for removing the impurities that injure health, and its precautions against danger from fire. When the great fire of 1666 left so much of London to be rebuilt, there were plans that, if any of them had been adopted, would have made an open healthy city; but, left to private speculation and competition, the houses followed the market for house accommodation. Hence the stranger curious in finding what kind of town he is in, after due admiration for the clubs and palaces in Pall Mall and St James's Square, turns the corner and finds himself among the rookeries as they are termed—the abodes of mendicants, prostitutes, and thieves.

It is among the laws of supply and demand that where the wealthy congregate there will the worthless classes—living on the casual and careless expenditure of the wealthy—congregate, if they can find houses or hiding-holes. The vagrancy and mendicancy laws, and the police who administer these laws, have had a long harassing and vain contest with them. Laws were passed prohibiting the resort of the people to London, but such laws could not be put in practice without an interference with personal freedom inconsistent with the spirit of the British constitution. There would have been no tyranny or undue interference with personal liberty had London been so built that the vagrant and mendicant class could find no means of settling there. The late police magistrate, Mr Walker, the author of 'The Original,' who was a shrewd observer, and had seen as much of London life as any man had, made the observation,

that "if the Strand were lined with empty casks they would all have inhabitants within a week, and these inhabitants would breed a cask-living race." The corollary from this was to avoid lining the Strand with empty casks. Had the new town that was to arise out of the flames been so built that no one could afford to inhabit it who was not self-supporting, there would have been no hardship to any one. The pressure of the absolute law of supply and demand would have provided for the decent workman by raising the wages of his labour to the point that would enable him to hire a house sufficient for his wants; and it would have been to the injury of no one had an ædile police prohibited the erection of houses liable to be overcrowded by a surplus idle population. The mistake having been committed, the remedy cannot be effected without great cost and perhaps some hardship. But still, both cost and hardship might be a better policy in the end than the protracted tolerance of the social disease.

Some cities—generally built with stone—have such an air and structure as if they had risen in an incrustation or crystallised coating upon some geological upheaval beneath — such as Cracow, Tivoli, Naples, and, conspicuously, Edinburgh. London, on the other hand, has more of the nature of a vast encampment, or a fair with hundreds of thousands of booths crowded together. People habitually residing in London cannot understand the impression of the flimsy, the unsubstantial, and the temporary, felt by the inmate of a strong stone-house when he spends his first night in London. He notices that throughout the whole mighty mass of buildings ever here

and there a process of transmutation is at work. Occupying a high storey in some inn or lodging-house, he finds that while he was asleep a lower storey has been cut out to be renewed, and an ingenious process of machinery has been constructed for his security and freedom of motion. At the first aspect it is like a place where antiquity is impossible, yet shall he find by degrees many remnants of the far past.

The sagacious and industrious Roman saw the advantage offered to the civilised settler in the site of the present city, and he has left abundant relics of a settled life there, in the bath, with its luxurious privacy and its holocaust, the tesselated pavements, statuary, houses, and tombs. So much Roman masonry has been found in the old wall as to support the theory that the Roman colonists built the whole of the wall, and that in later ages it was only repaired or altered for support and adaptation to new systems of mural fortification. Though a time came when there was nothing of the Roman in the social life of London, it came to no sudden termination but died away into the life of the Saxon, until it was, in language at least, restored in the revival of classical literature. But in London, as elsewhere, Rome left her traces in the form of the early native architecture, now from that peculiarity sometimes called Romanesque. If instances are desired more closely uniting in pedigree the round arched form of the Gothic, commonly called Norman, than the London churches supply, it may be found not far from London, and among the abundant ancient remains at St Albans, where it is maintained by some that much of the brickwork is of undoubted Roman type.

The Church of St Bartholomew the Great at Smithfield is a grand specimen of the transition from Roman to Gothic in its size and the purity of its adherence to the round arch. It may not be without interest to note how the literary guide of our period pointed out its qualities to the stranger. "The church is a spacious pleasant old building of the Gothic and Tuscan orders, with a strong timber roof. The walls of the church are of boulder-stone and brick, and the steeple of brick, with battlements. It had the good fortune to escape the terrible fire in 1666, and was new beautified in the year 1696. It is handsomely enough pewed, though mostly old, and the pulpit is a piece of fine old carving after the Gothic manner.

"The altar-piece is a very spacious piece of architecture, painted of stone-colour in perspective. It consists of four columns and two pilasters with their entablements of the Doric order. The intercolumns are the Commandments, and lower are the Lord's Prayer and Creed, all done in gold letters upon black. Over the Commandments and under an arching pediment is a glory, with the word Jehovah done in Hebrew characters. Above the said pediment are the queen's arms done in their colours between two columns of the Ionic order, over which is another circular pediment, and the whole is adorned with pyramidal figures, shields, &c."[1]

In London, the powers of good and evil in contest with each were in a state of concentration,—great evils demanding strong and large remedies. A cry

[1] New View of London, i. 142.

of spiritual destitution is raised, and Parliament passes an Act to erect at once fifty new churches; and they stand yet an instructive lesson on the architectural styles common to the period. In the matter of police, the city had a concentrated power from a very remote period. The Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council having inquest men and constables for their assistance, much of the service thus obtained was a feudal duty, rendered by the citizen himself if he were poor, and by a hired deputy if he were rich. The growing cities beyond the city proper were generally, when disorganisation became supreme, brought under local Acts. There was, of course, divided management, but crime and vice had not then the means of spreading rapidly over the whole population, and both the evil and the remedy were of a parochial character. The "better sort," as they were called—the tradesmen with incomes sufficient for keeping up a good house—lived much as they do now, with a limited attendance of female servants. These were in their day objects of bitter complaint, as mimicking "their betters" in attire and luxuries. Defoe complains of his own particular domestic damsel taking snuff with the air of a duchess.

There were no comprehensive aids for the removal of impurities, but at the same time there were not the fatal causes of reaction that are apt to occur where large remedies are tried prematurely ere the full mechanical command over their mischievous powers has been acquired. There was ornamental ground within the town, and abundance of unfertile but fertilisable clay all around, to absorb organic matter, and the Thames had not yet been trans-

muted into a *cloaca maxima*, though so much pollution had got into it as to create uneasiness about the salmon-fishery. An Act of the year 1710 gives us some hints on the condition of the river, and shows a stage in the advancement of the pollution that was interrupting the fastidious salmon on the way to the upper reaches. "That salmon fish — which are become very scarce by destroying great quantities of salmon 'at the period when they are out a season and spawning' — may become very plentiful and common in the said fishery, as they were formerly," it is made penal to catch them between the 24th of August and the 11th of November. The Legislature was so provident as to provide a staked spawning-ground for the fish able to reach it; and it was to be fixed by the corporation in some place "betwixt the London mark-stone above Staines Bridge and London Bridge." But it was destined that the advancement of London in cleanliness, by using the river as a vast sewer for carrying away the impurities of the city, should be far more hostile to the ascent of this fastidious fish than the poacher.

When Queen Anne passed in state through the city—as we have seen that she passed on the occasions of thanksgiving at St Paul's for the great victories—she was attended as a guard of honour by a detachment of the "Artillery Company," otherwise the "trained-bands." In the high qualifications of John Gilpin, not only was he a citizen of credit and renown, but a "trained-band captain eke was he, of famous London town." This was a military force peculiar and distinct from all others in its command and its privileges, like so many of the institutions

attached to "the city." They were under the Crown as the supreme head of all the military forces of the realm, but they were not included in the vote that annually subjected the standing army to the control of Parliament. They had estates of their own for their maintenance, and were an army. Their numbers do not seem to have been limited; and in Cromwell's time they approached 20,000 in strength. The world is not complimentary to the civic soldier in acknowledging the extent of his valour and the completeness of his discipline. But if their renown in preceding centuries had been forgotten, it was resuscitated when the great Chancellor's History burst from its hiding-place into the light of day, and told a tale of the prowess of the Trained-bands that made the heart of the city leap with exultation. The occasion was the battle of Newbury, in the year 1643, just before Essex's march to London. Clarendon tells us how "the king's horse, with a kind of contempt of the enemy, charged with wonderful boldness upon all grounds of inequality; and were so far too hard for the troops on the other side that they routed them in most places, till they had left the greatest part of their foot without any guard at all of horse. But then the foot behaved admirably on the enemy's part and gave their scattered horse time to rally, and were ready to assist and secure them on all occasions. The London trained-bands and auxiliary regiments —of whose inexperience of danger or any kind of service, beyond the easy practice of their postures in the artillery garden, men had till then too cheap an estimation—behaved themselves to wonder, and were in truth the preservation of that army that day; for

they stood as a bulwark and rampart to defend the rest; and when their wings of horse were scattered and dispersed, kept their ground so steadily, that though Prince Rupert himself led up the choice horse to charge them, and endured their storm of small shot, he could make no impression upon their stand of pikes, but was forced to wheel about; of so sovereign benefit and use is that readiness, order, and dexterity in the use of their arms, which had been so much neglected."[1]

The author of the 'New View' seems to think that the reputation of their valour on that occasion had endowed them with a vaulting ambition, saying, "They do by prescription march over all the ground, from the artillery ground to Islington, and Sir George Whitmore's at Hoxton, breaking down gates, &c., that obstructed them on such marches."

The readers of the 'Spectator' get many casual glances at the city life of Addison's day, and especially at those terrible Mohawks who haunted the streets at night. They appear to have taken their name, and perhaps in some measure their costume, from the Indian chiefs whose visit to London is elsewhere noted. A book attributed to Edward Ward, commonly called Ned Ward, has for its title, 'The English Theophrastus; or, the Manners of the Age: being the Modern Characters of the Court, the Town, and the City.' Here one might expect to find some insight to the city life of the time; but the book has throughout a provoking tone of the didactic, dealing in general censures and commendations. About the clearest picture in it is the following:—

[1] History (Oxford, 1843), p. 449.

"One of the most remarkable fools that resort to Wills's is the fop-poet, who is one that has always more wit in his pockets than anywhere else, yet seldom or never any of his own there. Æsop's daw was a type of him, for he makes himself fine with the plunder of all parties. He is a smuggler of wit, and steals French fancies without paying the customary duties. Verse is his manufacture; for it is more the labour of his fingers than his brain. He spends much time in writing, but ten times more in reading what he has written. He asks your opinion, yet for fear you should not jump with him, tells you his own first. He desires no favour, yet is disappointed if he is not flattered, and is always offended at the truth. He is a poetical haberdasher of small-wares, and deals very much in novels, madrigals, funeral and love odes, panegyrics, elegies, and other toys of Parnassus, which he has a shop so well furnished with, that he can fit you with all sorts in the twinkling of an eye. He talks much of Wycherley, Garth, and Congreve, and protests he cannot help having some respect for them, because they have so much for him and his writings, otherwise he could make it appear that they understand little of poetry in comparison of himself, but he forbears them, merely out of gratitude and compassion. He is the oracle of those that want wit, and the plague of those that have it; for he haunts their lodgings, and is more terrible to them than their duns."[1]

We have, on the other hand, in the following diary of a week, by Thomas Brown, a story sufficiently terse and specific:—

"*Wednesday*, 16.—Cloudy foggy weather at Gar-

[1] The third edition, 1708, p. 9.

raway's and Jonathan's, and at most coffee-houses, at and about twelve. Crowds of people gather at the Exchange by one, disperse by three. Afternoon noisy and bloody at her Majesty's bear-garden in Hockley-in-the-Hole. Night sober with broken captains and others that have neither credit nor money. If rainy, few night-walkers in Cheapside and Fleet Street. This week's transactions censured by the virtuosos at Child's from morning till night.

"*Thursday*, 17.—Coffee and water-gruel to be had at the Rainbow and Nando's at four. Hot furmity at Fleet Bridge by seven. Justice to be had at Doctors' Commons, when people can get it. A lecture at Pinner's Hall at ten. Excellent pease-pottage and tripe in Baldwin's Gardens at twelve. . . . A constable and two watchmen killed, or near being so, in Westminster; whether by a lord, or a lord's footman, the planets don't determine.

"*Friday*, 18.— . . . Damsels whipped for their good-nature at Bridewell about ten. Several people put in fear of their lives by their godfathers at the Old Bailey at eleven. Great destruction of herrings at one. Much swearing at three among the horse-coursers in Smithfield; if the oaths were registered as well as the horses, good Lord, what a volume 'twould make! Several tails turned up at Paul's School, Merchant Tailors', &c., for their repetitions. Night very drunk, as the two former.

"*Saturday*, 19.—Twenty butchers' wives in Leadenhall and Newgate markets overtaken with sherry and sugar by eight in the morning. Shopkeepers walk out at nine, to count the trees in Moorfields, and avoid duns. People's houses cleansed in the

afternoon, but their consciences we don't know when. . . . Evening pretty sober.

"*Sunday*, 20.—Great jangling of bells all over the city from eight to nine. Psalms murdered in most parishes about ten. Abundance of doctrines and uses in the meetings, and no application. Vast consumption of roast beef and pudding at one. Afternoon sleepy in most churches. Store of handkerchiefs stolen in Paul's at three. Informers busy all day long. Night not so sober as might be wished.

"*Monday*, 21.— . . . Catchpoles up early to seize their prey against the first day of the term. Journeymen tailors', shoemakers', and prentices' heads ache with what they had been doing the day before. Tradesmen begin the week with cheating, as soon as they open shop. If fair, the Park full of women at noon; some virtuous and some otherwise. Great shaking of the elbow at Wills's, &c., about ten. Two porters fall out at putt in a cellar in the Strand, at twelve precisely.

"*Tuesday*, 22.—Wind, whether east, west, north, or south, no matter, but in one corner or other of the compass most certain; if high, the beaux advised to be merciful to their long perukes. Muslins and pepper rise at the East India House at twelve. Calicoes fall before two. Coached masques calling at the chocolate-houses between eight and nine."[1]

Here is another sketch of town life, showing the shape taken, above a century and a half ago, by a phenomenon familiar to the present day—the August exodus :—

[1] "The Works of Mr Thomas Brown. The Ninth Edition, carefully Corrected."—I. 145-147.

"*To* George Moult, Esq., *from the Gun Music-Booth in Smithfield.*

"Dear George,—

"*August* 30, 1699.

"All things are hushed, as law itself were dead,
Poor pensive Fleet Street drops its mournful head;
Smooth alkalies in peace with acids sleep;
The Church and stage no longer difference keep:
The Strand's a desert grown.

"And now the spirit of versification leaving me in the lurch, I come to tell you in honest prose that I mean no more by all this rumbling stuff than to let you know this is the long vacation, which lawyers, poor whores, and tailors, as well as many other trades, agree to curse most plentifully. Yet though the generality of our people are glad this penitential season is near expired, for my part I could heartily wish, as a soldier does by the wars, or a woman by enjoyment, it would last much longer.

"You'll tell me that this is paradox; for why the plague should a man desire to be in town, when it is a solitude in a manner, and all the best company is gone to Tunbridge, Epsom, or the Bath? All this may be true; but before you and I part, perhaps I may bring you to be of my opinion—I mean, reconcile you to the long vacation.

"In the first place, you must know that I hate to be in a crowd; for which reason I wonder why so many wise gentlemen should be so fond to go to the jubilee at Rome, where they are like to be thronged or crowded, as much as a spectator at a country bull-

baiting, and with almost as bad a mob. I hope you'll pardon the familiarity of the expression, for indeed, when I consider what a motley herd of priests, fops, and bigots will troop thither on this occasion, I cannot find in my heart to give them a better name. In short, I love the long vacation upon the same account that some honest claret-drinkers love walking home at midnight, because the streets are clearer and not so incommoded as at other times. Besides, London is at no time of the year so thinly peopled (God be thanked!) but a man, with a little industry, may find company enough of both sexes, to the ruin of his health and consumption of his estate. But this is not all: a universal spirit of civility reigns over all the town; the tradesmen are more confiding, and the harlots better-natured.

"A vintner, who, in the hurry of Michaelmas term, is as difficult of access as a privy councillor, will now give you his company for asking, and perhaps club his bottle into the bargain; and the very individual damsel with whom, a month or two hence, nothing below a senator will go down, or at least a man that will bribe as deep, is now so humble by the emptiness of the town, that for the credit of being carried in a coach to her lodgings, and the expense of a bottle of wine to treat her landlady, she will put on a clean smock to oblige you, without so much as exacting money to pay the laundress.

"I could say a thousand things more in behalf of the vacation, but I shall content myself at present with observing that it produces Bartholomew Fair; and when I have said that, I think it needs no farther

panegyric. If antiquity carries any weight with it, the Fair has enough to say for itself on that head. Fourscore years ago and better, it afforded matter enough for one of our best comedians to compose a play upon it. But Smithfield is another sort of a place now to what it was in the times of honest Ben, who, were he to rise out of his grave, would hardly believe it to be the same numerical spot of ground where Justice Overdo made so busy a figure; where the crop-eared parson demolished a gingerbread stall; where Nightingale, of harmonious memory, sung ballads; and fat Ursula sold pig and bottled ale.

"As I have observed to you, this noble Fair is quite another thing than what it was in the last age: it not only deals in the humble stories of Crispin and Crispianus, Whittington's cat, Bateman's ghost, with the merry conceits of the little pickle-herring, but it produces operas of its own growth, and is become a formidable rival to both the theatres. It beholds gods descending from machines, who express themselves in a language suitable to their dignity: it traffics in heroes; it raises ghosts and apparitions; it has represented the Trojan horse, the workmanship of the divine Epeus; it has seen St George encounter the Dragon, and overcome him. In short, for thunder and lightning, for songs and dances, for sublime fustian and magnificent nonsense, it comes not short of Drury Lane or Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. But to leave off this bombast with which the booths have infected me, and deliver myself in a more familiar style, you must know that at this present writing your humble

servant is in a music-booth; yet though he is distracted with a thousand noises and objects, as a maid whirling round with a dozen rapiers at her neck, a dance of chimney-sweepers, and a fellow standing on his head on the top of a quart-pot, he has both leisure and patience enough to write to you."[1]

[1] The Works of Mr Thomas Brown, i. 188-190.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Four Last Years.

THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND — CASE OF GREENSHIELDS — ESTABLISHMENT OF APPEAL TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS—ABOLITION OF PATRONAGE — ACT AGAINST OCCASIONAL CONFORMISTS IN ENGLAND—THE LEGISLATION OF THE PERIOD — THE ASSIENTO AND THE SOUTH SEA ACT—THE COMPANY—MONOPOLY OF THE SLAVE-TRADE BY BRITAIN — THE SITUATION AND THE JACOBITES—QUARREL BETWEEN BOLINGBROKE AND OXFORD—THE QUEEN'S DEATH — THE CRITICAL ASSEMBLING OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL.

"The Tory Ministry," as it was termed, of the reign of Queen Anne, left behind it the elements of a long polemical and political squabble in Scotland. The Protestants there were divided into three bodies, having strong marks of incompatibility with each other. There was the Episcopalian community in the north-east, strong in wealth and rank. By English nomenclature they would have been assigned to the High Church party; but they went farther in the same direction than that party, and if their political creed could have been brought forth into the light, it would have revealed, in almost every instance, the deadly blot of Jacobitism. There was the comfortable Presbyterian Establishment standing between that unorthodox and unconstitutional body on the

one side of it, and on the other side the remnant of those who proclaimed the Solemn League and Covenant as still binding on all the three realms of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The first clashing of these elements was the work of the most moderate of the three—the Established Church; and those who began and taught it the lesson of restlessness, had occasion bitterly to lament that they had opened the flood-gates.

An Episcopal clergyman, named Greenshields, bringing his orders as a clergyman from Ireland, had settled in Edinburgh, where he ministered to a congregation of his own persuasion. He made his advent conspicuous and offensive by bringing with him the English liturgy; for, ever since the attempt of Laud and his party to force a liturgy, in which Popish tendencies had been detected, on the people of Scotland, even the old simple liturgy of Scotland, sanctified by the name and approval of John Knox, had fallen aside and been forgotten.

Here, then, in a Presbyterian community, was a clergyman using a service unsanctioned by the National Church; and so the local authority of that Church, the Presbytery of Edinburgh, put him on trial, and "discharged" him, as an unqualified intruder, from acting the part of clergyman within their bounds. The clergy, however, had only spiritual weapons, and these could touch neither him nor the building used by him. The presbytery applied to the magistrates, who sentenced Greenshields to imprisonment; and their judgment was confirmed by the Court of Session.

Then came a momentous question. After a long

constitutional struggle, Scotland had, in the seventeenth century, secured what was called "remeid of law" to the Estates—an appeal from the king's judges in the Court of Session to the representatives of the people in Parliament. Would an appeal now lie to the British Parliament established by the Union? An appeal was brought. It found its way into the usual channel of appeals to the House of Lords; and there, in the tribunal dignified by the presence of the English bishops, all that had been done to put down Greenshields was reversed.

This reversal was a historical event, making, in conjunction with two Acts of Parliament, a historical crisis in Scotland. In the south-western counties troublesome mobs of fanatics had, to use a term brought in at the time, "rabbled" Episcopalian clergymen who had ventured among them. An Act, avowedly to remedy this, was passed; but, with thorough English unconsciousness of offence, it touched very sensitive nerves in the religious life of the Presbyterian clergy and their sincere followers. The clergy were required to take the Test and Abjuration Oaths as public officers, and were also required, at each religious service, to pray "in express words for her most sacred majesty Queen Anne, and the most excellent Princess Sophia." Now, as it happened, there were no men more zealous in the support of the Protestant succession than these clergy and their followers; but, at the same time, there were none who so heartily abjured the right of the State to impose religious tests; and in this instance, the calling up of the line of succession unfortunately brought it under the close notice of the Scots Presby-

terians, that the Act bringing the Princess Sophia into the line brought her in under a limitation of the succession to members of the Church of England.

The other of the two offensive measures was "An Act to restore the patrons to their ancient rights of presenting ministers to the churches vacant in that part of Great Britain called Scotland." In England the advowson or advocation — the collating to the benefice—was a relic of the easy life that the established religion, as administered by the affluent Church of England, enjoyed. The great landowners—they might be peers or baronets also, but their claim to local dignity and power was rooted in the soil—had, in old times, founded churches, and had fallen into the practice of giving the church founded by an ancestor the services of a clergyman in the person of a younger son of the house. It was a decorous and convenient arrangement—providing duties as well as emolument to a younger son, and keeping him near the paternal hearth. In the strifes, religious and secular, that had shaken Scotland, no such accommodative adjustment had been permitted to grow, and "patronage" had come to be denounced as an outrage on the sacred rights of "the Christian people." Lay patronage had been abolished by an Act of the year 1690. The terms of this Act, when now examined, are obscure, and in some measure contradictory. One part of it withdraws the patronage, and creates what was called the "harmonious call" by certain laymen, recommending to the ecclesiastical court a successor to a vacancy. The Act of 1690, however, fixed a price to be paid to the patron: it was to be 600 merks — a trifle above £33 in modern money.

It appears that the patron could abandon the patronage and claim the money; and, on the other hand, that he could be compelled to sell the patronage at its parliamentary price. Vested rights created under this Act were respected by the Act of 1712, and the patrons did not recover the patronages for which they had drawn compensation.

The Act against Occasional Conformists got its way through Parliament under the new influences coming into effect on the 12th day of March 1712. It is an Act curiously interwoven and parenthetical, as if it had been drawn with an effort to raise difficulties in the way to the discovery of its meaning. Even its title is elaborate and dubious, seeming to hide its intolerance under a proclamation of the furtherance of toleration. It is called "An Act for Preserving the Protestant Religion, by better securing the Church of England, as by law established; and for confirming the toleration granted to Protestant Dissenters by an Act intituled 'An Act for exempting their Majesties Protestant subjects, dissenting from the Church of England, from the penalties of certain laws, and for supplying the defects thereof; and for the further securing the Protestant succession, by requiring the practisers of the law in North Britain to take the oath, and subscribe the declaration therein mentioned.'"[1]

The person, whether he have occasionally conformed or not, who holds a Government or corporation office, is disqualified by the Act if he afterwards attends a conventicle. The conventicle is defined to be a meeting of ten persons occupied in religious ceremonial or worship other than the English Prayer-

[1] 10 Anne, c. 2, British Statutes, iii. 445.

book; and if an attempt is made to conceal the congregation in a private house, the law interposes if there be ten persons besides the family occupying the house. That the Act may be cleansed of any Jacobite stain, it provides, that although the liturgy of the Church of England be used in the assembly, otherwise acting as a conventicle, the forfeiture is incurred if prayer for the Princess Sophia is omitted. The punishment is a penalty of £40, and incapacity to hold office.

A statute passed early in the year 1711 connects itself, on the one side, with a remarkable stipulation in the Treaty of Utrecht, and, on the other, with great calamities overtaking the British empire some years after the end of our period. It stands on the statute-book as "An Act for making up deficiencies and satisfying the public debts; and for erecting a corporation to carry out a trade in the South Seas; and for the encouragement of the fishery; and for liberty to trade in unwrought iron with the subjects of Spain; and to repeal the Acts for registering seamen." Before entering on the political and commercial influence of this Act, it may be noted as a specimen of the legislative practice of the period. The social organisation of the empire in all its elements was becoming complex and cumbrous, and the statute law expressed its character in mixed and incoherent legislation. The "excellent brevity" that Bacon found in the Scots Acts was not characteristic of the legislation of England at any time; nor perhaps would it have been endured in England, since it owed its excellency to imperfection in the full definition of what is lawful, and its distinction from

what is unlawful. The early statute law of England had, however, been comparatively brief and distinct; but now wealth and trade and enlargement of population demanding more extensive and minute legislation than that of older reigns, the legislator, or rather his draughtsman, endeavoured to overtake the increasing wants that had to be provided for, simply by increasing the number of words used by him, without any system of analytic classification.

From this source the statute law was at this period rapidly degenerating into a chaos, where the precepts that the subject had to obey if he would avoid pains and penalties became so hidden, that the person who should keep up an acquaintance with them all required to devote his life to the task; and the safety of the public at large from capture in the traps hidden in the statute law depended, not on knowledge of the nature and position of the traps, but in the ignorance of the rest of the world that there were such places, and that victims might be found in them.

Tediousness and perplexity in legislation were at this time becoming evident as one of the inevitable conditions of national freedom. Justinian issued his institute of the laws of the empire in a small volume of simple precepts, expressed with much terseness and beauty. The same feat was repeated by Napoleon in his illustrious Code. But all simplifiers of the law in this country have been baffled by the necessity of defining their precepts with so much fulness and exactness that there can be no misinterpretation. The statutory rule insufficient for its purposes, is the property of him who can gain by founding on the insufficiency. Reason, common-sense, and even the

intention of the promoters of the precept are appealed to in vain if the precept that professes to be a law is insufficient for its purposes.

To desire a reader to peruse a document merely that he may note how tedious and confused it is, can scarcely be called an invitation to a pleasurable task. But for those who care to examine them, two specimens are deposited in a note. They are the titles, and the titles only, of two Acts of Parliament; the first in order being an Act of the tenth year of Queen Anne—the second specimen being the title of an Act passed in the next ensuing reign, cited for the purpose of showing how perplexity and lengthiness were accumulating.[1] From that time to the present day

[1] "An Act for laying several duties upon all sope and paper made in *Great Britain* or imported into the same; and upon chequered and striped linens imported; and upon certain silks, callicoes, linens, and stuffs printed, painted, or stained; and upon several kinds of stampt vellum, parchment, and paper; and upon certain printed papers, pamphlets, and advertisements for raising the sum of eighteen hundred thousand pounds by way of a lottery towards her Majesty's supply; and for lisencing an additional number of hackney chairs; and for charging certain stocks of cards and dice; and for better securing her Majesties duties to arise in the office for the stamp-duties by licences for marriages and otherwise; and for relief of persons who have not claimed their lottery tickets in due time, or have lost Exchequer bills, or lottery tickets; and for borrowing money upon stock (part of the capital of the *South-Sea* Company) for the use of the publick."

"An Act to continue several laws for the better regulating of pilots for the conducting of ships and vessels from Dover, Deal, and the Isle of Thanet, up the rivers of Thames and Medway; and for permitting rum or spirits of the British sugar plantations to be landed before the duties of excise are paid thereon; and to continue and amend an Act for preventing frauds in the admeasurement of coals within the city and liberty of Westminster, and several parishes near thereunto; and to continue several laws for preventing exactions of occupiers of locks and wears upon the river Thames westward, and for ascertaining the rate of water carriage upon the said river; and for the better regulation and government of seamen in the merchant service; and also to amend so much of an Act made in the first year of the reign of King

the simplification of the statute law has occupied the attention of many men of great ability and profound learning. The chief improvements first attempted were in classification and arrangement. The Acts of Queen Anne as originally printed have no separate enumeration beyond the year of the queen's reign within which they were passed. The separate title —such as the specimens in the note—separates any one statute from all others, but they are not separated from each other by a number, nor divided into numbered sections, as in the present day, when, through the mass of our far more abundant statute law we can at once lay our hand on a small paragraph if we are instructed where we shall find it; if we are told that it is the twentieth section of the sixteenth chapter of the Acts passed in the forty-first year of the reign of Queen Victoria; or otherwise more briefly, "the 41st Vict., c. 16, s. 20."

Something has been accomplished by legal experts undertaking the framing of a symmetrical code for a consolidating statute adjusting for permanence some portion of the statute law; and when this is effectively done, the division by sections is aided by a logical division and subdivision, so that each part

George the First as relates to the better preservation of salmon in the river Ribble; and to regulate fees in trials at assizes and *nisi prius*, upon records issuing out of the office of pleas at the Court of Exchequer; and for the apprehending of persons in any country or place upon warrants granted by justices of the peace in any other country or place; and to repeal so much of an Act made in the twelfth year of the reign of King Charles the Second, as relates to the time during which the office of excise is to be kept open each day, and to appoint for how long a time the same shall be kept open upon each day for the future; and to prevent the stealing or destroying of turnips; and to amend an Act made in the second year of his present Majesty, for better regulation of attorneys and solicitors."

of the law is in the place where the reading of the previous parts leads to an expectation that it may be found. These consolidating statutes are now numerous, and they open a peculiarity in the statute-book of a kind that claims attention from historical students if they would accurately know the legislation of the historical period they may be studying for the time. The consolidating Acts represent groups of old Acts repealed. But all along the course of the statute-book Acts or clauses of Acts are repealed. In making up and printing editions of the statutes for practical lawyers, or other persons desirous of only possessing the statute law as it is alive and effective, it is usual to omit repealed statutes. Hence any one desirous of studying the statutes of the realm for historical purposes must grope for them in old editions printed before the repeal; and he will probably find that these are not easily obtained, having been burned or used for packing parcels, as paper waste and worthless.[1]

The occasion of citing some statutes relating to trading, navigation, and colonial enterprise seemed a suitable occasion for a notice of the progress and condition of the statute law, as the citations from them would afford specimens of the legislation of the period. To say a word on the characteristics of that legislation, and its position in the history of the legislative work of the empire, let us now return to the substance and history of the Act "for erecting a corporation to carry out a trade in the South Sea." It is a curious little fact in personal history, that

[1] I have found the statutes from the Union onwards, in a serviceable shape in small volumes, printed in Edinburgh by "William Brown and John Mosman, assigns of James Watson, deceased."

John Law of Lauriston, whom we have already seen promulgating mighty financial projects to the Scots Estates, had been haunting Harley and endeavouring to fascinate him with projects to be undertaken by the United Kingdom, when it struck his fancy that France would afford a more brilliant career for his enterprising spirit, and it took its swing in the Mississippi Scheme. Still it was the fate of his strange scheming spirit to have its influence in Britain, for the Mississippi Scheme stimulated into existence the British South Sea Scheme.

The solid foundation for it was laid in the concession to Britain, at the Treaty of Utrecht, of the *Assiento*, or the exclusive privilege of supplying African slaves for the Spanish colonies in the West Indies, as the continental as well as the insular regions of the American side of the globe were then called. The Act proclaims that "it is of the greatest consequence to the honour and welfare of this kingdom, and for the increase of the strength and riches thereof, and for the vending the product and manufacture, goods and merchandises, of or brought into this kingdom, and employment of the poor, that a trade should be carried on to the South Seas and other parts in America within the limits hereinafter mentioned; which cannot so securely and successfully be begun and carried on, as by a corporation and joint-stock exclusive of all others." The limits set to the exclusive trade of the company are: "The kingdoms, lands, countries, territories, islands, cities, towns, ports havens, creeks, and places of America on the east side thereof, from the river of Orinoco to the southernmost part of the Terra del Fuego; and on the west

side thereof from the said southernmost part of the Terra del Fuego, through the South Seas to the northernmost part of America; and into unto and from all countries, islands, and places within the said limits which are reputed to belong to the Crown of Spain, or which shall hereafter be found out or discovered within the said limits, not exceeding 300 leagues from the continent of America, between the southernmost part of Terra del Fuego and the northernmost part of America on the said west side thereof;" an exception being made of any territories within the two extremities belonging to Portugal or the United Provinces.

The company's privileges are protected by the absolute forfeiture of the ships, and all their contents, of the offenders, "if any of the subjects of her Majesty, her heirs or successors, of what degree or quality soever they be, other than the said company or corporation, or their factors, agents, or servants or other persons by them licensed thereunto, according to the true meaning of this Act, shall directly or indirectly visit or frequent, trade, traffic, or adventure into unto or from the said South Seas, or other the parts within the limits aforesaid, contrary to the meaning of this Act, or shall hire, freight, or fit out any ship or ships, or lade or put on board any ship or ships any goods or merchandise whatsoever, with intent to haunt, frequent, traffic, trade, or adventure into or unto the said South Seas or other parts within the limits foresaid were to be punished as trespassers."

The company was to have an armed fleet, and might attack any vessels whether belonging to other

nations or to British subjects found trespassing on its privileged seas. If the ships were foreign, the company was to take such portion of prize-money for their sale as the Crown might direct; but what they seized from British subjects interloping was put absolutely at their own disposal. There were careful provisions in the Act to obviate interference by the South Sea Company with the privileges of the East India Company; and the navigation of seas that might possibly be common to the purposes of both is adjusted with the view of obviating collision.

There are some opinions on the social condition of Britain that may be described as the ever-present—that is to say, their prevalence is at all times maintained as a novelty of the time being. Among these opinions, one very conspicuous is that we are always living in the age of upstarts. Our old families are passing away, and the new-made rich are taking their place—physically and morally—getting possession of their estates, and gaining golden opinions for the energy and capacity that enables them to take and hold their property. This class of opinions, though ever present, is stronger at some seasons than at others, and it may be safely said that at no period was it so strong as in the early part of the eighteenth century. The trading inspirations of the day were a fanaticism that burst forth in wild orgies. It was the age distinguished by the Mississippi Scheme in France, and the Darien Scheme in Scotland; and as we near the end of Queen Anne's reign, we find growing up the project that burst like a thunderstorm over the land in the South Sea crisis.

This great company had an origin so foul, that if

a like transaction came to pass at the present day we would not discuss the merits or the demerits of those concerned in it, but would weigh their guilt as we weigh that of a thief or forger.

The slave-trade was esteemed as the most lucrative commerce of the day, and it created in one shape the most active competition, and in another the keenest negotiations for an absolute monopoly. This monopoly fell, as we shall see in the end, to Britain; but for some years there had been in the country two competing bodies—an old and a new company. We find these latter, the "separate traders to Africa," as they called themselves, demanding free trade,—"that the trade to Africa may be continued free and open to all the subjects of Great Britain;" "setting forth that since the laying open the trade to Africa in the year 1698, the island of Jamaica had been much better supplied with negroes by the separate traders to Africa than at any time before by the Royal African Company, and the prices so moderate, and the markets so overstocked, that many ships loads of them have been yearly exported again and sold to the Spaniards for gold and silver; that the beneficial increase of this trade hath proved of infinite advantage to the said island, by means of a great increase of its productions, as also to Great Britain in the improvement of its navigation and revenue. That the former mischiefs of being ill supplied with negroes, and of being obliged to buy them but of one seller only for the African Company, and to sell most of the plantation commodities to the same buyer at what price he pleases, have been—by opening the said trade—wholly prevented. And if the said company

should again obtain that trade to Africa exclusive of all others, under the groundless suggestions of their petition to the House, the petitioners have reason to fear all the mischiefs of a monopoly, the ruin of the said island, the loss of the Spanish trade, and the decrease of navigation."[1]

The *Assiento*, a Spanish word appearing to be the simple equivalent of the English word "contract," came to be exclusively applicable to the contract for supplying the Spanish colonies in the western hemisphere with negro slaves. It was at first a contract between France and Spain."[2] As a privileged commerce of vast pecuniary value, it was one of the boasted acquisitions of the Crown of France in the days of its power and glory, but now a stronger

[1] Commons Journals, 1st February 1708(9).

[2] "Voici le fameux Traité de l'Assiento, qui a fait tant de bruit; et que l'Angleterre a obtenu de la France et de l'Espagne, à commencer du premier de Mai de la présente année 1702, sur le même pied que la Compagnie de France l'a eu jusques au dit jour et qu'il est imprimé ci dessus."

The ruling condition is—

"I. Ladite Compagnie Françoise de Guinée ayant obtenu la permission de leurs Majestez, Très-Chrêtienne, et Catholique, de se charger de l'Assiento, ou introduction des Eclaves Négres dans les Indes Occidentales de l'Amerique appartenantes à sa Majesté Catholique, afin de procurer par ce moyen un avantage et une utilité reciproque à leurs dites Majestez, et aux sujets de l'une et de l'autre couronne: offre et s'oblige, tant pour elle, que pour ses directeurs et associez solidairement, d'introduire dans les dites Indes Occidentales appartenantes à sa Majesté Catholique, pendant le temps et espace de dix années qui commenceront au premier Mai de l'année prochaine 1702, et finiront à pareil jour de l'année 1712, quarante huit mille négres pièces d'Inde, des deux sexes et de tous âges, lesquels ne seront point tirez des pays de Guinée, qu'on nomme Minas et Cap-Vert, attendu que les négres des dits pays ne sont pas propres pour les dites Indes Occidentales; c'est à-dire, quatre mille huit cens négres chaque année."—Actes, Mémoires, et autres Pièces Authentiques concernant la Paix d'Utrecht, ii. 123-125.

was to enter into possession. The Assiento was the object of a preliminary negotiation between France and Britain, and as a condition of treating for peace, it was conveyed by France to Britain in a separate treaty. Had the doctrine, so often asserted in later times, that Britain gained nothing by the Treaty of Utrecht, been maintained in the days of Bolingbroke and Oxford, they could have triumphantly pointed to the Assiento, bringing to the nation its vast lucrative traffic. It was peculiarly suited to Britain as the greatest of naval Powers. Spain must have the negroes, and Britain with her fleet could bring them to the Spanish colonies of South America with far more ease, and consequently far more profit, than any other Power. On the 26th of March 1713, by a separate treaty of forty-two clauses, France resigned the Assiento, and Spain conveyed it to Britain for thirty years, with, at the end of this period, possession for three years for the purpose of winding up the affairs of the traffic.[1] The obligation on the part of Britain was to supply 4800 negroes annually.[2]

[1] "Traité de l'Assiento. Conclu entre leurs Majestez Britannique et Catholique, par lequel la Compagnie Angloise s'oblige à fournir aux Espagnols, aux Indes Occidentales, des esclaves négres, pendant le terme de trente ans, à compter du premier jour de Mai de la présente année 1713, jusques au même jour de l'an 1743."—Ibid., v. 72.

[2] The following are the leading clauses :—

"I. En premier lieu, pour procurer par ce moyen, mutuellement et reciproquement l'avantage des souverains et des sujets des deux couronnes, sa Majesté de la Grande Bretagne offre et s'oblige, pour les personnes qu'elle nommera et autorisera pour cet effet, de faire transporter aux Indes Occidentales de l'Amerique, appartenant à sa Majesté Catholique à commencer du premier jour de Mai 1713, jusques au même jour de l'année 1743, le nombre de cent quarante quatre mille négres, piezas de India, des deux sexes et de tous les âges, sur le piéd de quatre mille huit cent négres piezas de India par an, pendant le cours des dites trente années, à condition, que les personnes, qui se

The "company of merchants of Great Britain trading to the South Seas and the other parts of America, and for encouraging the fishery," came into active life on the 7th day of September in the year 1711. Lord Oxford was governor of the company,

transporteront aux Indes Occidentales pour travailler aux affaires de l'assiento, se garderont de rien faire qui puisse offencer ; car en ce cas, ils seroient poursuivis en justice, et punis de la même manière, qu'ils l'auroient été en Espagne, supposé qu'une faute de la même nature y eut été commise.

"II. Que les assientistes, ou la Compagnie de l'Assiento, payera de châque négre, pieza de India, suivant le modèle régulier de sept quatiers n'étant ni vieux ni de défectueux, selon ce qui a été pratiqué et établi jusques à present aux Indes, la somme de trente-trois pièces de huit, Escudos, et la troisième partie d'une pièce de huit, en y comprenant tous les droits d'Alcavala, de siza, d'union de armas, de Boqueron, ou aucun autre droit, de telle nature qu'il puisse être, d'entrée ou de régale, qui sont ou qui pourroient être imposez à l'avenir, appartenant à sa Majesté Catholique, en sorte qu'on ne pourra rien exiger au de la. Et au cas, que les gouverneurs, officiers royaux ou autres ministres en prîssent d'avantage, on en tiendra compte aux assientistes et cela sera rabattu sur les droits des 33 pièces de huit et un tiers susmentionnez, qu'ils doivent payer à sa Majesté Catholique, la chose étant prouvée par un certificat authentique, qui ne pourra être refuse par un notaire public, à la requisition des assientistes. Et pour cet effet on sera publier un ordre ou une cédule générale, dont la teneur sera la plus ample qu'il se pourra.

"III. Que les dits assientistes avanceront à sa Majesté Catholique, pour suppléer, aux besoins pressans de la couronne, la somme de deux cent mille pièces de huit ou Escudos, en deux payemens égaux, de cent mille pièces de huit châcun, dont le premier se sera deux mois après, que sa Majesté aura approuvé et signé cet assiento ; et le second au bout de deux autres mois, après le premier payement ; et cette somme ainsi avancée ne sera remboursée qu'après le terme échu des vingt premières années de cet assiento, et alors on pourra la déduire par portions égales, pendant les dix années restantes, sur le piéd de vingt mille pièces de huit par an, qu'on rabattra sur les droits imposez sur les négres, payables pendant le cours de ces années là." — Actes, Mémoires, &c., v. 74-77.

"XLI. Que tout le contenu du présent contract, et des conditions qui y sont inferées, comme aussi de tout ce qui y sera joint ou en dépendra, sera accompli et exécuté avec sincérité et exactitude, en sorte qu'il ne s'y trouve aucun obstacle, sous quelque pretexte, cause ou motif que ce soit. Et pour cet effet sa Majesté doit suspendre, comme elle sus-

and St John and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Benson, were active directors. It thus naturally became a state affair, and early in its career St John has to intimate that, "for the public good of the nation and the particular advantage of this com-

pend par cet article, toutes les loix, ordonnances, proclamations, privilèges, établissemens, usages et coutumes, qui y sont contraires, dans tous les ports, lieux et provinces de l'Amerique appartenant à sa Majesté, ou elles pourroient subsister, pendant le terme de trente ans, que cet assiento doit avoir lieu, outre les trois années accordées aux assientistes pour retirer leurs effets, et ajuster leurs comptes, comme il a déjà été dit. Cependant ces loix là etc., doivent demeurer en pleine force et vigueur, dans tous les cas qui n'auront point de rapport à ce contract, et dans tous les tems à venir, après l'expiration de ses trente-trois années."—Actes, Mémoires, &c., v. 130, 131.

Among the obligations for working the contract harmoniously are the following :—

"XVIII. Qu'à compter du premier jour de Mai de la presente année 1712, jusques à ce qu'ils aient pris possession de l'assiento ni après qu'ils l'auront prise il ne sera plus permis à la Compagnie Françoise de Guinée, ou à qui que ce soit de transporter des esclaves négres aux Indes : Et au cas qu'ils le fissent, sa Majesté Catholique les déclarera, comme elle les déclare par cet article, confisquez en faveur et à l'avantage des assientistes, qui en prendront possession en payant les droits des négres introduits ainsi contre cet article, et le réglement établi par ce contract. Et pour cet effet, aussi tôt qu'il sera signé on dépêchera, de la manière la plus ample, des ordres circulaires en Amerique, pour empêcher qu'on n'y admette aucuns négres dans les ports, sur le compte de la Compagnie Françoise, et la même chose sera notifiée à leur agent. Et afin que ceci soit plus effectuel et plus avantageux au revenu royal, on est convenu, que lors que les assientistes seront informés qu'aucun vaisseau chargé de négres, ne leur appartenant pas, sera arrivé sur les côtes, ou entré dans aucun port, il leur sera permis d'équiper, d'armer et de mettre en mer immédiatement les vaisseaux qu'ils auront en propre, ou aucuns de ceux de sa Majesté Catholique ou de ses sujets, avec lesquels ils conviendront de prendre, de saisir, et confisquer de pareils vaisseaux et leurs négres, de telle nation qu'ils puissant être, et à quelques personnes qu'ils puissant appartenir. Pour cet effet les dits assientistes et leurs facteurs auront la liberté de prendre connoissance, et de visiter tous les vaisseaux qui arriveront sur les côtes des Indes, ou dans ses ports, et dans lesquels ils auront lieu de croire ou de soupçonner qu'il y aura des négres de contrebande ; bien entendu, que pour faire de pareilles recherches, et autres procédures comme dessus, il faudra qu'ils en aient premièrement la permission des gouv-

pany, her Majesty has been pleased to assist them with a sufficient force in order to their making a settlement in the South Seas for their security and better carrying out the trade to those parts;" and the company immediately press upon the Government "the getting ready the sea and land forces which are to go with the company's ships in their intended voyage." They had immediate diplomacy and contest with the Royal African Company about the monopoly of the supply of negroes, and they take

erneurs, aux quels ils communiqueront ce qui se passera, et les prieront d'y interposer leur autorité; mais il faudra, que la paix soit proclamée avant que ceci puisse se faire, ou que cet assiento ait lieu.

"XIX. Que les dits assientistes, leurs facteurs et agents auront la liberté de naviger et de transporter leurs esclaves négres, selon leur contract dans les ports septentrionaux des Indes Occidentales de sa Majesté Catholique, sans en excepter la Rivière de Plata; avec défense à tous autres, soit sujets de la couronne ou étrangers, d'y transporter ou introduire aucuns négres, sous les peines établies par les loix faites pour ce contract de commerce: De plus, sa Majesté Catholique, s'oblige en soi et parole de roi de maintenir les dits assientistes dans la pleine et entière possession de tous ces articles, et de les faire exécuter, pendant le terme dont on est convenu, sans permettre ou conniver à quoi que ce puisse être, qui soit contraire à leur ponctuelle et exacte exécution, sa Majesté en faisant sa propre affaire; bien entendu qu'ils ne transporteront pas, ni dans la dite Rivière de Plata ni à Buenos Ayres, au dessus de douze cent piezas de négres accordez, par le 8 article de ce traité.

"XX. Qu'au cas, que les dits assientistes fûssent troublez dans l'exécution de cet assiento, ou que l'on s'opposât à leur trafic ou à leurs privilèges par des procès, ou de quelqu'autre manière, sa Majesté Catholique déclare qu'elle s'en réservera la connoissance uniquement, et de tous les procès, qu'on pourroit leur susciter à cet égard, avec défense à tous les juges, quels qu'ils puissant être, d'examiner et de prendre connoissance des causes, procès, omissions ou fautes, qui pourroient se commettre dans l'exécution de cet assiento.

"XXI. Que lors que les vaisseaux des dits assientistes arriveront dans les ports des Indes avec leurs cargaisons de négres, les capitaines des dits vaisseaux seront obligez de certifier, qu'il n'y a aucun mal contagieux sur leur bord, afin d'obtenir des gouverneurs et officiers royaux la permission d'entrer dans les dits ports n'y pouvant être admis sans de pareils certificats."—Actes, Mémoires, &c., v. 98-103.

credit for generosity in the terms accepted by them, seeing "this company believe they might on more reasonable terms have provided their negroes themselves on the coast of Africa and at Jamaica." And soon after they are in a difficulty about a delay in the delivery of 4800 negroes, in consequence of the brief intimation of the demand, and on the 19th of July 1714 they express their gratitude that "further proof of your Majesty's goodness and favourable intentions towards them, to encourage to the utmost a vigorous prosecution of the Assiento trade, your Majesty has graciously resolved to grant to this company that fourth part which by the Assiento you had reserved to yourself."

The method of conducting the business was to convey the negroes in the first instance to the English possession of Jamaica. Their escape seems to have been frequent, and it was found that to sell the uncaught runaway for what he might bring, paid better than attempting to recover him.[1]

Here is an instruction indicating the company's method of transacting business.

COMMISSION TO COMMANDER OF VESSEL FOR ASSIENTO.

"To sail from London to the coast of Africa, and from thence, with 280 negroes or thereabout, to proceed for Carthagena or any of the ports of the Spanish dominions on the north side of America, pursuant to the contract made between the Queen of Great Britain and his Catholic Majesty, signed at Madrid the 26th of March 1713, for

[1] "By the practice of picking out the refugee negroes and recovering them, much money was lost; therefore the best way is to take them out and sell them for what can be obtained for them, there being several persons on the island who drive that trade."—Ibid.

carrying on the assiento trade for the furnishing negroes to the Spanish West Indies. Wherefore we recommend him, the said Captain Jolgand, or his successor, in his ship the S. Mark, all his men, and the said 280 negroes, or so many of them as shall be living, in any of the said ports, and during his stay there, to the protection of the generals and governors of his said Catholic Majesty, and to request from them the admission of the aforesaid negroes for sale according to the articles of the assiento."[1]

Instructions for Selection.

"You are desired to inquire carefully into the ages and quality of the negroes, whether they are conformable to the agreement made with the Royal African Company by which they are obliged to load none but sound, healthy, and mercantable negroes, two-thirds of which at least are to be males, and none to be under ten years or exceed forty years old; and nine parts in ten are to be from the age of sixteen years to forty."[2]

Looking backwards with the light of the prevalent opinions of the present day, it is surely instructive in social progress, to find "lofty, pensive St John" who was to "arise"

> "And leave all meaner things
> To low ambition and the pride of kings,"

arranging work of this kind along with that fellow-statesman who gained renown as a munificent and zealous promoter of high art and solid learning. It was not, however, for hunting and selling negroes that, by the most illustrious English clergyman of the age, they were both denounced before God as "a

[1] Minutes of Committee of Correspondence. — Brit. Mus. MSS., 25550.

[2] Minutes of Committee.

couple of scoundrels," but for lack of discrimination in the selection of a bishop.

Had a horror of the slave-trade as of a crime been the companion of the amount of superstition lingering in that age, it would probably have been demonstrated how the wild storm of greedy speculation that extinguished the South Sea Scheme was a just judgment on the iniquitous traffic that tempted it into existence. But we have a more satisfactory if not so complete a sequence of cause and effect in these things, in finding that the defects and vices that show themselves in great oppressions by race on race or class on class, contain within themselves the elements of fatal retribution. The injustices of the great empire and the inevitable reaction are beautifully typified in Byron's dying gladiator. The great French Revolution — or rather the reactionary convulsion that swept the continent of Europe — has been too often told and sung by men of genius for one voice to be heard over the others. But surely it is like a resuscitation of the old idea of the Vates Sacer, when we recall the echoes of a voice beyond the Atlantic crying out to his countrymen—

> "There is a poor blind Samson in this land,
> Shorn of his strength and bound in bonds of steel,
> Who may in some grim revel raise his hand
> And shake the pillars of this commonweal."

And remembering what has passed since this was said, and associating it with the glimpses we have of what we could do without any sense of guilt or shame in the early part of last century, we may well be thankful for the wisdom and courage that inspired

such men as Clarkson, Zachary Macaulay, and Wilberforce.

Besides the death that withdrew the Archduke from the contest for the throne of Spain, other royal deaths, changing the objects in whose name the great political game was conducted, may be grouped together, that we may be prepared for the conclusion. We have seen how Prince George of Denmark died under conditions that rendered his silent departure less troublesome than his abiding at his post might have been.

In the year 1711 Louis the Dauphin died, making one of the blanks in history that is felt when a royal youth of whom all the world has held high expectations drops away before his opportunity comes. In the year 1712 his eldest son, the Duke of Burgundy, died also, leaving as heir to the throne of France that infant grandson of Louis XIV. who afterwards became Louis XV. France, then intensely loyal, was disturbed and grieved through all nerves of popular feeling by these events; but they might possibly carry home even weightier cause of alarm to the rest of Europe, and especially to Britain. If, instead of living to be Louis XV., that infant also had died, the great critical juncture would have come when the dominions of the French Crown and of the Spanish Crown were by the supreme law of divine right brought under the one representative of the house of Bourbon.

On the 8th of June 1713, the Princess Sophia died suddenly. She was in her eighty-fourth year. It is a testimony to the firm and pacific hold taken

by the Hanover succession, that its transference from an aged woman to an experienced warrior in his fifty-fourth year was not very ardently hailed as a propitious event. An Order in Council made an alteration in the Prayer-book of the Church of England, by leaving out the words "the Princess Sophia," and inserting the words "Duke of Brunswick." There was a desire that the Elector George should enter the dominions he was to inherit, were it but to take his place in the House of Lords; but the queen having the nervous dislike to his coming that some people have to beholding a probable successor, the project dropped.

On the 14th of May, Swift sent this account of affairs at Court to Lord Peterborough:—

"I was told, the other day, of an answer you made to somebody abroad, who inquired of you the state and dispositions of our Court—'That you could not tell, for you had been out of England a fortnight.' In your letter you mention the world of the moon, and apply it to England; but the moon changes but once in four weeks.

"By both these instances, it appears you have a better opinion of our steadiness than we deserve; for I do not remember, since you left us, that we have continued above four days in the same view, or four minutes with any manner of concert. I assure you, my lord, for the concern I have for the common cause, with relation to affairs both at home and abroad, and from the personal love I bear to our friends in power, I never led a life so thoroughly uneasy as I do at present. Our situation is so bad that our enemies could not, without abundance of invention and ability, have

placed us so ill, if we had left it entirely to their management. For my own part, my head turns round; and after every conversation I come away just one degree worse informed than I went. I am glad, for the honour of our nation, to find, by your excellency's letter, that some other Courts have a share of frenzy, though not equal, nor of the same nature, with ours. The height of honest men's wishes at present is to rub on this session; after which nobody has the impudence to expect that we shall not immediately fall to pieces: nor is anything I write the least secret, even to a Whig footman."[1]

Meanwhile, the critical day, when all persons of political influence in Britain must declare themselves, was steadily approaching in the gradual breaking up of the queen's health. Her absence from a great State procession, and other solemnities and jubilations, held on the 7th of July 1713, in commemoration of the treaty of peace, proclaimed her infirmity; and it was but a temporary revival when she appeared on the 16th to prorogue the Parliament.

Ten days later the queen had to withdraw for the second time a Treasurer's staff. On the 27th of July, Swift, desirous not to return to dreary Ireland, but to have licence to remain a few days in the centre of a historical crisis, received a letter from his friend Harley, saying: "Though I have had no power since July 25, 1713, I believe now, as a private man, I may prevail to renew your licence of absence, conditionally you will be present with me; for to-morrow morning I shall be a private person."[2] Swift received a letter,

[1] Swift's Works, x. 379, 380. [2] Ibid., 436.

dated on the same day, from his friend Erasmus Lewis: "It is not the going out but the manner that enrages me. The queen has told all the reasons of her parting with him—viz., 'that he neglected all business; that he was seldom to be understood; that, when he did explain himself, she could not depend upon the truth of what he said; that he never came to her at the time she appointed; that he often came drunk; lastly, to crown all, he behaved himself toward her with bad manners, indecency, and disrespect.' Pudet hæc opprobria nobis, &c.

"I am distracted with the thoughts of this, and the pride of the conqueror. I would give the world I could go out of town to-morrow; but the secretary says I must not go till he returns, which will not be till the 16th of August, or perhaps the 23d; but I am in hopes I may go toward Bath the 16th.

"The runners are already employed to go to all the coffee-houses. They rail to the pit of hell. I am ready to burst for want of vent.

"The stick is yet in his hand, because they cannot agree who shall be the new commissioners.

"We suppose the blow will be given to-night or to-morrow morning. The sterility of good and able men is incredible

"When the matter is over, I will wait upon our she-friend." [1]

The she-friend is our old friend Abigail, the supplanter of the great duchess; and as, from the way she is sometimes spoken of, people might be led to doubt whether she was capable of writing a grammatical letter, the opportunity may be taken to let

[1] Swift's Works, x. 436.

her answer that question. Whatever plotting there had been between Harley and her, had evidently come to a disastrous end.

From Lady Masham.

"*July* 29, 1714.

"My good Friend,—I own it looks unkind in me not to thank you, in all this time, for your sincere kind letter; but I was resolved to stay till I could tell you the queen had got so far the better of the dragon as to take her power out of his hands.

"He has been the most ungrateful man to her, and to all his best friends, that ever was born.

"I cannot have so much time now to write all my mind, because my dear mistress is not well; and I think I may lay her illness to the charge of the Treasurer, who, for three weeks together, was teasing and vexing her without intermission! And she could not get rid of him till Tuesday last. I must put you in mind of one passage in your letter to me, which is, 'I pray God send you wise and faithful friends to advise you at this time, when there are so great difficulties to struggle with.'

"That is very plain and true; therefore, will you, who have gone through so much, and taken more pains than anybody, and given wise advice (if that wretched man had sense enough and honesty to have taken it)—I say, will you leave us and go into Ireland? No; it is impossible: your goodness is still the same; your charity and compassion for this poor lady, who has been barbarously used, would not let you do it.

"I know you take delight to help the distressed;

and there cannot be a greater object than this good lady, who deserves pity. Pray, dear friend, stay here; and do not believe us all alike to throw away good advice, and despise everybody's understanding but their own. I could say a great deal upon the subject, but I must go to her, for she is not well. This comes to you by a safe hand, so that neither of us need be in any pain about it.

"My lord and brother are in the country. My sister and girls are your humble servants."[1]

Swift was then due at his deanery in Ireland, and had applied, as we have seen, to his old friend Harley for a postponement of the execution of the sentence. He got what follows in the answer already cited. It shows that, if not exactly with dignity, Harley took his humiliation in good humour.

"If I tell my dear friend the value I put upon his undeserved friendship, it will look like suspecting you or myself.

"When I have settled my domestic affairs here, I go to Wimple, and hence alone to Herefordshire. If I have not tired you *tête-à-tête*, fling away so much time upon one who loves you. And I believe, in the mass of souls, ours were placed near each other.

"I send you an imitation of Dryden, as I went to Kensington:

> 'To serve with love,
> And shed your blood,
> Approved is above.
> But here below,
> Th' examples show,
> 'Tis fatal to be good.'"[2]

[1] Swift's Works, x. 438, 439. [2] Ibid., 435, 436.

On the 30th of July, when it was clear that the queen had not many hours to live, there was a memorable Cabinet meeting. Whatever it revealed at the time, it proved to all who have looked in later times to what occurred, that however Bolingbroke might have committed himself to opinions or even to promises, he had not made arrangements for welcoming the Pretender as king. As on the occasion of King William's death, the meeting was in Kensington Palace. The meeting was joined by two Privy Councillors of high rank, who were not in the Cabinet, and were not summoned to the meeting—the Duke of Argyle and the Duke of Somerset. If they were unwelcome, conscience had made cowards of the others, and they were permitted to carry the chief business of the day by recommending a successor to Harley. They suggested that the Duke of Shrewsbury should be recommended to the office; and it was announced that the queen was able to transfer the staff to him.

Instructions were issued to the governors of fortresses each to take effectual care of the fort and garrison under his command, to prevent any surprise or attempt that might be made against the peace of the kingdom. An instruction to communicate, in the same terms of warning, with the Provost of Edinburgh, was, by a strange selection, confided to the Earl of Mar. It was resolved that "greater strength should be immediately added to the security of the Tower;" and instruction was given to supply ammunition sufficient for twenty rounds.

The Minute announces that this morning at ten

o'clock "the queen had been taken dangerously ill." She lived through the next day; and at seven o'clock of the morning of the 1st of August she died.[1]

[1] Minutes of Privy Council MS. The Councillors minuted as present are—the Chancellor (Sir Simon Harcourt); the Dukes of Buckingham, Somerset, Northumberland, Ormond, Argyle, and Grafton; the Lords Rochester, Mar, Loudoun, Findlater, Portmore, Bolingbroke, Lexington, Guernsey, Lansdowne, and Bingley; the Bishop of London, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Vice-Chamberlain, and Mr Boyle.

CHAPTER XX.

Intellectual Progress.

THE LITERATURE POPULAR WITHIN THE PERIOD—THE AUTHORS OF THE PERIOD: POPE, ADDISON, SWIFT, DEFOE, TOM BROWN, NED WARD, GAY, PARNELL—THE PERIODICAL PRESS—MALIGNITIES — DEFICIENCY OF VERNACULAR LITERATURE IN SCOTLAND, AND THE CAUSE—DEPRESSION OF PICTORIAL ART: YOUNG HOGARTH—ARCHITECTURE—TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE: NEWTON.

It is not intended here to offer to the reader either an epitome or a history of all the literature written and published during the reign of Queen Anne. The object in view will be achieved if a few casual touches shall bring up the books that had their chief influence on the mind of the period; and we may probably find that books not written or published during the period had an influence on its intellectual growth and state worthy of commemoration. The writings of Pope, Addison, Arbuthnot, and Steele, with a large portion of the multitudinous works, small and great, contributed by Defoe, are among the living literature of the present age, and it would be a discourtesy to suppose that any reader requires to be informed about them. There are people who can remember that an acquaintance with the 'Spectator' was a quality in the possession of all young persons whose education

was not neglected; and questions arising out of the characters there described, or the opinions uttered, were perhaps the most plentiful stock-in-trade of the youthful debating societies of the generation now drawing to a close.

In recording the active history of a period, one must in some measure touch on the intellectual nature and phenomena that influenced that action. Of the polemical literature of the age, there has been something said in the chapter on "The Religious World," and more in the account of "The Sacheverell Commotions." An acquaintance is made with the literature of politics in the same manner through the record of political events — as, for instance, in the the Aylesbury Election question. In commemorating the services to our country, contributed by the French refugees, the great History of Rapin de Thoyras, continued by Tindal, demanded a considerable share of notice; and this could not be given sufficiently without some account of the state of the historical literature of Britain, both as to the materials it presented to the refugee, and the use he made of them.

No book written and published within the reign had so much interest for it and influence over it, as one that was raised as it were from the literary tomb wherein it lay buried. In 1702 came forth the first of the three folio volumes containing 'The History of the Rebellion and Civil War in England, begun in the year 1631, with the precedent passages and actions that contributed thereunto, and the happy end and conclusion thereof by the King's blessed restoration and return upon the 29th of May in the year 1660; written by the Right Honourable

Edmund, Earl of Clarendon, late Lord High Chancellor of England.' There was much excited expectation as each volume was passing through the press. Calamy was then in the preparation of his abridgment of Baxter's History of his Own Life, surveying the same historical ground from the opposite side, and betrays his burning curiosity to know something of the contents of the book gradually coming to life in the recesses of the theatre at Oxford. "Happening," he says, "to go down as far as Newbury with some friends who were travelling to the Bath, I turned off to Oxford, designing to keep myself as private there as I was able. I took up my lodging at an inn where I was wholly unknown, kept out of sight of my acquaintance, both in the town and university, and went the next morning early to a coffee-house near the theatre, where I was a perfect stranger, and inquired whether any person that worked in the printing-press under the theatre frequented the house." The virtue of the man first attempted was triumphant, but Calamy's purpose was not to be baffled. He set himself to discover "a workman among those in the theatre whose circumstances were low and strait, and who found it hard to maintain his wife and children, and to keep the wolf, as we say, from the door." His perseverance was successful in securing the co-operation of "a Dutchman that was a daily workman at the press there, whose straits were great." Calamy was naturally suspected of intention to commit literary piracy. Hence he had to explain his motives; and as his motives, even by his own account, have somewhat of a furtive taint, it may be justice even here

to give the explanation in his own words to his accomplice. "I gave him to understand I was no bookseller, but was desirous to see what of Lord Clarendon's work was printed, if I could compare it, because I had a historical work that was just ready for the press, relating to the very times which my lord gave an account of, and therefore should be confirmed if I found Lord Clarendon's account of particulars agreed with mine; whereas, if I found a clashing in anything material, it would be requisite for me to provide myself with vouchers—the best I could get—in order to my support." [1]

There were two classical mottoes on the face of the history. The one was from Thucydides, announcing the history to be a gift for all time; the other was from Cicero, declaring, as if from the author, that what was false he did not dare to tell, and what was true he did not dare to evade telling. There was a pledge in the preface, that as the author had told the truth, so, agreeable or not to persons who might be concerned, it should pass unaltered to the world. "We are not ignorant that there are accounts contained in this following history of some eminent persons of those times that do not agree with the relations we have met with of the same persons published in other authors. But, besides that they who put forth the history dare not take upon them to make any alterations in a work of this kind, solemnly left them to be published—whenever it should be published—as delivered to them, they cannot but think the world will generally be of opinion that others may as likely have

[1] Historical Account of my Own Life, by Edmund Calamy, D.D., i. 443-446.

been mistaken in the grounds and informations they have gone upon as our author."[1]

If this is to be taken as an announcement that the book was printed *verbatim* from Clarendon's manuscript, we now know, from the many alterations upon the older editions necessary to restore the reading of the original manuscript, that the deviations had been numerous, and some of them so emphatic as to make grave distortions on the story as Clarendon told it. For instance, in the following passage, the words printed in italics are not to be found in the edition of Clarendon accessible to those readers in Queen Anne's time who were curious about the inner secrets of the transactions in the great civil war. Montrose had been the most eager of all the champions of the Covenant, "but now, after his Majesty's arrival in Scotland, by the introduction of Mr William Murray of the bedchamber, he came privately to the king, and informed him of many particulars from the beginning of the Rebellion, and *that the Marquis of Hamilton was no less faulty and false towards his Majesty than Argyle*, and offered to *make proof of all in the Parliament*, but rather desired *to kill them both*, which he frankly undertook to do; but the king, abhorring that expedient, for his own security advised *that the proof might be prepared for the Parliament*. When suddenly, on a Sunday morning, the city of Edinburgh was in arms, and Hamilton and Argyle both gone out of the town to their own houses, where they stood upon their guards, declaring publicly *that they had withdrawn themselves, because they knew that there was a design to assassinate them;*

[1] Preface, p. ii, edit. 1705.

and chose rather to absent themselves, than, by standing upon their defence in Edinburgh—which they could well have done — to hazard the public peace and *the security of the Parliament, which thundered on their behalf.*

"The committee at Edinburgh despatched away an express to London, with a dark and perplexed account, in the morning, that the two lords had left the city."[1]

Throughout the reign of Queen Anne a strong desire becomes manifest to honour genius and learning, and especially to reward the possessors of these by admission into the circles of rank and fashion. The good intention, however, did not adapt itself with ease and simplicity. It lifted a few men to heights far away from the region of those who had been their social equals, who had perhaps as much ability as their more fortunate competitors for fame, but had not so well adapted themselves to the fashion of the times. Swift, looking with a slight touch at Addison's easy stride onward, remarks to Stella his belief that he could become a king if he chose. His wife, the Countess of Warwick, might be said to have been given to him as a reward. It was a mistake, and gave satisfaction to neither of the parties, though perhaps it was of service in teaching to the world the lesson that if, in wedded life, community of taste is desirable, the natural rise of the indissoluble

[1] Book iv., edition Oxford, at the University Press, 1843. "ADVERTISEMENT.—In this edition, the original manuscript of the noble author, deposited in the Bodleian Library, has been followed throughout, the suppressed passages have been restored, and the interpolations made by the first editor have been rejected. The public, therefore, are now in possession of the genuine text of this important work."

union out of a community of social conditions is still more desirable.

The poor poet on a visit to any of the great mansions might have his scholarly communion of topics with my lord; but the great ladies overawed him, and he was fluttered by the host of lackeys. If the peer was to meet the man of genius on equal terms, it must be in some unsightly and unsavoury place of public entertainment, such as "The Devil's Tavern" near Temple Bar, where Addison and Swift enjoyed themselves. There was social deficiency in that age, afterwards in some measure remedied by the club system, so well exemplified in the Athenæum in its aggregation of eminences of every kind. We shall presently see that Swift, when he dines among lords, is sure to announce the great event to Stella, describing all the courtesies and compliments bestowed on him, and announcing his utter indifference to the whole. Pope gave a louder utterance to his social triumphs in his own sonorous verse—

"To *virtue only* and her *friends* a *friend*,
The world beside may murmur, or commend.
Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my grotto, and but soothes my sleep.
There, my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place.
There St John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul:
And he, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian lines,
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines,
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquered Spain.
Envy must own I live among the great,
No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of state.
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;

To help who want, to forward who excel;
This, all who know me, know—who love me, tell;
And, who unknown defame me, let them be
Scribblers or peers, alike are *Mob* to me."[1]

Within our period Pope had published his "Pastorals," the "Essay on Criticism," and "The Rape of the Lock." He attributed his affection for Homer in a boyish admiration of Ogilvy's translation, at the time when, describing his rambles in literature, he says, "I followed everywhere as my fancy led me, and was like a boy gathering flowers in the fields and woods, just as they fell in his way." While yet at school he prepared a theatrical piece — charade or play—with speeches translated by him from the Iliad; and it was acted by himself and his schoolfellows. At the conclusion of our proper period he was busily attending to the printing of "The Iliad of Homer, translated from the Greek, by Alexander Pope, Esq."

Pope's translations of the Homeric poems are achievements not only unmatched but unapproached. His thorough command over his native tongue gave him an active sense of its capacities and its deficiencies, and therefore he took the two narratives, each with all its parts and their sequence, but he told the two stories in his own way. Passing his early youth in a heroic period, when the bells pealed at short intervals for victory after victory, he had the best of all possible opportunities for drinking in heroic sensations; and with thorough power and efficiency "he sang of battles and the breath of stormy war and violent death." His successors, professing to perform

[1] Imitations of Horace, b. ii., sat. 1.

the same work, and to do it more accurately, have in that vain effort made repeated failures. Available as the English language is in its compound qualities of potency and flexibility, it is by these mighty possessions unavailable for echoing the Greek precision. There is something in this incapacity like the impossibility of communicating the close-fitting and hard polish of mosaic-work to textile fabrics, even when the colour is separately laid upon the fabric, as in the imitation of an Etruscan pavement in wax-cloth. It is possible that we may trace the propensity for rendering the Homeric poems in an exact echo of every fact and thought to the freedom of these great epics from the intrusion of the loathsome vices that came afterwards to stain the language they are expressed in.

Our period was much enlivened by the contributions to English literature of the curiously learned and brilliantly eloquent physician, Sir Thomas Browne. The bulk of his published works were not twenty years old when our period begins, and some of them had passed on to it in the eighth or tenth edition. It was not until the year 1712 that the collection of his "posthumous works" was published, containing 'Repertorium; or, the Antiquities of the Cathedral Church of Norwich,' and some additions to what may be considered the most characteristically beautiful of his works—'Hydriotaphia:' 'Urn Buriall; or, a Discourse of the Sepulchrall Urnes lately found in Norfolk.' A curious inconsistency is prevalent through all the varied learning and genius of his works. No one would dream of his being guilty of a misquotation from a classical authority, or the use

of a false quantity in his Greek. But the people who had that devotion and profound veneration for the classical in his day, generally despised and avoided everything connected with the language and the taste of the rude Gothic of our ancestors. Sir Thomas Browne handled these things with such ignorance and misapplication as, had he so dealt with the most obscure of Greek authors, would have covered him with infamy. In the most famous of his books, the 'Inquiry into Common and Vulgar Errors,' he perpetrated more errors than he exposed.

There was another Thomas Brown busily writing and printing throughout our period—a genial being, who generally comes to the surface in the gossip of the day as "Tom Brown." When the two are estimated with each other, the one might be likened to a solemn organ, the other to a flute, keen and melodious. Sir Thomas avowedly dealt with learned matters, but Tom appears to have been the greater scholar of the two. He was saturated with classicalities, both Latin and Greek. He lets his reader see, with quaint innocent-like hints, that he sees some of the horrors hidden in classical literature. But he does not dwell on them as one like-minded—he rather lets it be seen that he sees it all and could enlarge on it if his taste induced or permitted him so to indulge. He has much to say about indecorums and immoralities, but he cannot be called an indecorous or immoral writer; and indeed he is apt to create surprise by the success that attends him in making the objects of his lash distinct, in language so inoffensive as he uses. He is a monument of purity if we set him beside the very reverend scorner who is believed by

so many to give lustre to the literature of the age. Tom Brown's wit, though not so luxurious and riotous as the other's, is often more pungent and epigrammatic. His name is little known in the present generation, and indeed is not to be found in the ordinary English biographical dictionaries. It is a reproach to such literature as we possess in this form that the best account of Brown is to be found in the French 'Biographie Générale.'[1] As the works of Tom Brown are not to be found, like those of Addison, Steele, and Arbuthnot, in every gentleman's library, it may not be amiss here to incorporate a few specimens from a kind of literature that was read with greedy interest by the educated people of Queen Anne's day.

Here is an extract from "a dialogue after Lucian's manner," called "The Saints in an Uproar."

"*Enter* St George *and* St Christopher.

(St George *plucking* St Christopher *by the nose.*)

"Well, insolence, I shall be even with you before I have done. Dark nights will come, and then I'll substantially thrash your jacket for you. What! such a booby as thou art, pretend to dispute the precedence with a person of my quality?

"*Pluto.* Why, how now, bully royster! what's the meaning of this outrage in the face of justice?

"*St George.* This overgrown beast here, an't please your Highness, has not only reflected upon my parentage, but calls my valour in question. 'Tis known to all the world that I am the doughty hero that

[1] "Brown, Thomas, surnomme Tom Brown, poëte Anglais, natif du Shropshire," &c.; after naming his chief works, "en y trouve de l'érudition et ce que les Anglais appellent *humour*."

delivered the King of Egypt's daughter, killed the dragon upon the spot, and carried off the royal virgin for my reward. To justify this truth, I need urge no other testimonies than the common signs in most towns of Europe, where I am to be seen most magnificently bestriding my steed, with the dragon under my feet.

"*St Christopher.* For all his bouncing and bragging, I believe your Majesty will put him strangely to his trumps, if you'll but ask him where he was born? what profession he was of? and what sort of animal it was he killed?

"*Pluto.* Come hither, friend, and resolve me a question or two. Where were you born?

"*St George.* Some say in Cappadocia, others in Coventry.

"*Pluto.* Why, truly, Coventry lies very near Cappadocia: but what a plague, can't you tell where you were born?

"*St George.* And others have affirmed that Alexandria in Egypt was the place of my nativity: for my part, I cannot precisely tell where I was born; but that I was born somewhere or other I hope your Majesty has the charity to believe.

"*Pluto.* Most certainly; but what was thy profession?

"*St George.* Some make me a great officer in the emperor's army, and others an Arian bishop and a persecutor.

"*Pluto.* Thou art enough to distract the greatest patience. I'll allow thee indeed not to know the place of thy birth, because children don't use to come into the world with their ink-horns and pocket-books

about them; but the devil's in thee if thou canst not remember whether thou wert a bishop or a soldier: those two professions are not so like one another that there should be any danger of mistaking them.

"*St George.* 'Tis my misfortune that I cannot——

"*Pluto.* Come, then, under what emperor didst thou live?

"*St George.* Some say under the Emperor Diocletian; some——

"*Pluto.* How! at your *somes* again? Thou art a true original, I swear. Well, I have but one question more to ask thee. What sort of an animal was the dragon, which thou valuest thyself so much for slaying? Had it wings, as 'tis commonly painted in the signs, or was it a reptile?

"*St George.* Not exactly resembling it in every particular, nor yet altogether different. As for wings, I can say nothing to the matter; for I confess I was under so great an agitation——

"*Pluto.* I understand your meaning: you were so terribly scared in the time of engagement, that you had not leisure to consider the shape of your monster. Come, come, honest friend, these shams are too gross to pass upon the world any longer; your dragons and flying monsters won't go down at this time of day; therefore, take my word for it, I'll take care to see thee turned out of the almanac.

"*St George.* Well, then, if 'tis my fate to be ejected out of my ancient freehold, I hope your Majesty will be so just as to make that huge two-handed fellow keep me company. I dare engage, that if you ask him the same questions you put to me, you'll find him as deficient.

"*Pluto.* Nay, I won't favour one more than another, that I assure you. (*To his officers.*) Bring up that well-shaped gentleman yonder to the bar. Well, sir, under whose reign did you live? what occupation did you follow? who was your father? Come, resolve me immediately, for my time is precious.

"*St Christopher.* I lived near an arm of the sea.

"*Pluto.* Very particularly answered. And in what part of the world? for I suppose you know there are more arms of the sea than one.

"*St Christopher.* I can't tell, an't please you.

"*Pluto.* That's honest, however: but proceed.

"*St Christopher.* I was a ferryman by my calling, if I may call that a calling which never got me a farthing; for I was so good-natured a hackney that I used to carry folks over for nothing.

"*Pluto.* Why, how did you maintain your boat and tackle all this while?

"*St Christopher.* I kept none, but carried the good people upon my shoulders.

"*Pluto.* A very pretty story! And so you waded through this imaginary arm of the sea, and whipt over your customers dryshod? Well, I shall ask you no more questions, for this has given me enough. Turn out both those fellows there, and, Mr Recorder, pray remember to expunge their names out of the calendar." [*Exeunt* St George *and* St Christopher.

"*Enter* St Ursula *at the head of the Eleven Thousand Virgins, and* St Mauritius *in front of the Thebean Legion.*

"*Pluto.* Bless me! what a fantastic sight is here! What a motley chequered assembly of red coats and

waistcoateers! Sure it must be some quarrel of importance that hath put such numbers of both sexes into so great a ferment. Come, mistress (for I know you'll have the first and last word, whether I'll grant it you or no), what is the occasion of this disorder and mutiny that you have lately made in my dominions?

"*St Ursula.* Why, that furious fierce hero, Colonel Kickum, had the impudence to tell me that those ill-looked shirtless rascals lost their lives for the Christian religion. A very probable story indeed, that a pack of vermin, bred up to plundering of hedges, nimming of cloaks, rubbing out of milk-scores, and bilking of their landladies, should on the sudden be so strangely troubled with qualms of conscience as to lay down their lives; for what?—why, for their religion, forsooth! whereas I thought a soldier had no religion but his pay.

"*St Mauritius.* Very pert, Miss Termagant! And is it not altogether as probable that eleven thousand virgins should come out of a little pimping corner of Britain, when some honest gentlemen of that nation but t'other day assured me that the whole kingdom hardly affords so many at present, though 'tis ten times as populous as when the legend supposes you and your sister-trollops to have lived there.

"*St Ursula.* 'Tis some comfort to me, however, bully spitfire, that thou canst not abuse me without falling foul upon my country.

"*St Mauritius.* Now, if it would not be too great a trouble to your ladyship, I would desire you to inform the court how you and your sandy-pated companions made a shift for to cross over into France.

Swimming-girdles and cork-shoes, as I take it, were not then in fashion; and the British princes, put 'em all together, had not shipping enough to transport such an army of viragoes.

"*St Ursula.* Come, come, you're impertinent, and I won't resolve you."[1]

"Letters from the Dead to the Living:"—

Scarron to Louis le Grand.

"All the conversation of this lower world at present runs upon you; and the devil a word we can hear in any of our coffee-houses but what his Gallic Majesty is more or less concerned in. 'Tis agreed on by all our virtuosos that, since the days of Diocletian, no prince has been so great a benefactor to Hell as yourself; and as much a master of eloquence as I was once thought to be at Paris, I want words to tell you how much you are commended here for so heroically trampling under foot the Treaty of Reswick and opening a new scene of war in your great climacteric, at which age most of the princes before you were such recreants as to think of making up their scores with heaven and leaving their neighbours in peace. But you, they say, are above such sordid precedents, and rather than Pluto should want men to people his dominions, are willing to spare him half a million of your own subjects, and that at a juncture, too, when you are not overstocked with them.

"This has gained you an universal applause in

[1] "The Works of Thomas Brown, serious and comical, in prose and verse, with his remains. In four volumes complete. The Ninth Edition, 1760."—Vol. ii. pp. 74-76.

these regions; the three Furies sing your praises in every street; Bellona swears there's never a prince in Christendom worth hanging besides yourself; and Charon bustles for you in all companies: he desired me, about a week ago, to present his most humble respects to you, adding, that if it had not been for your Majesty, he, with his wife and children, must long ago have been quartered upon the parish; for which reason he duly drinks your health every morning in a cup of cold Styx next his conscience.

"Indeed I have a double title to write to you: in the first place, as one of your dutiful though unworthy subjects, who formerly tasted of your liberality; and secondly, as you have done me the honour to take my late wife, not only into your private embraces, but private councils. Poor fool! I little thought she would fall to your Majesty's share when I took my last farewell of her, or that a prince that had his choice of so many thousands, would accept of my sorry leavings. And therefore, I must confess, I am apt to be a little vain as often as I reflect that the greatest monarch in the universe and I are brother-starlings, and that the eldest son of the Church and the little Scarron have fished in the same hole. Some saucy fellows have had the impudence to tell me to my face that Madame Maintenon (for so, out of respect to your Majesty, I must call her) is your lawful wife, and that you were clandestinely married to her. I took them up roundly, as they deserved, and told them I was sure it was a damned lie; for, said I to them, if my master was married to her, as you pretend, she had broke his heart long ago, as well as she did mine; from whence I positively concluded that

she might be your mistress, but was none of your wife.

"Last week, as I was sitting with some of my acquaintance in a public-house, after a great deal of impertinent chat about the affairs of the Milanese, and the intended siege of Mantua, the whole company fell a-talking of your Majesty, and what glorious exploits you had performed in your time. 'Why, gentlemen,' says an ill-looked rascal, who proved to be Herostratus, 'for Pluto's sake, let not the Grand Monarch run away with all your praises. I have done something memorable in my time too: 'twas I who, out of the Gaité de Cœur, and to perpetuate my name, fired the famous temple of the Ephesian Diana, and in two hours consumed that magnificent structure, which was two hundred years a-building; therefore, gentlemen, lavish not away all your praises, I beseech you, upon one man, but allow others their share.' 'Why, thou diminutive inconsiderable wretch,' said I, in a great passion, to him,—'thou worthless idle loggerhead, thou pigmy in sin, thou Tom Thumb in iniquity,—how dares such a puny insect as thou art have the impudence to enter the lists with Louis le Grand? Thou valuest thyself upon firing a church; but how? when the mistress of the house, who was a midwife by profession, was gone out to assist Olympias, and delivered her of Alexander the Great. 'Tis plain thou hadst not the courage to do it when the goddess was present, and upon the spot; but what is this to what my royal master can boast of, that has destroyed a hundred and a hundred such foolish fabrics in his time, and bravely ordered them to be bombarded, when he knew the very God that made and

redeemed him had taken up His quarters in them? Therefore, turn out of the room, like a paltry insignificant villain as thou art, or I'll pick thy carcase for thee.'"[1]

Two other essayists, known as Tom D'Urfey and Ned Ward, were popular in our period; but they belonged to a class of writers among whom Tom Brown was supreme, and in his writings we see what the school could achieve.

Defoe might be considered to be still so fully before the world as not to require an introduction by a historian of his period; but he was the most prolific author of that period, and we may take a glance at some items of his literature that, though forgotten now, had their influence then. We have met him casually already in "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters," and have seen how a certain easy careless unscrupulosity, aided by vivacity and power, made him a conspicuous, if not very illustrious, man. It was in his nature to consider it an excellent joke to fabric a volume of negotiations, avowedly leading to the Treaty of Utrecht, and capable, under certain conditions of likely occurrence, to rouse the public mind to excitement, if not to fury.[2]

The most bulky, if not the most important, of all Defoe's works is 'The Review'—a periodical publication making, when it is all put together, eight large quarto volumes. These volumes are, individually,

[1] The Works of Thomas Brown, ii. 21-23.

[2] "Minutes of the Negotiations of Monsr. Mesnager at the Court of England towards the close, wherein some of the most secret transactions of that time relating to the interest of the Pretender, and a clandestine separate peace, are detected and laid. Written by himself. Done out of French."

extremely rare. Collectively, there is but one copy known to exist, and that is in the British Museum. It is often said that the great public institutions that treasure up books, rarities, and works of art, have not rivals, but rather contributors, in private collectors, because in the end the collections they have laboriously made find their way to the public institutions. The possession by the British Museum, and, consequently, by the nation at large, of Defoe's 'Review' is an example of this peculiar law of supply and demand. The completion of 'The Review' was the final triumph of an indefatigable research for every scrap that had fallen from the pen of Defoe — a search conducted by Walter Wilson to enable him conscientiously to complete his 'Memoirs of the Life and Times of Daniel Defoe, containing a review of his writings and his opinions upon a variety of important matters, Civil and Ecclesiastical,' in three volumes, published in 1830.

A reason for the rarity of 'The Review' becomes obvious to any one who reads or even glances over the complete copy in the British Museum. 'The Review' found its way to the uses of waste-paper as worthless in literature. Brilliant passages are to be found in it by one who searches for them, and the conclusion naturally reached during the search is, that Defoe contributed these, and the rest was supplied by some dreary compiler. But it is awkward to hold by this theory in the face of repeated assurances that all is written by Defoe himself. There is another possible theory of the imperfections of the work. Defoe had gained a reputation that secured a wide and rapid sale for anything that bore his name. Apollo's bow

is not always bent, and the divine Homer sometimes nods. So it was that Defoe, with something like a suspension of intellectual animation, could write what is colloquially called "twaddle" as fast as his pen could be driven over the paper; and that he so wrote, and sold what he wrote, because he wanted money.

However this may be, having been provoked to accomplish a search all through his chaff for whatever grains of wheat it might contain, I here offer to the reader the result in a few disconnected *ana*:—

ECCLESIASTICAL SCANDALS.

"The Church of England will never maintain her name in the world, keep up her reputation, defend herself against the Dissenters, and stand her ground against schism and errors, till she revives her discipline, and restores the morals of her clergy.

"To hear a minister of the Church blaspheme that blessed name by which he is or pretends to be called; to see a preacher of righteousness be a belcher of oaths; a guide to salvation a defier and insulter of Heaven. 'Thou that preachest a man should not steal, dost thou steal? Thou that sayest a man should not commit adultery, dost thou commit adultery? Thou that abhorrest idols, dost thou commit sacrilege? Thou that makest thy boast of the law, through breaking the law dishonourest thou God?' —(Rom. ii. 21-23)."[1]

(Story of a "famous doctor" and prebendary of St Paul's. A question was before the chapter as to the establishment of a preachership in the parish of

[1] Review, v. 506.

St Nicholas. The majority were in its favour, and "we were in great hopes of obtaining our desire.")

"Upon which the furious doctor got up and said, 'G—d d—n them! What occasion was there for it when they might come to the cathedral?' To this it was gravely replied that the cathedral was a great way off, and up hill; the other was nearer and more convenient for the city; and that it was to be feared several of the inhabitants, rather than go so far as the cathedral, stayed at home, or contented themselves with the service without a sermon, &c. To which our pious and good doctor added, with another G—d d—n them! 'If they would not go to the cathedral, they might go to the devil,'—in which it seems as if the grave assembly acquiesced, for they broke up without coming to any other resolution in the matter."[1]

HIGH CHURCH AND MAYPOLES.

"No sooner was King William dead, and the queen came to the crown, but the gentlemen of the High Church, mistaking her Majesty in this as in all the rest of her meaning, began to lay the same foundation of riotous triumph as formerly; for they looked on the queen's coming to the crown as a mere restoration: they were resolved it should restore the crime as well as the person of whom they began to value themselves on account of the line and divine right and succession. Universal revels filled their houses, and general drunkenness began to revive.

"And I appeal to common knowledge, if in the first half-year of her present Majesty, almost all the

[1] Review, v. 503.

maypoles in England were not repaired and re-edified, new painted, new hung with garlands beautified? And whether there was not more new maypoles erected than had been in twenty years before? Let any man, when he goes through a town with a fine-painted maypole, inquire when it was last repaired or set up, and I hold five to one that 'tis answered in the year 1702—I mean, take one with another." [1]

ELECTIONS.

"Wretched Englishmen!—I scorn to say Britons, for Scotland has more modesty—let me speak to the poor English and imposed-upon electors: Honest freeholders, you are come to choose Parliament-men here. Why do they give you wine? Why treat you at inns? Why set out barrels of beer for you? Why do they prompt you to drink, and, if possible, to excess? Is it that being drunk you shall know better how to choose, or worse? Is it that when your heads are muddled, you should judge better of the qualifications necessary to a representative, or worse? Is it because the liquor will quicken and sharpen your understanding, or darken and dose it? [2] We esteem it one of the grossest pieces of villany for a man to make another man drunk and then get him to play. This entitles the people that practise it to the title of sharpers and setters, and mankind express a general aversion to them on all occasions. How often has the county of Surrey thrown out a certain gentleman, purely upon the occasion of his ruining an honest family that way, and carried the box and

[1] Review, ii. 330. [2] Ibid., vii. 332.

dice into the field as a reproach and a mark of infamy against the person on the day of an election?[1]

"A word or two more about our elections. Treating, bribing, drinking, and all the corruptions of a debauched principle have been our forerunners. By these our elections are made; by these, O ye freeholders and electors of England! an interest has been made in your favour; your votes are bought with liquor, your birthrights bespoke of you in consideration of what you receive. What? Not a mess of pottage? Esau made a good bargain compared to the people of this generation. He, prompted by hunger, and at the point of fainting—tempted by his craving appetite, and blind to the blessing of his primogeniture—took the present bait, and let go the future advantage.

"But Englishmen, sordid and forsaken, abandoned of their reason, urged by no necessity and prompted by no appetite—for here the appetite is prompted by the art,—under no manner of temptation, but upon mere steps of brutality, and the most absurd folly in the world, sell their all—their laws, their properties, their posterity, their souls, and their God—and all for what? Not for a bait to nature,—a meal—meat—a restoring in excess of want which was Esau's excuse,—but, insufferable brutes! for an infection, for the plague, for the worst and most loathsome contagion."[2]

MENDICANCY.

"There is no occasion of laws to find work for our poor, but of laws to make our poor work. . . .

"If all the beggars of this nation had a charter to

[1] Review, vii. 333. [2] Ibid., 332.

form themselves into a body, they would be the richest corporation in the kingdom.

"The disease is corroded; the leprosy is on the walls; we are possessed with the begging devil; we have poor without begging, and beggars without poverty. Strange that nature can be suppressed to so much meanness—to ask a man's charity for mere covetousness, and stoop to beg without want!

"How often have we known men that have stood with a broom in their hands to sweep a passage, and beg your alms for God's sake, leave £1000 in gold behind them? Two or three famous instances of which we have now very lately—one of which has left £3000 to a charity."[1]

INDUSTRY.

"A garden is the highest improvement of land in the world. And I do affirm it, and in the consequence of these papers doubt not to prove it, that were England so full of people that all the low lands of the nation were but enough to make their gardens, and feed—home-stall, as they call it—their horses and cows, and the hills their sheep, that they could neither sow their own corn nor feed their own cattle, it would still be the richer, and be the greatest nation in the world.

"You should then need make no laws to prohibit the Irish cattle; all the world should be your breeders and feeders; all your neighbours should be your ploughmen, your hewers of wood and drawers of water; and your wealth and strength would be a prodigy like yourselves."[2]

[1] Review, 349, 350. [2] Ibid., vi. 143.

APPROACH OF THE UNION.

"Bless'd be the day, and wing'd with joy it flies;
Foretelling augurs whisper it from the skies,
When hand in hand they shall consent to fight,
Abroad to conquer and at home unite.
England no more shall to her loss subdue,
And victim Scots the conqueror pursue;
England no more shall meanly learn to fly,
And Bannockburn shall sink in history.
Scotland no more shall banks of Trent invade,
And Flodden plains be in oblivion laid.
Unnatural war! when we retreat to view
Our ancient feuds, and match them with the new,
For what strange trifles have these nations fought!
What seas of noble blood, how cheap let out!
What monuments of slaughter still remain
On every mountain and in every plain!
When mutual animosities excite,
And big with rage the sister nations fight.

. . . . . .

'Tis time to think. Fate summons to obey
The black accounts of every bloody day—
How all that gallant blood has been mispent.
The nation's old; 'tis high time to repent.
Britannia mourns for peace, in peace delights
And thrives, but just as fast as she unites."[1]

REFLECTIONS.

"*June* 30, 1705.

"I believe nothing would contribute more to making us good Christians than to be able to look upon all things, causes, and persons here, with the same eyes as we do when we are just looking into eternity. Death sets all in a clear light; and when the man is, as it were, in the very boat, pushing off from the shore of the world, his last views of it, being abstracted from interests, hopes, or wishes, and in-

[1] Review, iv. 2, 3.

fluenced by the near view of the future state, must be clear, unbiassed, and impartial.

"I am moving as in like manner, to realise the pressures, miseries, and disasters of a declining confederacy; to look on ourselves in a fair way to be conquered, and to view the French as if overrunning our neighbours the Dutch, and preparing a too powerful force to invade us. . . . The French fleet upon our coasts; Dover made as Dieppe; our coasts insulted; our towns bombarded; our ships destroyed; two or three such fleets as we now expect from Lisbon taken; our ports blocked up; a French squadron riding at the Nore, and their grand fleet at St Helena, and our own fleet beaten. These things would bring us to peace; we should be all friends in an instant; and these horrid feuds and distractions would just look as ridiculous as they really are in their own nation."[1]

The passage following has often been cited as an utterance by Defoe, and people have searched for it in vain in the portion of his works in general circulation. It is here given *in situ*, as the geologists say:—

"24*th January* 1708.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it should be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind *à la mode de pays de Pole*—neither to give nor take quarter. If he tells of the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells their virtues, when they have any—which,

[1] Review, ii. 203.

perhaps, is seldom enough true, — then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless. And this is the course I take myself."[1]

"He that defends truth, and truth only, cannot be mercenary; he that does nothing but what it is his duty to do may be rewarded, but he cannot be bribed. He is a mercenary who to-day writes for one side — to-morrow for another; who to-day defends tyranny and passive obedience—to-morrow takes up arms against his prince; to-day swears to a Revolution Settlement—to-morrow defends tacking and all kinds of national extravagancies; that writes to excuse the guilty or accuse the innocent; to misrepresent, aggravate, put false glosses and false lights on some causes or some actions which will not bear a true. And wherever you find these impostors let them be brought forth to public shame; let them be detected, punished, and exposed to the utmost; and, above all, let those be employed who expose them."[2]

We find Defoe making the following remarks, indicative of hopes not realised, when he has reached his seventh volume :—

"Contrary to many people's hopes and some's expectations, this work is happily arrived at the end of the seventh volume, when posterity shall revise the several sheets and see what turn of times have happened to parties—what fury, what passions have reigned; how the author of this paper has treated them all and they him. It may add something to your wonder how either the writing has been

[1] Review, iv. 593. [2] Ibid., iv. 594.

supported or the author left alive to show his face in the world."[1]

It is characteristic of a sort of restless flightiness that catches at every passing fancy that can be put to use, to find him turn suddenly here to the practice of calling dogs by party names:—

"I remember my grandfather had a huntsman that used the same familiarity with his dogs, and he had his Roundhead and his Cavalier, his Goring and his Waller; and all the generals in both armies were hounds in his pack till, the times turning, the old gentleman was fain to scatter the pack, and make them up of more dog-like surnames."[2]

One is here tempted to recall what Voltaire said of Rousseau's Letters to Posterity, that they would never reach their address. If anything like a prospect of immortality dawned on 'The Review,' it must have undergone violent fluctuations, as a quotation that is to be the last on this occasion will show.

The fifth volume opens with a story of a stranger who heard a brilliant sermon, being amazed to see others of the audience, who were accustomed to the preacher, and said his story was "so long a' telling" that they hated to hear it.

"And just thus it was with 'The Review.' The people would take up the paper and read two or three lines in it, and found it related to Scotland and the Union, and throw it away. *Union, Union*, this fellow can talk of nothing but *Union;* I think he will never be done with this. *Union* has grown mighty dull of late. And yet, gentlemen, give me leave to tell you, you have hardly learnt to understand the

[1] Preface to Review, vol. vii. [2] Ibid.

Union all this while. The truth of the case is this: *The story* is *good*, but 'tis *too long a' telling*. You hate a long story. The palate is glutted: novelty is the food you lust after: and if the story were of heaven you will be cloyed with the length of it." He was quite aware of it all, "yet he found this affair so necessary, so useful, and with some few good judgments so desirable, that he chose to be called dull and exhausted. He ventured the general censure of the town critics to pursue the subject."

Let us call up another mighty spirit of that age—Jonathan Swift. His "Journal to Stella," Miss Johnson—called, in the phraseology of the day, Mrs Johnson—has a fascinating interest for those who endeavour to pierce through afflictive or distressing secrets to their ultimate conclusions. Here they have been invariably baffled and disappointed. There is no intention on this occasion to follow their example; and if a touch here and there associates itself with some sad secrets, they must be held only as a variety to the curious little glimpses of the vanities and infirmities of a man endowed with mighty genius.

"Steele has had the assurance to write to me that I would engage my Lord Treasurer to keep a friend of his in an employment: I think I told you how he and Addison served me for my good offices in Steele's behalf; and I promised Lord Treasurer never to speak for either of them again."[1]

"I have not seen that Lord Peterborough yet. The Duke of Shrewsbury is almost well again, and will be abroad in a day or two. What care you? There

[1] 29th June 1711.

it is; you don't care for my friends. Farewell my dearest lives and delights, I love you better than ever, if possible, as hope saved, I do, and ever will. God Almighty bless you ever, and make us happy together. I pray for this twice every day; and I hope God will hear my poor hearty prayers. Remember, if I am used ill and ungratefully, as I have formerly been, 'tis what I am prepared for, and shall not wonder at it. Yet I am now envied, and thought in high favour, and have every day numbers of considerable men teasing me to solicit for them. And the Ministry all use me perfectly well, and all that know them say they love me. Yet I can count upon nothing, nor will, but upon M.D.'s love and fondness. They think me useful; they pretend they were afraid of none but me, and that they were resolved to have me; they have often confessed this: yet all makes little impression on me."[1]

"Lord Peterborough desired to see me this morning. I had not seen him before since he came home. I met Mrs Manley there, who was soliciting him to get some pension or reward for her services in the cause, by writing her 'Atalantis.'"[2]

"I was this day with Lord Peterborough, who is going another ramble. I believe I told you so. I dined with Lord Treasurer but cannot get him to do his own business with me. He has put me off till to-morrow."[3]

"21*st.*—I dined yesterday with Lord Treasurer, who would needs take me along with him to Windsor, although I refused him several times, having no linen, &c. I had just time to desire Lord Forbes to

[1] 29th June 1711. [2] Ibid. [3] 20th July 1711.

call at my lodging, and order my man to send my things to-day to Windsor by his servant. I lay last night at the Secretary's lodgings at Windsor, and borrowed one of his shirts to go to Court in. The queen is very well. I dined with Mr Masham; and not hearing anything of my things I got Lord Winchelsea to bring me to town. Here I found that Patrick had broke open the closet to get my linen and night-gown, and sent them to Windsor, and there they are; and he, not thinking I would return so soon, is gone upon his rambles: so here I am left destitute, and forced to borrow a night-gown of my landlady, and have not a rag to put on to-morrow; faith, it gives me the spleen! . . . The Secretary and I go on Saturday to Windsor for a week. I dined with Lord Treasurer, and stayed with him till past ten. I was to-day at his levee, where I went against my custom, because I had a mind to do a good office for a gentleman; so I talked with him before my lord that he might see me; and then found occasion to recommend him this afternoon. . . .

"29*th*.—I was at Court and church to-day, as I was this day se'nnight. I generally am acquainted with about thirty in the drawing-room, and am so proud I make all the lords come up to me. One passes half an hour pleasant enough. We had a dunce to preach before the queen to-day, which often happens. Windsor is a delicious situation, but the town is scoundrel. I have this morning got the 'Gazette' for Ben Tooke and one Barber a printer; it will be three hundred pounds a-year between them. T'other fellow was printer of the 'Examiner,' which is now laid down. I dined with the Secretary: we were a dozen in all,

three Scotch lords, and Lord Peterborough. Duke Hamilton would needs be witty, and hold up my train as I walked up-stairs. It is an ill circumstance that on Sunday much company meet at the great tables. Lord Treasurer told at Court what I said to Mr Secretary on this occasion. The Secretary showed me his bill of fare to encourage me to dine with him. 'Poh!' said I, 'show me a bill of company, for I value not your dinner.'" [1]

"The queen was abroad to-day in order to hunt, but finding it disposed to rain, she kept in her coach. She hunts in a chaise with one horse, which she drives herself, and drives furiously like Jehu, and is a mighty Nimrod. Dingley has heard of Nimrod but not Stella, for it is in the Bible. I was to-day at Eton, which is just across the bridge, to see my Lord Kerry's son, who is at school there. Mr Secretary has given me a warrant for a buck; I can't send it to M.D. It is a sad thing, faith! considering how Presto loves M.D., and how M.D. would love Presto's venison for Presto's sake." [2]

"Lord Treasurer and the Secretary thought to mortify me; for they told me 'they had been talking a great deal of me to-day to the queen, and she said she had never heard of me.' I told them 'that was their fault, not hers;' and so we laughed. I dined with the Secretary, and let him go to London at five without me." [3]

"Farewell, again, dearest rogues: I am never happy but when I write or think of M.D. I have enough of Courts and Ministers." [4]

[1] 28th and 29th July 1711.
[2] 31st July 1711.
[3] 6th August 1711.
[4] 25th August.

"The Whigs whisper that our new Ministry differ among themselves, and they begin to talk out Mr Secretary. They have some reasons for their whispers, although I thought it was a greater secret. I do not much like the posture of things; I always apprehended that any falling out would ruin them, and so I have told them several times."[1]

"A rogue that writes a newspaper called 'The Protestant Post-Boy,' has reflected on me in one of his papers; but the Secretary has taken him up and he shall have a squeeze extraordinary. He says that 'an ambitious Tantivy missing of his towering hopes of preferment in Ireland, is come over to vent his spleen on the late Ministry.' I'll *tantivy* him with a vengeance."[2]

"I have been returning the visits of those who sent *howdees* in my sickness, particularly the Duchess of Hamilton, who came and sat with me two hours. I make bargains with all people that I dine with to let me scrub my back against a chair; and the Duchess of Ormond was forced to bear it the other day."[3]

"Parker would not have known me, if several lords on the bench, and in the court, bowing, had not turned everybody's eyes, and set them a-whispering. . . . These devils of Grub Street rogues, that write the 'Flying Post' and 'Medley' in one paper, will not be quiet. They are always mauling Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Treasurer, and me. We have the dog under prosecution, but Bolingbroke is not active enough; but I hope to swinge him. . . . I cannot keep myself private though I stole up two pairs of stairs when I

[1] 27th August 1711. [2] 10th October 1711. [3] Ibid., 1712.

came from Windsor; but my present man has not yet learned his lesson of denying me discreetly. The Duchess of Ormond found me out to-day and made me dine with her. . . . The Duke of Ormond will not be over these three or four days. I design to make him join with me in settling all right among our people. I have ordered the Duchess to let me have an hour with the Duke at his first coming, to give him a true state of persons and things. I believe the Duke of Shrewsbury will hardly be declared your governor; at least I think so now, but resolutions alter very often. Duke Hamilton gave me a pound of snuff to-day, admirably good. I wish M.D. had it, and Ppt. too, if she likes it. It cost me a quarter of an hour of his politics, which I was forced to hear. Lady Orkney is making me a writing-table of her own contrivance." [1]

"I was to-day at Court, but kept out of Lord Treasurer's way, because I was engaged to the Duke of Ormond, where I dined, and, I think, ate and drank too much. I sat this evening with Lady Masham, who has been laying out for my acquaintance, and has forced a promise from me to drink chocolate with her in a day or two." [2]

The results were not always so brilliant as the expectations. It is touching to be instructed on the result of the hopes opening over twelve thousand a-year. "The Earl of Abingdon has been teasing me these three months to dine with him; and this day was appointed about a week ago, and I named my company; Lord Stawell, Colonel Disney, and Dr Arbuthnot; but the two last slipped out their necks

[1] 29th October 1712. [2] 4th February 1713.

and left Stawell and me there. We did not dine till seven, because it is Ash Wednesday. We had nothing but fish, which Lord Stawell could not eat, and got a broiled leg of a turkey. Our wine was poison; yet the puppy has twelve thousand a-year. His carps were raw, and his candles tallow. He shall not catch me in haste again, and everybody has laughed at me for dining with him."[1]

What comes next is in its way curious and candid. "I dined with Sir Thomas Hanmer and his duchess. The Duke of Ormond was there, but we parted soon, and I went to Lord Pembroke for the first time; but it was to see some curious books. Lord Cholmondeley came in; but I would not talk to him, though he made many advances. I hate the scoundrel. . . . I was to-day at an auction of pictures with Pratt, and laid out two pounds five shillings for a picture of Titian, and if it were a Titian it would be worth twice as many pounds. If I am cheated, I'll part with it to Lord Masham: if it be a bargain, I'll keep it to myself. That's my conscience. But I made Pratt buy several pictures for Lord Masham. Pratt is a great *virtuoso* that way. I dined with Lord Treasurer, but made him go to Court at eight. I always tease him to be gone. I thought to have made Parnell dine with him, but he was ill; his head is out of order like mine, but more constant, poor boy! I was at Lord Treasurer's levee with the Provost to ask a book for the college. I never go to his levee unless it be to present somebody."[2]

The weaknesses disclosed in these passages, the fluttering vanity, the greedy desire for notice by

[1] 5th and 6th March 1713. [2] 18th February 1713.

the great, with the affectation of holding it in scorn, might all be characteristics of an innocent and genial nature. But Swift's writings disclose other defects, and although they are of a nature not to be palpably discussed in an age of decorum like the present, it is scarcely just that, flagrant as he chose to make them, they should be absolutely forgotten. It is remarkable about Swift that, with all his malignity and brutality, he had it in his nature that he brought two young women, amiable, accomplished, and virtuous, to strive in rivalry for his love. It seems almost like a survival of the same fascinating influence that his genius has gained the admiration and even the sympathy of pure and scholarly natures.[1]

It would be a hardy opinion to promulgate that a certain little book, written by Swift, should not be opened by any prudent person, and harder to give

[1] Among these was the late John Forster who may be said to have died in the midst of his worship, leaving 'The Life of Jonathan Swift, by John Forster; Volume the first, 1667-1711: London, 1875.' This fragment bears ample testimony of devoted industry, aided by acuteness. There is a curious discovery in it of the "little language" scattered through the "Journal to Stella." After a skilful etymology of some conglomerates of consonants that have been stumbling-blocks to others, there comes forth this revelation. "He is himself throughout PDFR, sometimes PODEFAR and F. R., or other fragments of what may be assumed to be Poor Dear Foolish Rogue. She is Ppt, presumably Poppet, or Poor Pretty Thing; but MD, My Dear, is also for the most part her designation."—P. 408. The author of the discovery is thoroughly unconscious that he enhances the baseness of his hero by expounding the hidden words of endearment bestowed on the gentle damsel whose heart he was stealing.

Forster had the uncommon defect of being unacquainted with the great extent of his own power, and awarding undue deference to those of other people. I repeatedly told him that it was his duty to the world to go over Clarendon's ground, and give us the history of the great civil wars of the seventeenth century, instead of wasting himself on fragments too full of weighty matter for the mere sketches they professed to be.

assent to the injunction when it is found to denounce that one of his efforts which has perhaps been the oftenest cited and imitated. The small morsel of literature known as "Swift's Directions to Servants," has had, and will continue to have, irresistible attractions to the curious and inquiring. Yet it may safely be said that no one can read it without feeling that, in doing so, he has brought on himself one of the minor misfortunes of life—a something that for some indefinite time will haunt him with such horror as a nightmare-dream may inflict on the first thoughts of morning. It is not that the object of the little book is revolting, or, indeed, anything but commendable. It touches upon morals only obliquely in dealing with the smaller affairs of life; but, so far as it goes, its object is to promote virtue. The preceptor is the absolute antithesis of one wallowing in filth, physical or moral. He is a clean man lifting up his testimony against the abominations that gather around to disgust and torture him. He is jeering and scolding a filthy world with all the vehemence of his rhetoric and sarcasm. But the inexorable logic of the form of irony assumed by him, drags him and his reader through every form of the filthy and the odious that poor fallen human nature is liable to suffer under in domestic life.

It is, in fact, in the rigid exhaustion of the antithetic logic of his method of denunciation that he becomes revolting. He sets his fertile genius to the task of conjuring up every form of personal impurity available to the capacity of the human animal for the affliction of his fellow-man; and he follows up each one to its source with the minute diligence of a de-

tective tracing home a murder. The description of each pursuit is horribly distinct and picturesque. These qualities are given to it, not in love of what they expose, but in dire hatred of it; but for all that, the impressions left by them are strong and offensive.

In the present day, what might be called the plain-speakingness of such literature would not be tolerated; and yet we have managed to cleanse ourselves of a vast load of the impurities, whose persistent existence as a curse of mankind was the justification of the plain speaking. In fact, the object in vain pursued by plain speaking and scolding has been largely achieved by that sanitary science which is still in its strong youth. In a science there is a purity and dignity that can approach all things without contamination or the uneasy sense of the disgusting. It has long been so in the sphere of the anatomist and the physiologist. The sanitary engineer is displacing the scavenger and the night-man, and a single decisively expressed proposition in the report of some sanitary philosopher will do more in the cause of cleanliness and health than the immortal taunts of the greatest of our satirists.

Gratuitously to invoke associations painful or vile is an offence, and the offence is aggravated when genius is lent to sharpen its sting. The three elements on which the metaphysicians have exhausted all the sources of association make a very simple analysis—so simple that one might suppose their discovery a casual thought; and, indeed, when their completeness was elaborated by Hume, it was said that he might have found the whole system casually uttered by Aquinas. Contrariety is one of these; and while D'Urfey injures his readers by revelling in

filth as if he loved it, Swift evokes the other source of association called contrariety. The reader is pained to be so obdurately reminded that he is of the earth earthy. Why not leave the man with the muck-rake and go with Milton when he said, "Unto the heaven of heavens I have aspired, an earthly guest, and drunk empyreal air"? Why, to use a plebeian metaphor—why continually rub our nose in it?

The frequent use in recent times of the term æsthetic, has familiarised us with the notion that genius without good taste is void. Let us illustrate this by comparison with an author of later date, who could be as bitterly sarcastic as Swift, but, endowed with a sense of the sublime and beautiful—qualities to which Swift was blind—could discriminate that border where the ludicrous and mocking spirit should stand still. Both appeal to a statue that, even after the career of Canova and of Thorwaldsen, may claim the most illustrious place in the art of sculpture.

SWIFT.	BYRON.
"Apollo, god of light and wit,	"Or view the lord of the unerring bow,
Could verse inspire but seldom writ;	The god of life and poesy and light—
Refined all metals with his looks,	The sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
As well as chemists' by their books.	All radiant from his triumph in the fight.
As handsome as my lady's page,	The shaft hath just been shot, the arrow bright
Sweet five-and-twenty was his age;	With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye
His wig was made of sunny rays,	And nostril beautiful disdain and might
He crowned his youthful head with bays;	And majesty flash their full lightnings by,
Not all the court of Heaven could show	Developing in that one glance the deity."
So nice and so complete a beau."	

Passing from offences of such a nature, that even had they offended the taste of the age, would have given no individual person a right to complain of them as aimed against himself, we have others in equally abominable taste, making themselves cruel as malignant crimes committed against men and women of virtue and conduct. Conspicuous among these is the vile insinuation buried in the lines beginning—

> "But what success Vanessa met
> Is to the world a secret yet."

If there was a true foundation for the inference he desired to raise, the act was one of meanness and treachery. If there was no foundation for it—and all who have had experience in their countrywomen of the higher culture will faithfully believe there was none—then for the man who uttered what he uttered, if he was truly responsible for the utterance, it would be hard to say what infliction would be too cruel as a punishment. It may be said that nothing could show more complete command over the reasoning powers. The triumph is enhanced by the clever allegory that the deities, having been tricked into the idea that the lovely infant was of the male sex, endowed it with all the powers and resources of the man, decorated with the charms, amenities, and accomplishments of the woman :—

> "Then sows within her tender mind
> Seed, long unknown to womankind,
> For manly bosoms chiefly fit,
> The seeds of knowledge, judgment, wit.

Her soul was suddenly endowed
With justice, truth, and fortitude;
With honour which no breath can stain,
Which malice must attack in vain."

Was the poisoning of all this by an innuendo like the filching of the good name, leaving the victim poor indeed, but naught enriching the filcher? No; the perpetrator in this instance was enriched—made rich in the enjoyment of a craving for malignity.

But was he really responsible? Was he master of his own will, to say such things or leave them unsaid? As there is a gangrene of the body that creeps onward till it reaches the vital parts and slays, so is the intellect often tainted by gangrenous spots, that may enlarge themselves, and may or may not reach that entire mortification of the intellect that justifies the adept in signing the fatal certificate, and cutting off the victim from the responsibilities and enjoyments of a rational being. They are generally stupid intellects that are assailed by the disease, but the finest intellects are not wholly exempt from it. Swift's intellect was strong in its way, but thoroughly out of proportion. Its grasp was for the grotesque and sarcastic only, and perhaps this disproportion may have some connection with the evil propensities it served. It was unfortunate that among great oracular announcements one is that great wit is to madness near allied. If it meant—which perhaps it hardly does—that men are all the more apt to be mad if they are witty, it is not true; and it has done much mischief by palliating the conceits, arrogances, and intolerances of men of meagre

ability. Take those whose fame is kindred to Swift's, but who were infinitely greater than Swift in the breadth and beauty of their genius—take Shakespeare, Scott, and Milton,—we find that genius does not of necessity break up the moral consciousness and destroy its responsibilities.

> "Corinna, pride of Drury Lane,
> For whom no shepherd sighs in vain,"

may be tolerated as a castigation administered to a class of beings who have ever been a festering curse in the social organisation. But one does not envy its author the hangman's duty of administering the lash, however effectively the precision of the touch and the depth of the cut testify to his consummate adroitness. There is, indeed, a mournful interest in this effort, as showing that, while the world grows and bears rich harvests of fruits and flowers, it has a dead level of brutality and viciousness remaining unchanged. For all that London has accomplished morally, physically, and æsthetically, in a hundred and fifty years, this Drury Lane interior is said to be as exact in the natural details of that part of London as it was when Swift wrote it.

But "The Progress of Beauty," and "The Lady's Dressing-Room," have no palliation. If we could suppose such things conceived, uttered, and listened to in the present day, every gentleman who had wife, daughter, or sister to cherish and protect, would deem the act a stinging insult,—something akin to that outrage by Candaules, that was only to be expiated by his blood, as honest Herodotus tells the story in his first book; or the more familiar offence

of Ham, expiated in the blackening and enslaving half the world.

In other shapes we see how much of what has been the felicity of thoughtful men was denied to Swift. Scenery and all the æsthetics of nature seem to have been entirely strangers, as well as all the enjoyments conferred by art. At Larocar he was surrounded by the archaic relics of the ancient Irish Church; but the only notice he has left of them is in the doggerel in which, according to Scott, he is said to have commemorated various towns and villages through which he passed on his way to Larocar. There he mentions Kells, so closely associated with the memory of St Columba, that a venerable house, perhaps the oldest dwelling-place in the United Kingdom, is called St Columba's house. He notes "Kells for an old town," as one would speak of an old coat or an old horse —something that age had injured, not endeared or ennobled. And although the study of the early Irish Church, with its peculiar literature and architecture, is a pursuit of recent times, Dr Johnson—in whose day it was as far as it was in Swift's from the position it now holds—yet had the good taste to leave an eloquent apostrophe to Iona for Columba's sake.

It becomes interesting to find the impulsive nature of Swift's wit or fun, or whatever it may be called, attested in the dreariness of his style, when he had to restrain himself, and has been able to lay his demon for a time. This may be seen in his 'History of the Four Last Years.' It is throughout weak and dry to an extent seldom exemplified among the most ordinary and commonplace narrators of events. On the other side, even when handling history, he gleams

up in flashes of wit when he is chastising the small carelessnesses of Burnet.[1]

The British community of our period was signally infested with spites, hatreds, and malignities, of a kind intensely aggravated, yet not of a kind naturally leading to bloodshed. The previous century had passed through fierce civil wars and bloody contests of many kinds; but in this age, when war in the field was carried across the Channel, it would almost seem as if the incapacity to quench home

[1] Passages from Swift's Notes on Burnet's 'History of His Own Time':—

Burnet.	Swift.
"The Earl of Argyle was . . . grave and sober, and free of all scandalous vices."	"As a man is free of a corporation, he means."
"Upon the king's death the Scots proclaimed his son king, and sent over Sir John Winnan, *that married my grand-aunt*, to treat with him while he was in the Isle of Jersey."	"Was that the reason why he was sent?"
"Milton affected to write in blank verse, without rhyme, and many new and rough words; yet it was esteemed the beautifullest and perfectest poem that ever was writ, at least in our language."	"A mistake, for it is in English."
"The Earl of Rochester, a man of far greater parts than his brother, . . . has a very good pen, but speaks not gracefully."	"Pray, was this pen of gold or silver?"
"Charles II. confessed himself a Papist to the Prince of Orange, and the Prince told him he never spoke of this to any other person till after his death."	"What! after his own death!"
"I now come to the year 1688, which proved memorable, and produced an extraordinary unheard-of Revolution."	"The devil's in that!—sure all Europe heard of it."

quarrels in blood had fostered the vile passions expended in them. It might be deemed a misfortune that the genius prostituted to its service has preserved much of the rancour of the times for criticism in the present day, were it not that all such criticism teaches us to revolt with something like horror at the specimens brought under examination, and to rejoice that our own age can be witty and censorious with scarce a particle of the depravity of the age of Pope and Swift.

Let us take, for example, a glance at Swift's "Short character of Thomas Earl of Wharton," a man eminent for his political virtues and for his personal courage, his steady support of his friends, and his active benevolence.

"He is without the sense of shame or glory as some men are without the sense of smelling; and therefore a good name to him is no more than a precious ointment would be to these. Whoever, for the sake of others, were to describe the nature of a serpent, a wolf, a crocodile, or a fox, must be understood to do it without any personal hatred for the animals themselves. Thomas, Earl of Wharton, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, by the force of a wonderful constitution has some years passed his grand climacteric without any visible effects of old age either in his body or his mind, and in spite of a continual prostitution to those vices which usually wear out both. He seems to be but an ill dissembler and an ill liar, although they are the two talents he most practises and most values himself upon. The ends he has gained by lying appear to be more owing to the frequency than the art of them; his lies being sometimes detected in

an hour, often in a day, and always in a week. He swears solemnly he loves and will serve you; and your back is no sooner turned, but he tells those about him you are a dog and a rascal."[1] The pungency of such an anthology could be much enhanced had not the decorum of the present day banished from the pages offered to readers at large the phraseology in which the accusations are delivered.

Achievements such as Pope's attack on poor Lord Hervey, beginning, "Let Sporus tremble," are received as the efforts of a higher genius than the blunt foulness of Swift's accusations, because the poison is drawn from classic fountains; but in reality the higher excellence is only in the enhanced ferocity, cruelty, and vindictiveness of the persecution. The potent libeller who drew on genius, skill, and learning to embitter life to his victim, was in abstract guilt only some degrees lower in infamy than the duellist who cultivated the murderous accomplishments of the rapier or the pistol to make sure the taking of his enemy's life.

It was remembered that in the year 1695 the press had been emancipated by the exclusion of the Licensing Act from the renewal of temporary statutes. Looking at the indecorums, the cruelties, and the malignities perpetrated by men upon each other through the agency of a free press, it was not matter of wonder that a remedy was looked for in restraining or protective legislation. More than once the matter reached the practical importance of an item in the communications between the Crown and the Parliament. In a message of the 17th of January

[1] Swift's Works (ed. 1808), iii. 307, 319.

1712, dealing chiefly with the critical question of the general peace, "her Majesty finds it necessary to observe how great licence is taken in publishing false and scandalous libels, such as are a reproach to any government. This evil seems to be growing too strong for the laws now in force; it is therefore recommended to you to find a remedy equal to the mischief." [1]

On the 12th of February the Commons by unanimous resolution announced, "That this House will effectually stand by and support her Majesty in all things recommended to them in her Majesty's most gracious speech from the throne; as also that they would upon that day se'nnight, in a committee of the whole House, consider on that part of her Majesty's message to the House of the 17th of January last, relating to the great licence taken in publishing false and scandalous libels." And here a note follows the resolution: "But the consideration of this matter was afterwards put off from time to time." [2]

Again, in March, the Commons lament, in addressing the queen, that "not only are false and scandalous libels printed and published against your Majesty's Government, but the most horrid blasphemies against God and religion; and we beg leave humbly to assure your Majesty that we will do our utmost to find a remedy equal to this mischief." Probably in few communities is the lampooner and the libeller so heartily denounced as by all that is worshipful and respectable in the British public; yet there is ever a shrinking reluctance to drag them out of the wordy sphere of warfare selected by themselves, driving

[1] Parl. Hist., vi. 1003. [2] Ibid., 1091.

them from the resources of the tongue and the pen, to afflictive punishment.

On the 2d of June, however, there seemed to come a practical remedy. A committee of the whole House reported to the Commons "that the great liberty taken in printing and publishing false, scandalous, and infamous libels, creates divisions among her Majesty's subjects, tends to the disturbance of the public peace, to the increase of immorality, profaneness, and irreligion, and is highly prejudicial to her Majesty and her Government. 2d, That the want of a due regulation of the press is a great occasion of the said mischief. 3d, That all printing-presses be registered, with the names of the owners and their places of abode. 4th, That to every book, pamphlet, and paper which shall be printed there be set the name and place of abode of the author, printer, and publisher thereof. 5th, That no bookseller or other person shall sell or disperse any book, pamphlet, or paper to which the name and place of abode of the author, printer, and publisher shall not be set." It is added that "the Commons ordered a Bill to be brought in upon the said resolutions."[1]

There seems to be no trace of such a Bill having existed; but again, at the close of the session, the queen's speech utters more condemnatory rhetoric, expressive of the royal displeasure, "at the unparalleled licentiousness in publishing seditious and scandalous libels. The impunity such practices has met with has encouraged the blaspheming everything sacred, and the propagating opinions tending to the overthrow of all religion and government. Prosecu-

[1] Parl. Hist., vi. 1141.

tions have been ordered; but it will require some new law to put a stop to this growing evil, and your best endeavours in your respective stations to discourage it."[1]

The ordering of prosecutions seems to refer to some efforts to find a remedy in the existing laws, but we have only faint traces of the attempt, and nothing to show that it was successful.[2]

But the blow was dealt in another shape, not to be anticipated from these repeated and formidable threats. There was revealed to the Treasury a source of revenue, and the tax-gatherer was hounded on the pamphleteer. At this period the statutes for collecting the revenue had reached a condition of length, perplexity, and mixing up of incongruous topics that distinguished this department of legislation for more than a century afterwards. Thus the short enactment that as establishing "taxes on knowledge," and on other forms of reproach, was denounced down to the present generation, is buried in a mass of stamp, customs, and excise legislation, where readers influenced by casual curiosity are very unlikely to find it.[3]

The objects of the new tax are described as "all

[1] Parl. Hist., vi. 1173.

[2] Swift, in his "Journal to Stella," Oct. 24, 1712: "The Secretary, St John, has seized on a dozen booksellers and publishers into his messenger's hands;" and St John is cited as saying, "They had best, for their patron's sake as well as their own, be quiet. I know how to set them in the pillory, and how to revive people who will write them to death."—Cited Stanhope, Hist. from Peace of Utrecht, 171.

[3] In the printed statutes of the reign of Queen Anne this Act fills 140 pages. Its title has been printed in some remarks on the growth of the statute law, as affording a slight glimpse into the complexities of the fiscal legislation of the day. See above, p. 215.

books and papers commonly called pamphlets," and "all newspapers, or papers containing public news, intelligence, or occurrences." The duty was to be, "for every such pamphlet or paper contained in half a sheet, or any lesser piece of paper so printed, the sum of one halfpenny sterling;" when larger than half, but not exceeding a whole sheet, the duty was a penny; and for every such pamphlet or paper being larger than one whole sheet, or not exceeding six sheets in octavo, or in a lesser page, or not exceeding twelve sheets in quarto, or twenty sheets in folio so printed, a duty after the rate of two shillings sterling for every sheet of any kind of paper which shall be contained in one printed copy thereof."

The duty thus laid on newspapers and pamphlets came into effect on the 29th of July 1712; and on the 19th we find Swift announcing in his "Journal to Stella, "To-day there will be another Grub, 'A letter from the Pretender to a Whig lord.' Grub Street has but ten days to live; then an Act of Parliament takes place that ruins it by taxing every half-sheet at a halfpenny." But a week's experience seems to have brought the avenger to his own door; and on the 7th of August he says, "Do you know that Grub Street is dead and gone last week? No more ghosts or murders now for love or money. I plied it pretty close the last fortnight, and published at least seven penny papers of my own, besides some of other people's: but now every single half-sheet pays a halfpenny to the queen. The 'Observator' has fallen; the 'Medleys' are jumbled together with the 'Flying Post;' the 'Examiner' is deadly sick; the 'Spectator' keeps up and doubles its price. I know not how long it

will hold. Have you seen the red stamp the papers are marked with?"

The stamp-duty on newspapers and pamphlets pleased no one. It was received with the objection usual to such remedies, that it aggravated the disease, since it hindered many worthy but not zealous people, who would have taught good sound views to their readers, from incurring the cost of publishing them; while desperate and malignant men were ready to pay for licence to vent their hatred. The evil passions that prompt men to scurrility and malignity were deeply seated in the nature of the public feeling of the day, however they got there. They lived on into other periods; and we approach the middle of the eighteenth century ere we find much modification of their symptoms. The quantity of rancorous matter coming under their notice seems indeed to have given a tone to those who have entered with keenness and enthusiasm into the politics of Queen Anne's reign, so as in some measure to distort the history of the period.[1]

[1] It is not easy, for instance, to suppose one endowed with the benign temper and fine taste of the late Lord Stanhope, without something of the nature of external influence, speaking thus of Harley: "Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, and at this time Lord Treasurer and Prime Minister, is one of the most remarkable examples in history, how it is possible to attain both popularity and power without either genius or virtue. . . . His letters at that period to Marlborough and Godolphin prove that he knew how to combine the most subtle schemes of malice with the most ardent professions of friendship. . . . He seems to have possessed in perfection a low sort of management, and all the baser arts of party which enabled him to cajole and keep together his followers, and to sow divisions amongst his enemies. He spared neither pains nor promises to secure adherents. He affected in every question a tone of forbearance and candour. But he was one of those inferior spirits who mistake cunning for wisdom. His slender and pliant intellect was well fitted to crawl up to the heights of power

While the law was acquiring and exercising powers of restraint on what was, generally speaking, the humbler grade of literature, it offered encouragement to loftier efforts by creating the kind of property now so well known as "copyright." Among the commentators on the *corpus juris* there were subtle doctrines about the disposal of the joint property when one wrote on another man's parchment or painted a picture on his canvas. The claims between an author, on the one side, and the printer or publisher of what he might write, on the other, were scarcely more distinct with us, until the passing, in the year 1710, of "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by vesting the copies of printed books in the authors or purchasers of such copies."[1] The right is limited to fourteen years, and it is conditional on the book being registered in Stationers' Hall. The Act, in its preamble, recites: "Whereas printers, publishers, and other persons have of late frequently taken the liberty of printing, reprinting, and publishing . . . books and other writings, without the consent of the authors or proprietors of such books and writings, to their very great detriment, and too often to the ruin of them and their families." Instead of the ordinary judges and justices of the peace, a special tribunal, apparently intended for securing learning as well as rank, is appointed for the protection of the new form of property. It consists of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord

through all the crooked mazes and dirty by-paths of intrigue; but having once attained the pinnacle, its smallness and meanness were exposed to all the world."—Hist. of England from the Peace of Utrecht, i. 32-35.

[1] 8 Anne, c. 18.

Chancellor, the Bishop of London, the Chief Justices of the Queen's Bench and Common Pleas, the Chief Baron of Exchequer in England and in Scotland, the Vice-Chancellors of Oxford and of Cambridge, the Lord Justice-General and the President of the Court of Session in Scotland, and the Rector of the College of Edinburgh. Conditional to the creation of the copyright was a distribution of certain copies of the book—one to each of specified libraries. The libraries so endowed were each of the two English and each of the four Scottish universities; the Royal Library, the Library of Sion College, and the Advocates' Library in Scotland. Thus England received four, and Scotland five, copies of each copyright book. Before the passing of this Act, it was usual in the pirating, as it was called, of books, that those of authors living in England were reprinted without their consent in Scotland, and those of authors living in Scotland were reprinted in England. After the Act came in force all such reprinting found its way to Ireland, where the Act did not apply.

Having thus been led from some of the vices of the literature of the period to the efforts of the Legislature to accomplish correction and elevation, it is proposed to resume the brief notes of the distinguishing features of the intellectual characteristics of the period.

John Gay, born in the year of the Revolution, had published "The Shepherd's Week," and "Rural Sports." He had been a runaway apprentice—his father, who was poor, having been obliged to remove him from a half-finished education to find an early livelihood as a shopkeeper's assistant. He dedi-

cated his "Rural Sports" to Pope, who was so far gratified by the homage, that he zealously patronised the young author, and even brought him within the magic circle of the wits frequenting Button's Coffee-room. Gay's "Fables" carry to many people pleasant memories of the nursery and the schoolroom, where they lightened the weight of graver studies. When he ascended from the imaginary conversation of beasts to what he offered to the world as the real conversation of mendicants and thieves, his meteoric success became a marvel among literary achievements. The airs of the songs haunted London as if they were swept about by the wind; and fine ladies carried fans decorated with the scenes in the acting of "The Beggars' Opera." Whatever we may hold as to the merits of the piece, the idea centring in dialogues enriched with the slang of the degraded orders, was not new. A specimen of it was popular in London when Gay was at work on his, in the shape of Brome's "Jovial Crew."[1]

There is a plot in the play, with the usual lovers and perplexed and blundering parents, and the beggars are reserved for a service somewhat akin to the chorus of old.

"Randal opens the scene. The beggars discovered at their feast. After they have scrambled awhile at their victuals, this song—

[1] "A Jovial Crew: or, the Merry Beggars. A Comedy, acted both at the Queen's Theatre, and the Theatre Royal, at the same time, with the Actors' names who played it at both houses: and after, upon the uniting both companies into one, in Drury Lane. Likewise all the songs, and a key to the Beggars' Cant. Written by Richard Brome, author of 'The Northern Lass.' London: printed for C. Brome, and sold by B. Bragg in Paternoster Row. 1708. Price one shilling and sixpence."

"Here safe in our skipper, let's cly off our peck,
And bowse in defiance o' th' harman-beck.
Here's pannum and lap, and good poplars of yarrum,
To fill up the crib, and to comfort the quarron.
. . . . . .
Here's ruffpeck and casson, and all of the best,
And scraps of the dainties of gentry cofe's feast.
Here's Grunter and Bleater, with Tibb of the buttry.
. . . . . .
For all this bene cribbing and peck let us then,
Bowse a health to the gentry cofe of the ken."

The "skipper" is the barn where they are safe from the "harman-beck" or constable. This last word is common slang of the present day in the form of "beak," but it has ascended from the constable to the magistrate. The "gentry cofe" who entertains them would now be called the gentry cove. He, named Oldrents, and his bosom friend Hearty, thus moralise on the scene :—

"*Oldrents.* Good heaven! how merry they are!

"*Hearty.* Be not you sad at that?

"*Old.* Sad, Hearty! no; unless it be with envy at their full happiness. What is an estate of wealth and power, balanced with their freedom, but a mere load of outward complement, when they enjoy the fruits of rich content? Our dross but weighs us down into despair, while their sublimed spirits dance i' th' air.

"*Hearty.* I ha' not so much wealth to weigh me down, nor so little, I thank chance, as to dance naked."

Of Brome so little is known that he is not easily identified. Gay sleeps in Westminster Abbey; but the opera that carried him to that tomb of the illustrious is only known to those who are curious to

know the nature of the performance that took the town by storm.

It is hard to say whether the poems of Thomas Parnell are now looked at by any one except inquirers after forgotten literature. But even within this century they were—especially "The Hermit"—read with interest and admiration; and there was a thrill of intense interest when the thief and murderer, on the sage denouncing him as a "detested wretch," develops the angelic messenger administering the just punishments of the Deity—

> "But scarce his speech began,
> When his strange partner seemed no longer man;
> His youthful face grew more serenely sweet,
> His robe turned white and flowed upon his feet."

Swift writes thus on the occasion of his publishing a poem that had but an ephemeral fame, called "Queen Anne's Peace:" "I was at Court to-day to speak to Lord Bolingbroke to look over Parnell's poem since it is corrected; and Parnell and I dined with him, and he has shown him three or four more places to alter a little. Lady Bolingbroke came down to us while we were at dinner, and Parnell stared at her as if she were a goddess. I thought she was like Parnell's wife, and he thought so too. Parnell is much pleased with Lord Bolingbroke's favour to him, and I hope it may one day turn to his advantage."[1]

Scotland was throughout our period signally deficient in vernacular literature. The phenomenon is easily traced to its cause. The investigators of early English texts have recently been finding the purest

[1] Journal to Stella, Feb. 19, 1719.

specimens in "The Bruce" of Barbour, and other works, written in the vernacular language of Scotland in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The language of England, through a succession of generations, purified and strengthened itself. At last the groups of men of genius clustering around the throne of Queen Anne established a literary language which no one educated at a distance could utter. Fortunately Scotland handed over to England one of the most gifted of her sons, John Arbuthnot. He was the son of a northern laird who owned the estate of Arbuthnot, and carried the territorial dignity of the "that Ilk," highly esteemed in Scotland. John studied at the University of Aberdeen near at hand, and whenever he had taken his degree in medicine he migrated to London, where he reached the head of his profession. He became so thoroughly English as to contribute to English vernacular literature the matchless and thoroughly English allegory of 'Law is a Bottomless Pit,' better known as 'John Bull.' Swift writes to Stella: "I dined with a friend in the city about a little business of printing, but not my own. You must buy a small pamphlet called 'Law is a Bottomless Pit;' and 'The Pamphlet of Political Lying' is written by Dr Arbuthnot, the author of 'John Bull;' 'tis very pretty, but not so obvious to be understood."[1] It is odd that in the collection of Swift's works where these sentences appear, 'John Bull' should be printed as if it had been written by Swift.

Scotsmen treating of science,—as David Gregory the astronomer—Sir Robert Sibbald, naturalist and

[1] Journal to Stella, 10th March and 12th December 1712.

archæologist—and James Anderson, archæologist,—addressed the world in Latin. Scotland did not participate in England's devotion to the literature of Greece; and the southern neighbour would say that Scotland was deficient in Greek. The Latin, by its usefulness, absorbed the learning of the period as the only medium of communication between the distant north and the European republic of letters.

Classical literature was sedulously cultivated throughout the reign of Queen Anne, containing as it did a generation of scholars trained in the school of teachers founded by the mighty and dreaded Dr Busby. There was in existence a book of great rarity, published at Oxford in 1485, being a translation from Greek into Latin. It led the way to the original Greek of the epistle of Phalaris, who had been governor of Agrigentum some five centuries before the Christian era, and was supposed to be a master of the Greek language in the period of its purity. A controversy on the question whether these letters were what Boyle, Atterbury, and some others maintained them to be, the genuine epistles of Phalaris the Greek, or were a comparatively modern fabrication, raged in the latter half of the seventeenth century, and came into our period as it was settling down into the conclusion that the great Grecian scholar, Richard Bentley, had proved the book to be spurious. To any one who has looked into this dead controversy, it is curious to note how the great scholar outrages pure idiomatic English in the criticisms that established his mastership over the Greek.

The wealth of classical learning dispersed through-

out this age was subject to the proverbial fate of all human blessings in carrying with it a neutralising defect. It called up the imagery of horrible vices, blazing in the face of day, what, in terms of an ancient aphorism, ought to remain buried in deep night. The disease infected our literature, in as far as the manners of the age were spoken of rather as if they resembled those that fell under the lash of Juvenal than in the tone appropriate to them; and a period of our national existence, impressing every one familiar with it that it was a very moral period, comes to us bedaubed with the dark colouring of specially profligate habits. It has been admitted that the light literature of the age was violent and malignant; and those who were furious and unscrupulous in the fight could annihilate an enemy by a mere classic nickname that called up the memory of a life full of horrors. It is due to Swift, in a balancing of his qualities good and evil, to note that he did not draw on the resources of this poisoned armoury. His filth and lubricity were all thundered out in plain English. There might have been others who could not easily find the way to such weapons, but Swift was a scholar. No one could have written his grotesque macaronics without a thorough command of the Latin language.

The art of the painter was never more scanty and degraded in Britain than at this period. The great houses were all aglow with the profuse "carnations" and the flowing draperies of the German Kneller and the Dutch Lely, cast into shadow by a mightier power when they happened to hang beside some masterpiece by the older painter Vandyke. Two considerable

native artists had shed some light through the obscurity of the preceding century,—William Dobson, and George Jameson of Aberdeen. Hudson, who was to be the master of Reynolds, was yet a boy.

The best British painter of the day was William Aikman, a Scotsman. He was in the prime of life during the reign of the queen, having been born in 1682, yet he was scarcely a feature of the age. He lived abroad till the year 1712, having indeed sold his paternal estate that he might travel on the money so obtained and study the pictures of the great artists; and he did not immediately on his return, or until some years afterwards when he migrated to England, find the employers not available among his impoverished countrymen of Scotland.

The artistic poverty of the age may perhaps be best measured by examining the productions of Sir James Thornhill. His aspirations were grand and majestic, as if he would unite the vehement life of Rubens with the divine graces of Raphael and Correggio. He could not be ridiculed, because, such as he was, he stood unrivalled—not like poor Haydon seeing Wilkie at the king's gate. Thornhill is perhaps best known by the good taste that made him welcome young Hogarth as his son-in-law. Hogarth himself was a youth seventeen years old at the end of our period. He was then an apprentice to a decorative engraver of silver plate and other metals, in Cranbourne Alley, and there, in scratching heraldic devices, he acquired some of the technical skill of the engraver. Living with his father in London, he had opportunities as he took his walks abroad to people his mind with figures expressive of character and

emotion. It was perhaps well for the culture of a genius so potent, so original, and yet so absolutely natural in its character as his, that he had no master who in its development might have touched it with pedantries or mannerisms. We know, however, one interesting element as to Hogarth's education, if we may so call it, in art. He was an admirer and for some time an imitator of the great French engraver, Callot. The decorative engraver seems to have been so far an engraver for the press, that his apprentice had an opportunity of engraving bookplates and decorated shop-cards. One of these for a jeweller in Ratcliff Highway has a couple of cupids or angels gracefully holding flower-wreaths, while there is a figure placed like the bearer in a heraldic blazon, that looks as if it had come out of one of Callot's engravings, having the characteristics of that artist, in the smallness, the correct drawing, and the gracefulness. From the plate itself there is an impression in 'Graphic illustrations of Hogarth from pictures, drawings, and scarce prints, in the possession of Samuel Ireland, author of this work.' In referring to Hogarth's partiality for the works of Callot, the author of the "Graphic illustrations" introduces the shop-card, saying,—"We are happy in having an opportunity of ascertaining the fact here alluded to, by the annexed copy of a print in which the style of Callot's engraving, particularly in the figure, is very strongly marked. I regret that the card is not perfect. The original was given to me in its present mutilated shape as an early performance of Hogarth's, by his friend the late Mr Bonneau, who received it from him as a very early produc-

tion."[1] Another book-card was for his employer and teacher, Ellis Gamble. It is heraldic, bringing in two caryatides as supporters of a shield, with a head of Mercury for a crest, the whole gracefully decorated with flowers and festoons, so as to leave the pretty little work of genius entirely free from heraldic stiffness.

There remains another relic of the period of his apprenticeship in a larger and more ambitious shop-card engraved for his master, who appears by it to be growing into a capitalist and enlarging his trade. Beneath a full-length figure of an angel with an olive-branch, he announces himself as "Ellis Gamble, goldsmith at the Golden Angel in Cranbourne Street, Leicester Felds—makes, buys, and sells all sorts of plate, rings, and jewels."

In the "Graphic illustrations," there is a small rude effort to produce a scene from the fashionable life of the day. It is the scene described by Pope—

> "She said—then raging, to Sir Plume repairs,
> And bids her beau demand the ravished hairs.
> Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
> And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,
> With earnest eyes and round unthinking face,
> He first the snuff-box opened, then the case."

The artistic effort is evidently boyish, and may possibly have been executed within our period, the author of the "Graphic illustrations" saying,—"I have every reason to suppose the very scarce print on the subject of the 'Rape of the Lock,' of which a tracing is here annexed from an original print in Lord Oxford's

[1] Life, i. 447.

valuable collection, must have been one of his earliest productions, as that charming poem made its appearance enriched with the machinery of the sylphs, and in the year 1712." [1]

The investigator of domestic life in the early years of the eighteenth century, owes an obligation to the young unfamous Hogarth in a faithful rendering of the costume of the period. This is conspicuous in the shop-ticket engraved for his sisters, Mary and Anne Hogarth, containing not only adult figures, male and female, along with children, but also the interior of the shop itself where the sisters sold "the best and most fashionable ready-made frocks, sutes of fustian, ticken, and holland-striped dimity, and flannel waistcoats, blue and canvas frocks, and Blue-coat boys' dresses; likewise fustians, white stripped dimities, white and stripped flannels in the piece." We find that the principal part of the male costume had advanced from the single-breasted coat—afterwards known as the dress-coat, or court-coat—to the broad coat, with horizontal cut skirt. The single-breasted coat narrowing downwards within two divisions, degenerated to the limp dress-coat of later times, dwindling almost to two points, giving to the garment the descriptive name of "swallow-tail." It was strangely preserved to us by two classes of wearers much the reverse of each other —footmen in livery, and members of the Society of Friends; and in this latter shape it seems now to have disappeared. While it existed, it was perhaps the best instance that could be found of anachronism in the French acceptation of the term, as being an

[1] Life, i. 4.

illogicality expressed in chronological inconsistency. It had been adopted when it was the least conspicuous of costumes, because it was what every one wore, but by its persistent use through many stratums of fashion it came to render the garb of the Quaker a distinguishing livery.

The female costume of the period, best seen perhaps in the figures of Queen Anne on the Great Seal, was peculiarly graceful, while as yet the circumference had not been expanded by the sack stretched on the hoop, as we see it so monstrously developed in Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode." The hair is in the natural condition, the waist is laced within a stomacher often covered with jewellery, and the gown has ample enough material for flowing in graceful folds. Perhaps there never was a period when costume was less stiff and unnatural, or better adapted to the purpose of the artist, had he appeared to seize his opportunity.

Landscape-painting, so rich and prolific in the British school of later times, had no becoming representative in the reign of Queen Anne. There came into fashion, no doubt, stiff groups of ladies and gentlemen, with their children, walking well-dressed in trim gardens, or in the London parks with their stiff rows of trees, straight avenues, and stagnant ponds, executed by artists scarce worthy of remembrance. If this class of art had any merit, it was in a faint echo of the rich colouring and architectural precision of Canaletto. Through these merits it rescued from oblivion the glories of Vauxhall Gardens, in themselves an aggregate of all the arts—plastic,

architectural, vocal, and instrumental — that are capable of ministering to popular enjoyment. The existence of these humble artists, associated with the absence of nobler efforts in the rendering of natural scenery, brings up for reflection a curious contrast between the æsthetics of that age and of the present. The sense, faculty, or whatever it may be called, for the enjoyment of the grander and more elevating features of natural scenery, leaves scarce any trace that it had existed in the early part of the last century. To have found enjoyment in the scenery of 'The Lady of the Lake,' or the other mountain districts in Scotland, would have exposed the discoverer to a suspicion of lunacy.

A few years later, when fortresses were built and roads made for the domination of the Highlanders, or at least keeping them out of mischief, it was the fate of a certain Captain Birt or Burt to be an exile in the mountains in the superintendence of these works, and he thought his sorrows were sufficiently bitter to be proclaimed to the world. The gift was acceptable for its lively descriptions of the manners and other characteristics of the people—and, in fact, he tells us more of the state of the Highlanders between Glencoe and the '45 than we shall find anywhere else. In the valleys now swarming with tourists, native and foreign, in their season, and where crowds of affluent English gentlemen enjoy their sporting lodges during winter, he mourns haplessly for the sunny amenities of Richmond Hill, and tells his neighbours with a warning voice—"I have often heard it said by my countrymen that they verily believed if an inhabitant of the south of Eng-

land were to be brought blindfold into some narrow rocky hollow, enclosed with these horrid prospects, and then to have his bandage taken off, he would be ready to die with fear, as thinking it impossible he should ever get out to return to his native country."[1] It is likely that where such emotions were expressed, a faithful rendering of the scenes giving occasion to them would not be welcomed.

From the dearth of landscape-art among ourselves, let us cast a glance abroad to find how far our wants contrasted with the abundance of others, and also how far there existed the means of drawing an inspiration in this class of art from the example of our neighbours. Rubens burst occasionally into landscape, taking over his restless brush, and bringing into scenes that belonged to nature and repose something of the vivacity he communicated to human and brute life. Among landscape-painters in general—Italian, French, German, and Dutch or Flemish—mountains, if they appeared on the canvas, were generally wafted off in the distance to soften down their ruggedness. So was it with Claude and Cuyp in their sunny skies, both so beautiful and so different from each other; and the exquisite touch of Hobbima in rustic figures, trees, and green lanes can scarcely be imagined in the treatment of rugged precipices. Poussin could give variety to his groups of revellers from the primeval court of universal Pan, by primeval forests and mountains, steeped in his own sunshine.

[1] 'Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland to his Friend in London, containing the description of a capital town in the Northern country; with an account of some uncommon customs of the inhabitants; likewise, an account of the Highlands, with the customs and manners of the Highlanders,' vol. ii. p. 13.

Salvator, who affected the terrific, aided by the sublime, seemed to handle his rugged scenery as a fitting stage for the fierce freebooters he brought upon it. There was one great master in the painting of mountain scenery for its own sake — Jacob Ruysdaal. He was a Dutchman, and on the supposition that he never left his native country, much wonder and speculation have been wasted in the inquiry how he there became the greatest master in the art of painting mountain scenery. He might have found there the solemn gloom of cloud and shadow, and even the openings of heavenly blue, occasionally touched with a golden edge from the sun behind the clouds. But how did he find material in Holland for his precipices and cataracts? How even for the translucent azure that beautifies the glacier streams when they have sunk their mud? It was said — as some ardent students of German thought might put it—that he plunged into the unfathomable depths of his own individuality. Others supposed that he worked from models; but if stones served him for rocks and mountains—the difficulty of the aerial perspective being conquered—how was he to prepare his models of torrents and cataracts?[1] As little is known about his life, and the

[1] "In the pictures of Ruysdaal there is a grandeur of composition and a boldness of treatment that belongs to no other Dutch landscape-painter. He alone displays mountain scenery and foaming cataracts, which must have been idealisations in a great degree,—he could not have studied the grand features he depicts in the monotony of his own land, which some authors assure us he never quitted. It has been conjectured that he rambled to Guelderland and Westphalia; but allowing this, he must have exaggerated what he could see there to produce the noble mountains and boldly-dashing waterfalls he delighted to depict;" and in a note—"It has been asserted that Ruys-

evidence about his remaining in Holland all his days is only in the negative of his not being met elsewhere, we may rest assured that he went to the country not far off, where his peculiar genius would get prolific nutriment. In fact, his mountain scenes are thoroughly Norwegian, and any one who has indulged in the scenery of the Fiords recognises Ruysdaal's rendering of them as aptly as he recognises any expressive portrait of a friend. Were we dealing with the period when landscape art had extended to the scenery of the northern mountains, it would be easy to trace through it the influence of Ruysdaal's genius, and, notably, in Gainsborough, Richard Wilson, and Thomson of Duddingston.

In the department of the fine arts, architecture contributed to the age the beautiful cathedral of St Paul's. If it be not the grandest building in the world, it is certainly the most faultless. It is the doom of architecture to be the most liable of all the arts to supply a battle-field for angry disputes about the fashionable and the superseded. In the lighter fashionable revolutions, the expansive hoop is fairly driven out of sight by its limp substitute, clinging to the limbs as if it had been freshly dipped in water. The superseded novels find repose in the

daal constructed models to paint from, composed of small twigs and fractured stones, which he exaggerated into trees and mountains, and so composed his works."—Homes and Haunts of Foreign Artists, by Frederick William Fairholt, F.S.A., p. 215.

"On assure qu'il ne quitta pas le sol natal, et dès lors on s'explique difficilement, comment, né dans un pais tout à fait factice et nullement accidenté, il peut donner une idée aussi exacte des cascades et des ravins." —Nouvelle Biographie Générale, *voce* Ruisdaal.

shelves of collectors. Even pictures and statues may be shifted to unfrequented corners. But the superseded architecture remains to molest the eye educated to the forms fashionable in the generation. St Paul's was the crowning achievement of the Renaissance, and elderly people could feast their eyes on it with a shuddering remembrance of the shapeless barbarous Gothic of old St Paul's, scarcely redeemed by the symmetrical classical portico bestowed on it by Inigo Jones. Conspicuously beautiful among the fifty new churches in London, was that of St Martin's at Charing Cross, built by Gibbs of Aberdeen; but a cry arose that it was blemished by a spire—a symbol of Gothic barbarism. For the spire, it was pleaded that its details were not Gothic; and even though mounted on a tympanum and colonnade purely classical, it gradually found its way to admiration. He would have been a bold and wild dreamer who would have predicted to the age a Renaissance of Gothic. Yet it is clear that one of the greatest architects of the age had taken his tone from the forms of the Gothic. Vanburgh's buildings, much abused for their heaviness,—and eliciting the sentence—

> "Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
> Laid many a heavy load on thee,"—

have in their adjustment of towers and turrets much of the tone of the Gothic, while the details of that school are carefully shunned.

Political conditions gave opportunity for a revolution in the domestic architecture of towns. In London and other walled cities, the means of safety necessitated narrow streets and sometimes lofty buildings.

This feature is conspicuous in Edinburgh, ever open to danger from its nearness to the English borders. And since house-building was interrupted laterally, it expanded in the perpendicular street,—houses sometimes to the number of ten or twelve being raised on the foundation of one. When walls were no longer necessary, the form of the country-mansion found its way to the street. It is curious to note, as an exemplification of the force of habit, that country-houses were surrounded by ditches or moats after defence was unnecessary. In migrating to town the country-house brought the moat with it; and it may still be seen in the sunk area that contains the basement-floor. There are good specimens of the London architecture of Queen Anne's day in Queen's Square, Westminster.

A significant and pleasing feature of the age of Queen Anne, is the revival of the works of Shakespeare,—or it might be otherwise and perhaps more appropriately said, the acceptance of these works, by the reading portion of the people, as supreme in English literature. Their publication had heretofore been in some instances imperfect, and in others redundant in spurious matter, published in that ponderous folio shape whence it is inferred that purchasers are not expected to be numerous. The first of what are called "the modern" editions of Shakespeare's plays and poems, was published in the years 1709 and 1710, by Jacob Tonson, as edited by Nicholas Rowe, in seven volumes octavo. There was a second edition of this text in twelve duodecimo volumes, in 1714. The Register of Drury Lane Theatre, among

the manuscripts in the British Museum, lets us see that on their first appearance the achievements, destined to immortality, had the run of several successive nights so often gained by some ephemeral effort borne on the wings of a temporary fame by its concessions to the fashionable frenzy of the hour. The stage at that period was deemed somewhat of a scholar's occupation, owning such men as Betterton, who excited the warm eulogies of Addison for his mastery over the sublime and terrible; and he was supported by the beautiful and accomplished Bracegirdle, herself the victim of tragic wrongs, to accompany him as Desdemona or Ophelia.

But the theatre of the age was supported with a zeal exceeding prudence. In the 'Daily Courant' of the 18th of June 1706, the town was roused to mixed feelings by an advertisement stating that, "towards the defraying the charge of repairing and fitting up the chapel in Russel Court" "at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, this present Tuesday, being the Eighteenth of June, will be presented the tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmark, with singing by Mr Hughes, and entertainment of dancing by Monsieur Cherier, Miss Lambro his scholar, and Mr Evans. Boxes 5s.; pit 3s.; gallery 2s.; upper gallery 1s."

Since the days of the mysteries, piety and pleasure had ceased to be companions on the stage. Jeremy Collier's castigation of theatricals, though the work of a Nonjuror, was made their own by the Puritans, still a powerful body. Puritanism and High Church, with Low Church placidly looking on, seemed destined to a sharp contest, when, by the judicious wit

of Defoe, the fiery elements were extinguished in laughter. He tells the promoters of the project—

"Hard times, gentlemen, hard times these are indeed with the Church, to send her to the play-house to gather pew-money. For shame, gentlemen! go to the Church and pay your money there; and never let the play-house have such a claim to its establishment as to say the Church is beholden to her. . . .

"Now, Mr Collier, you are quite aground, and all your sarcasms upon the play-house, all your satires upon the stage, are as so many arrows shot at the Church; for every convert of your making, every one you have been the means of keeping from the play-house has so far lessened the Church stock, and tended to let the Church fall upon our heads. Never talk of the stage any more; for if the Church cannot be repaired nor fitted up without the play-house, to write against the play-house is to write against the Church; to discourage the play-house is to weaken the Church; and you rob the Church of the people's bounty, which is one of the worst sorts of sacrilege.

"Nor is it unworthy our remark to see how all hands aloft are zealous in their calling for the Church. Can our Church be in danger? How is it possible? The whole nation is solicitous and at work for her safety and prosperity. The Parliament address, the Queen consults, the Ministry execute, the armies fight, and all for the Church; but at home we have other heroes that act for the Church. Peggy Hughes sings, Monsieur Ramandou plays, Miss Santlow dances, Monsieur Cherier teaches, and all for the Church. Here's heavenly doings! here's harmony! Your singing of Psalms is hurdy-gurdy to this music. And all

your preaching actors are fools to these. Besides, there's another sort of music here. The case is altered. The clergy preach and read here, &c., and get money for it of the Church; but these sing, and dance, and act, and the Church gets money by the bargain. . . .

"I am afraid religion and the Church will have but a poor day of it; on the other hand, here will be room for strange distinctions. First, here you will see who are the best Churchmen, High or Low; for, are the players High Church, as most allow if they are of any Church at all, then a full or a thin house determines who are best friends to the Church. But then here is another misfortune, and I would have the ladies very careful how they brand themselves with the scandal of it: They that go to this play for the sake of the Church, certainly never go to the Church; if they did, they might find ways to give their money to better hands.

"In short, the observations on this most preposterous piece of Church work are so many, they cannot come into the compass of this paper; but if the money raised here be employed to re-edify this chapel, I would have it, as is very frequent in like cases, written over the door in capital letters:—

"'This Church was re-edified anno 1706, at the expense and by the charitable contribution of the enemies of the reformation of our morals, and to the eternal scandal and most just reproach of the Church of England and the Protestant religion.

Witness our hands,

LUCIFER, PRINCE OF DARKNESS,
and
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK, } *Churchwardens.*'"[1]

[1] Review, vol. iii. No. 73, June 20, 1706.

A book appropriated solely to an exposition of the intellectual condition and services of a given age and country, would not be complete without some account of its jurisprudence, its legislation, and its statesmanship. Where a part of the book, however, is a narrative of historical events, these, so far as they are accurately told, are the best account that can be given of the portion of intellectual effort referred to. Allied with these forms of intellectual service, there has come into existence, in recent times, a powerful department of study and active influence, known as "political economy." Its efficiency has been, not in creations, but in the extinction of creations, by the analysis of its logic proved to be fallacious or mischievous. The spirit that animated these creations came to its climax within our period in the trading doctrines that created the South Sea Company and the Darien Expedition; and the history of these affairs is the history of the opinions of the kind that political economy destroys. Efforts have been made to class political economy among the sciences, and as it deals with figures it would rank among the exact sciences. While, however, there is educated sympathy in the theory that workmen can increase their pecuniary means by limiting production, and on the other hand, joint stock companies pay dividends that cannot possibly be supplied from profits, and must have been drawn out of capital,—political economy, potent as it is, stands far from the severe simplicity of an exact science. It has, however, at its service two assistants that are, so far as they go, exact science — statistics and commercial book-keeping. No doubt false statistics are daily published, and

cooked accounts are issued. But in either process there is the machinery of exactness by the method long in use in book-keeping—the accurate balancing and carrying over. In the statistics of a court of justice, for instance, if we have so many cases to table at the beginning of the year, we add to these the litigations arising within the year, and deduct those concluded, carrying the balance over to the ensuing year. The taking of the census would be accomplished in this manner by taking the numbers as shown by the immediately preceding sentence, adding the births and immigrations of the intervening period, and deducting the deaths and migrations; but such an operation is so hopelessly complicated that we adopt the simple method of counting heads.

With these narrow exceptions, political economy is disturbed by violent contact, either in attachment or contest, with human passions, especially with that absorbing self-interest that convinces people of the entire beneficence of whatever brings gain to themselves; while the statesman who sees clearly the economic law, is often hindered by humanity from pursuing the cruel remedy that can only enhance the prosperity of the world by the sacrifice of certain victims. So it happens, that while the doctrines promulgated by William Paterson, as they have been already cited, are more in harmony with the prevailing doctrines of political and commercial economy than any other teachings of that period, his projects came to ruin through the self-interested passions of others; and even in the present age the French statesman is hampered when the peasant says, "It is my fate to cultivate beetroot; I can do nothing else;

and if you withdraw protection, I perish, with millions of my fellow peasants."

In the province of exact science the age was rendered illustrious by the potent genius—it might be almost said by the inspirations — of one man, Sir Isaac Newton, in his fluxions, decomposition of light, and laws of gravitation and acceleration of motion. But it was chiefly after the period of this reign, that the significance of the revelations in astronomy, to which the simple principles announced by the discoverer are a key, taught the world the real nature of the vast planetary system that appeared to surround it. It is due to the memory of Prince George of Denmark, that he fostered the efficient influence of Newton's discoveries by undertaking the cost of publishing the Greenwich observations. It was the fortune of his discoveries, in their absolute rule over the world, as contributions to exact science, that the more amply they were tested by real facts, and the more closely they were criticised or disputed, the more supremely did they come forth as the unvarying and indissoluble laws that hold rule throughout the universe. All who worked out his discoveries attested the absoluteness of the laws revealed in them. And here we have an example that the discoverer of latent laws is happier in the continued fame and influence of his discovery than the clever inventor who applies the powers of nature to some new mechanical end. It is the fate of him to be ever superseded by the new inventor, who, taking possession of all that he has done, carries it on into new devices that hide it out of sight.

Watt was a great inventor, but his noisy single-stroke engine is barbarous beside the subtle, silent, and potent steam machinery of the day; while every discovery of new worlds and systems is ever trumpeting the glory of the researches that opened up the vast heavens to the examination of the dwellers in this small obscure planet.

The science of geology is one of the triumphs of our own age, and future generations may perhaps say that its existence even among us was in its giant infancy. A naturalist of Queen Anne's period had, however, suggested a leading idea that served as a guiding star to investigators and classifiers. John Woodward, in his 'Natural History of the Earth,' published in 1695, and republished in 1702, noted the fact of stratification. How the suggestion was received by the generation to whom it was announced, may be expressed in the definition of the leading scientific dictionary or encyclopædia of the day :—

"Strata. Dr Woodward in his 'Natural History of the Earth' observes—and that very truly—that the far greatest part of the terrestrial globe consists, from its surface downwards to the greatest depth we ever dig or mine, of several layers or strata of different kinds of earthy matter, lying one over another, without any regular order. This disposition of the earth into these strata had been before observed by Steno ; but the observations and deductions that Dr Woodward made from them are wholly new, very numerous, and of great importance."[1] The sys-

[1] Lexicum Technicum ; or an universal English Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, explaining not only the terms of art, but the arts them-

tematic diversification of the crust of the earth thus announced, involved its division into three prominent groups—the primitive unstratified rock of the great mountain ranges, the strata, and the subsidiary eruptive rocks that had burst through the strata; and these fundamental evidence have, ever since Woodward's suggestions, been subjected to busy and fruitful investigation. The weakness of the science is lax induction—a propensity to find simple and potent phenomena for the inequalities of the surface of the earth in an upheaval or eruption in one part, or a subsidence or depression in another. Its strength is in its inexhaustible resource for investigation and discovery. Within the boundary of geology is the science of palæozoic entomology, or the teaching of the stone matter within the several rocks that had once been alive either as animal or vegetable. The conjoint influence of the evolutions in organic life, and the varieties in the structure of the several strata where the specimens are found, here afford access to conclusions of great interest and importance to our knowledge of the structure of the earth.

selves. By John Harris, D.D., Secretary to the Royal Society. 2 vols. folio, 1710, *voce* "Strata."

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